

BRITAIN AND IRELAND

FODOR'S MODERN GUIDES

Britain and Ireland

Illustrated edition with maps

EDITED BY EUGENE FODOR

FREDERIC ROCKWELL

Assistant Editor

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THE MEN'S GUIDE TO EUROPE

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FOREWORD

Britain awaits you with a rich assortment of opportunities for broadening the scope of your vision. The scenic beauty of her countryside, the dignity and elegance of her capital, the lessons of her ancient and recent history, and, most of all, her people—whose qualities are so exceptional—all these facets of Britain will enrich your store of experience and reward you handsomely.

In this thoroughly revised edition of our *Britain and Ireland*, we endeavor to guide the traveler through the wide variety of activities available—from sightseeing, recreation, pageantry, sports, etc., through to ancestor hunting, and the pursuit of one's professional interests—in and out of season.

Britain is now bulging with quality goods of all descriptions. Taxation, which is weighing so heavily on the Britons, favors the foreign visitor through various purchase plans and, as a result, Britain's finest products are available to him at comparatively low cost.

We feature Ireland for the second year in this book. Eire and Northern Ireland's proximity to Britain make a simultaneous visit almost obligatory. The overseas visitor of Irish ancestry will head for this compact little country of Eire as his first stop in the Isles.

The area of the Irish Republic is small but of infinite variety in land and water scenery. The repose and beauty of Ireland's landscape has a most sedative effect on the visitor, and perhaps the most significant reward of an Irish holiday is the change of pace the country imposes on him. Not that Ireland is lacking in opportunities of all sorts; on the contrary few countries can vie with her in that respect. Outdoor activities abound. Here are 800 lakes and rivers for exceptionally good freshwater fishing; little fjords, sandy beaches for swimming; facilities for hunting with the hounds and walking with the beagles are more accessible than anywhere else in the world; motoring is ideal, for the roads remain uncrowded.

And then, there are your friendly Irish hosts, with their cosy pubs where the time is passed with imaginative conversation among cheerful companions.

This is only a sampling of the numerous attractive features of a trip to Ireland. Our book proffers the full gamut.

We wish to acknowledge and express our thanks for the help we have received from Mr. J. T. Turbayne, Chief Representative of the British Travel and Holidays Association in the United States, and Mr. Donald Martin, Public Relations Officer of the B.T.H.A. in New York. Our particular appreciation is offered to Mr. Raymond V. Hewett, Press Officer of the B.T.H.A. in London, who gave his most courteous and efficient help on numerous occasions; to Mr. David H. Jones, his associate; to Mr. W. Wallace of the American Express Company in New York; to Mr. W. D. Cormack, Press Officer of Thomas Cook and Sons, London. Finally we acknowledge with pleasure our thanks to Mr. K. Westcott Jones, for his efforts in the preparation of practical information sections for the various chapters on England, Wales, and Scotland as a whole, as well as revising the present edition of this book.

In Ireland we have been privileged to enjoy the wholehearted cooperation of Mr. T. J. M. Sheehy of the Bord Failte Eireann, the Irish National Tourist Board, as well as that of his associate, Mr. Iain MacCarthaigh, who carefully and creatively checked our chapters on Ireland. Their London colleagues, Mr. R. E. Furlong and Mr. L. P. Murphy have also been most helpful. Mr. Joseph Dillon and Mr. David Haymes, public relations officers of Aer Lingus in Dublin, were generous with their assistance and advice.

We thank Miss Sheila Murphy of the Irish Embassy in Paris; Miss Maureen Bailey of the B.F.E., Galway; Dr. T. J. Walsh, Chairman of the Wexford Music Festival; Mr. Dermot Ryan, Dublin; the personnel of B.F.E. in Cork; Mr. Noel Huggard, Cong; Mr. and Mrs. Billy Huggard, Waterville, County Kerry; and finally, Mr. O'Leary, B.F.E., Killarney, for the courtesies extended to our authors.

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HOW TO PLAN YOUR TRIP TO BRITAIN



WHEN TO GO? The regular tourist season in Britain runs from May through September. That is when most people get their vacations and when the events occur that are purposely scheduled for the dates when more persons are able to get away, like the festivals and the big sporting events. The weather is best then, or perhaps we should say simply better, for to be perfectly candid, anyone who visits the British Isles with constant good weather foremost in his thoughts is taking a pretty long chance. These are, of course, rather damp islands, and though they are not likely to produce November pea soup fogs in summer, they can work up a drizzle at almost any time. In the main, the climate is mild, but the weather is changeable. London has summer temperatures in the 80's and 90's at times, but the daily average in July is 73. In winter it is 45, and hard frosts are rare. Even northern England and Scotland are quite mild, ranging from 65 in summer to 43 in winter. Annual rainfall varies from about 23 inches in London and the southeast to upwards of 60 inches in the Lake District and west Highlands. Nowhere is a fine spring day lovelier than in England. And because these islands are a place where you might as well ignore the weather, they provide one of the very best places to go if you have the good fortune to be able to travel out of the regular tourist season. There would be no point in trying to schedule Britain's interesting events on dates when the weather is good, so they occur all year round.

Off-Season Travel This has become increasingly popular in recent years as tourists have come to appreciate the advantages of avoiding the crowded periods. Transatlantic liner fares are somewhat cheaper and so are hotel rates. Even where prices remain the same, available accommodations are likely to be better.

Seasonal Events Among the special attractions that might influence you in selecting the date for your vacation in Britain are the following: during the winter in London you can enjoy the brilliant attractions this great and ancient city offers—opera at Covent Garden, the art shows at Burlington House, the Sadler's Wells ballet, symphony concerts, variety shows, and, above all, the one place in Europe where you can have your fill of English-speaking plays. February is the month of Cruft's Dog Show in London. March has as its most famous event the Grand National Steeplechase at Liverpool. April is the month of the international horse show at London, of the spring meeting at that Mecca of flat racing fans, Epsom, of the celebration of Shakespeare's birthday at Stratford-upon-Avon of the British Industries Fair, and of the flat racing season at Newmarket. May sees the Royal Windsor Horse Show, the Ulster International Trophy automobile races in Northern Ireland, the Chelsea Flower Show in London, Skye Week in the island of that name, Scotland, the annual cart horse parade in London, London's fashion fortnight, and it's a good month to go out to Kew Gardens for the spring display. In June there's the Derby, possibly the world's most famous horse race, the Glyndebourne Opera Festival, the international motorcycle races on the Isle of Man, Trooping the Colour for the Queen's birthday, the Druid pilgrimage to Stonehenge, yachting on the Firth of Forth, racing at Royal Ascot, the National Air Races, the lawn tennis championships at Wimbledon, the Royal Tournament in London, and the yachting fortnight on the estuary of the Clyde. July sees the Royal Regatta at lovely Henley-on-the-Thames, where

American crews and scullers often compete with the British, the British Open in the citadel of golf, Scotland, the Welsh musical festival, the International Eisteddfod, the annual American pilgrimage from Boston to London, the showing of autumn and winter fashions by England's rising group of couturiers, the Battle of Flowers in Jersey, the British Grand Prix motor race, and a varied selection of examples of that very British and very thrilling spectacle, the military tattoo. In August, Wales offers, this time the Royal National Eisteddfod, the big event in the yachtsmen's year arrives with Cowes Week, the big event in the shooting man's year arrives with the opening of the grouse season on the 12th, the motorcycle Grand Prix takes place in Ulster, the Highland Games open in Edinburgh, followed by the International Festival of Music and Drama, regattas take place at Torbay, in Devon, and there is a water carnival in Guernsey, one of the Channel Islands. The partridge season opens in September. The Three Choirs Festival takes place early in the month at Gloucester, Worcester, or Hereford. The Royal Autumn Show takes place in Edinburgh, and the Royal Braemar Highland Gathering at, of course, Braemar. The St Leger is run at Doncaster. The popular Tourist Trophy motor race takes place near Belfast. The annual Flying Display and Exhibition at Farnborough is ordinarily held during the first week of this month. The International Sheepdog Trials (you've seen them in the newsreels) are staged in Wales. In October, a third bird joins the list of permissible game, the pheasant. Birdies, not birds, interest the gallery at the Ryder Cup matches. And the International Motor Show comes off in London. On November 5 you can watch the children burn the guys on Guy Fawkes Day, and four days later see the Lord Mayor's Show pass through Fleet Street. And in December you can join in Christmas festivities that have not yet lost the Dickensian gusto of Yuletide in Merrie England.

Finally if you are interested in old British customs, there's something going on almost all year round, bottle kicking in Hallaton, Leicestershire, in April, the Court of Armes in Lichfield in May, the Riding of the Marches in Annan, Scotland, or the Braw Lads' Gathering at Galashiels in June, the Alport Love Feast and the Swan Upping on the Thames in July, The Mason's Walk at Melrose, Scotland, in December, Hogmanay festivities all over Scotland at New Year.



WHERE TO GO? Unless you travel on a packaged tour, with a fixed itinerary and schedule you can't modify, it's most unlikely that you will follow unchanged any detailed plans you make in advance. Nevertheless it is advantageous to rough out your trip. This gives you an opportunity to decide how much you can comfortably cover in the time at your disposal. If you travel in the height of the season, you will often have to make reservations. Finally, poring over the travel folders any tourist office or travel agency will give you in profusion is as much fun as the winter gallop through the seed catalogues. The best place to get them is from an office of the British Travel and Holidays Association, if there happens to be one near you. They maintain offices in New York at 336 Madison Avenue, in Toronto at 90 Adelaide Street West, in Paris at 6 Place Vendôme, in Frankfurt at Neue Mainzerstrasse 22, and in London in Queen's House, 64/6 St James's Street, SW1. There is also an office of the Northern Ireland Tourist Board at 13 Regent Street, SW1, or you can write to 10 Royal Avenue, Belfast. For information about Scotland or Wales address the Scottish Tourist Board, 2 Rutland Place, West End, Edinburgh, or the Welsh Tourist and Holidays Board, Temple of Peace, Cardiff, Wales.

It can be taken for granted to begin with that every visitor to Britain,

certainly, at least, every first-time visitor, will go to London. A large proportion of England's tourist attractions are concentrated in the London area, and distances are so short that many other regions can be visited from London.



HOW TO GO? When you have decided where you want to go, your next step is to consult a good travel agent. If you haven't one, the American Society of Travel Agents in New York, or the Association of British Travel Agents in London will advise you. Their addresses are listed at the end of this section. Whether you select *American Express*, *Thomas Cook*, *CIT*, *Exprinter*, or a smaller organization is a matter of preference. They all have branch offices or correspondents in the larger European cities. There are good reasons why you should engage a reliable agent.

Travel abroad today, although it is steadily becoming easier and more comfortable, is also growing more complex in its details. As the choice of things to do, places to visit, ways of getting there, increases, so does the problem of *knowing* about all these questions. A reputable, experienced travel agent is a specialist in details, and because of his importance to the success of your trip, you should inquire in your community to find out which organization has the finest reputation.

If you wish him merely to arrange a steamship or airline ticket or to book you on a package tour, his services should cost you nothing. Most carriers and tour operators grant him a fixed commission for saving them the expense of having to open offices in every town and city.

If, on the other hand, you wish him to plan for you an individual itinerary and make all arrangements down to hotel reservations and transfers to and from rail and air terminals, you are drawing upon his skill and knowledge of travel as well as asking him to shoulder a great mass of details. His commissions from carriers (5% to 7½%) won't come close to covering his expenses, and thus he will have to make a service charge in addition to the cost of your tickets, hotel accommodations, transfers, and similar arrangements. The amount of this charge varies with the complexity of your tour, the number of changes you make in your itinerary, the number of people in your party, etc. It will more than likely save you money on balance. A good travel agent can help you avoid costly mistakes due to inexperience. He can help you take advantage of special reductions in rail fares and the like that you would not otherwise know about. Most important, he can save you time by making it unnecessary for you to waste precious days abroad trying to get tickets and reservations. Thanks to his work, you are able to see and do more.

If you cannot locate a travel agent near your home, write to the American Society of Travel Agents, 501 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, New York, or, in Britain, to the Association of British Travel Agents, 10 Mayfair Place, London W.1. Either of these organizations will be happy to send you the name of a reputable firm.

There are four principal ways of traveling: (1) The group tour, in which you travel with others, following a prearranged itinerary hitting all the high spots, and paying a single all inclusive price that covers everything—transportation, meals, lodging, sightseeing tours, taxis, guides. (2) The tour in which you also follow a prearranged itinerary, chosen through your travel agent, paying for everything at once, but traveling alone. (3) A type of tour in which you pay everything in advance, but for an

itinerary you work out for yourself, according to your own interests
(4) The free-lance tour, in which you pay as you go, change your mind if you want to, and do your own planning

Students and teachers should inquire about special reduced rates



ROUGHING IT Of late years, encouraged particularly by the extension of the Youth Hostel system, vacationists have been participating in increasing numbers in the cheapest and ruggedest form of traveling. This means moving about the country on bicycles, in boats, or on foot, carrying your luggage on your back, and sleeping under canvas or in Youth Hostels.

If you elect to travel in bourgeois fashion by train or bus, you can often get reduced rates through hostel organizations.

There are about 400 hostels in Britain where hikers or cyclists can stay for 2s (28¢) a night between April 1 and Sept. 30, 1/6 (21¢) in winter. Information about hostels can be obtained from American Youth Hostels, Inc., 14 West 8 St., New York 11; the United Christian Youth Movement, 257 Fourth Ave., N.Y. 10, or the National Student Association, 142 Mt. Auburn St., Cambridge 38, Mass.

In England, information is available at The Youth Hostels Association Travel Bureau, 29 John Adam St., Strand, London, WC2. The Scottish Youth Hostels Association is at 7 Bruntsfield Crescent, Edinburgh 10. The Youth Hostels Association of Northern Ireland is at 38 Bedford St., Belfast.

The Council of the Camping Club of Great Britain and Ireland welcomes overseas visitors. Information concerning camping and caravan (trailer) sites is available at 35 Old Kent Road, London SE1. Cyclists visitors can get information and detailed itineraries from The Cyclists Touring Club, 3 Craven Hill, London, W2.

BRITISH CURRENCY AND MONEY GUIDE

Currency. The principal unit is the pound sterling, which is worth \$2.80. There are 20 shillings in a pound. Each shilling is worth 14¢. There are 12 pence in each shilling. Pence is the plural of penny and each penny is worth a fraction more than 1¢. Paper money is in denominations of

Travelers cheques are the best way to safeguard travel funds. They are sold by various banks and companies in terms of American and Canadian dollars and pounds sterling. Those issued by *American Express* are so universally accepted throughout Britain that you can exchange them at every hotel and shop without question.

five pounds, one pound, and 10 shillings. Coins are *half-crown*, which is 2 shillings 6 pence; *florin*, which is 2 shillings, *shilling*, *sixpence*, *three-pence*, *penny* and *half-penny*. The abbreviations are £ for the pound, s or a dash for the shilling, d for the penny. Below is a quick conversion table.

American	British	American	British
.01	1 d.	\$ 2.80	£ 1.
.03	3 d.	5 00	£ 1. 15 s. 9 d.
.07	6 d.	10.00	£ 3. 11 s. 5 d.
.10	9 d.	14.00	£ 5.
.14	1 s.	20.00	£ 7. 2 s. 10 d.
.28	2 s.	50 00	£17. 17 s. 1 d.
.35	2 s. 6 d.	100 00	£35. 14 s. 3 d.
.50	3 s. 7 d.		
1.00	7 s. 2 d.		

In Britain you will often see and hear the expression "guinea." This means £1.1 0. But there is no note or coin for it. (One guinea is \$2.94)

171.5
13.0
201.0
385.5

WHAT WILL IT COST? This is about the hardest travel question to answer in advance. A trip to Britain (or to Europe) can cost as little (above a basic minimum) or as much (with virtually no limit) as you choose. Budgeting is much simplified if you take a prepackaged trip. As an indication of costs, here are some trips offered last year, present indication are that there will be little change this year. A five-day stay in London, including hotel, meals except lunches, but with lunch included on two full-day sightseeing trips, visits in London and to Windsor and Hampton Court and theater, cost from £10 (\$28) in a cheap hotel, through £12 (\$34) and £14 (\$39 20) in successively better hotels, to £16 (\$45) in a first-class hotel, a similar eight-day visit was priced at from £14 (\$39) up to £25 (\$70) with the same choice of four levels. This low-priced package involved sharing a room, but on the top level it was possible to have a room to yourself for an extra payment of 6s (84¢) per night. An eight-day trip from London to Edinburgh and back by air, fare, hotel, meals except lunch, and sightseeing tours included, cost £27 (\$76), a 15-day trip £38 (\$107). Other popular tours, the price in this case including all meals, hotels and transportation to and from London, were: English lakes and Scotland escorted coach tour, £42 (\$118) for 12 days, cathedral cities, Edinburgh, the Trossachs, the English lakes, Shakespeare country, and Oxford, 15 days, rail travel, £45 (\$126), Great Britain and Ireland, 31 days, £105 (\$300). A comprehensive 11-day tour including the Shakespeare country, North Wales, English lakes, Scottish lakes and Highlands, the east coast, and the cathedral cities, in a chauffeur-driven Humber saloon car was offered, all expenses included except lunches, for £75 (\$210) per person for a party of four. *These are average prices for packaged tours. From this point they mount in price almost without limit, depending on the degree of luxury.*

For the pay-as-you-go go-where-you-please traveler, budgeting is more difficult. There can be a wide spread of price levels in England for you can spend a lot of money in London if you want to go in for de luxe living, but it will be real luxury, the absolute tops in this line, and you can enjoy yourself very adequately for much less. Also, if you are an American, you can easily manage at the very cheap levels, for you will not be stopped by the language barrier which in European countries often draws an automatic line for the foreigner at the point where he can no longer expect service from persons who either don't know foreign languages or aren't prepared to take the time and trouble to cater to persons who don't speak the tongue of the country.

Prices in deluxe hotels in Britain vary greatly and in a few may reach £5 per night, but are usually about half this. In second-class hotels, a single will cost from 30 shillings up, in third-class hotels, from 20 shillings up. Doubles are usually twice the single rate. Service runs to 10 %. Almost everywhere these prices include breakfast, but if you do take it outside, it will cost you about five shillings. In a top restaurant you will pay from 12s 6d to 35 shillings for a meal, in a less lavish place 8 to 12, and if you take the special, perhaps as little as seven. Popular chain restaurants provide reasonable three-course lunches for 5s. You can get out at lunch and dinner for 4s at a snack bar. With the deluxe meal you may want a bottle of wine (10s 6d), with the less sumptuous repast a glass of beer (1s). A cocktail will cost 3s, whiskey will be 2s 6d, coffee 1s 9 d.

Other items. man's haircut 2s 6d, a woman's anywhere from 3s 6d to 15 A set is 8s 6d to 25, a manicure 5 It costs about 1s 6d to have a shirt laundered, the same to have a dress pressed, 4s 6d to dry-clean a dress, 7s for a man's suit A local paper will cost you 2d, English cigarettes 3s 10d, American cigarettes 4s 3d, a cigar from 1s up Black and white film is 3s 4d a roll Your evening out means spending 2s 6d to £2 for theatre or opera, 1s 6d up to 12s at the cinema, 7s 6d to £1 for a restaurant, and about what you have at a nightclub—exact figures vary greatly, since you have to pay a membership fee to "join" a nightclub the first time you go, and the fee is highly elastic.

A typical day might cost one person this:

Hotel, with one meal and breakfast	£2 2 0
Lunch or dinner at a restaurant (cheap)	7 6
Transportation, say four buses	1 6
and two taxis	5 6
Theater	11 6
Coffee	9
Two beers (at a café)	2 6
Cigarettes	3 10
In other words, this day will cost you about £3 15 0 (say \$11)	



WHAT TO TAKE? Travel light. Whether you go by air or not, keeping under the airline free limit of 66 pounds of luggage per person makes sense. Even better is keeping under the 44 pound tourist rate limit. This simplifies going through customs, makes registering and checking baggage unnecessary, lets you take buses with room for hand baggage only, and is a lifesaver if you go to small places where there are no porters. The principle is not to take more than you can carry yourself (unless you travel by car). It's a good idea to pack the bulk of your things in one large bag and put everything you need for overnight, or for two or three nights, in another, to obviate packing and repacking at brief stops.

Don't carry coals to Newcastle. Whether you need a new suit or not, this is your opportunity to have some of the best cloth in the world put together by some of the best tailors in the world, at about three-fifths of what you would pay in the United States. Most men's accessories are of excellent quality in England (special tip: this is a fine place to buy a set of golf clubs, so why bring yours?), and women may want to pick up tweeds or sweaters here. Raincoats are a necessity in the British Isles and are consequently of excellent quality, so thus also you might omit from your luggage and get when you arrive.

If you wear glasses, take along a spare pair or the prescription, preferably the former. There is no difficulty about getting medicines, but if you have to take some particular preparation regularly, especially if it is made up only on prescription, better bring a supply.

Clothes. Britain is sometimes cool even in midsummer. You will want sweaters and you will probably need rainwear. In keeping with the climate, ordinary everyday dress, especially for traveling, runs very much to the casual and to sportswear, tweeds and non-matching jackets for men, while women wear tailored suits a great deal. Dressing in the evening during summer is not practiced widely in England these days,

but if you want to go to the very best places (top night clubs or elegant theaters with hit shows) better bring a tuxedo.



TRAVEL DOCUMENTS. Generally there is a delay in getting a passport so it is best to give it priority in your plans. U.S. residents must apply in person to the U.S. Passport Agency in New York, Chicago, Boston, Miami, San Francisco, Washington, D.C., or the local courthouse. Take with you a proof of citizenship, birth certificate, a witness who has known you for more than two years and who is no relation, two recent photographs $2\frac{1}{2} \times 2\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and ten dollars.

If you are a non-citizen, you must have a Treasury Sailing Permit, Form 1040D, certifying that all Federal taxes have been paid; your travel agent, steamship company or airline can tell you where to get it. To return to the United States, you need a re-entry permit. Apply for it at least six weeks before departure in person at the nearest office of the Immigration and Naturalization Service, or by mail to the Immigration and Naturalization Service, Washington, D.C.

Visas. Not required for entry into the United Kingdom from nationals of any of the English-speaking countries. Citizens of Ireland coming from Ireland do not even need passports.

Health Certificates. These are not required for entry to Britain, but the United States demands that citizens and non-citizens alike present a certificate of vaccination against smallpox, a requirement Americans will have to meet on their return. The simplest way is to be vaccinated before you leave. Have the doctor fill in a standard form, which you can obtain from your steamship company or airline, if they don't hand it to you automatically. Take the form with you to present on re-entering. If you put off vaccination until your return, remember to allow time for the reaction test that checks the efficacy of the vaccination. Inoculations against typhus, cholera, typhoid, and lockjaw are unnecessary.

How To Reach Britain

FROM NORTH AMERICA



BY SHIP. Although today more transatlantic tourists travel by air than by water, the various shipping lines set new records each year for the number of passengers they carry. The most popular ships are fully booked in tourist and cabin classes as long as 6 to 8 months in advance. New ships enter service each season, and the standard of accommodation grows steadily more comfortable. The water route to Europe has never been as luxurious or as well patronized. Crossing time takes from 5 to 11 days depending on the route and the speed of your particular vessel. This leisurely tempo affords a change of scene and a way of living that, for many travelers, is equally as appealing as the land part of their trip.

Most ships, especially the larger ones, carry three classes. First class is inclined to be dressy (tuxedo or smoking jacket with black tie at dinner, except for the first and the last night at sea). It can be cosmopolitan or stuffy, depending entirely on the crowd. Cabin class is usually less formal, less pretentious, and more relaxed. Tourist class is often the most fun of all, especially in summer, when many students and younger people set the pace. It is also the most crowded.

Because of the seasonal nature of transatlantic ocean travel, fares are roughly ten percent higher in summer. Not only can you effect considerable savings by scheduling your trip for the off-season months of the year, but you'll have a better selection of accommodation.

The location of your cabin depends primarily upon which class you have selected. Exterior cabins in the middle of the upper decks are considered the choicest. First class, of course, has the top decks or two, followed by cabin class, and lowest of all, tourist class. An outside cabin provides a glimpse of the ocean through your porthole, and, if you have foresightedly selected the south side, the sun will help brighten your days. Actually, however, you'll likely spend so much of your time in the public rooms of the ship that you won't even miss a porthole if you don't have one. Interior cabins have the advantage, too, of being steadier in rough weather. Accommodations near the bow or stern are less desirable for the reason that you get tossed about more.

When you make your final selection of a cabin, do so with the assistance of a ship plan that shows the arrangement of your deck. Location close to a bath if you don't have a private one, is an important consideration, and so are such details as how far you have to walk to the dining room, where elevators and serving pantries (noisy) are, and the number of strangers you may have to share your cabin with.

Luggage is far less of a problem to ocean travelers than to those who fly. Although you are limited to a specified number of cubic feet of baggage (the actual figure varies from class to class and line to line), the allowance is so generous that you are unlikely to exceed it. In fact, you may find it difficult to ration yourself to the two-suitcase maximum adopted by travelwise tourists. If so, pack the clothing you will use on shipboard in one or two bags and mark the rest of your luggage for storage in the hold; it's a nuisance to have your cabin cluttered with suitcases you don't need en route.

Tables in the dining room are reserved after the first meal of the voyage, and it's wise to get in touch with the dining room steward promptly if you prefer to be seated by yourself, with friends, or would like to be included in a larger group. If there are several sittings, the second is usually the most agreeable.

Much nonsense has been written about renting deckchairs. Because you have to pay extra for them (up to \$4 apiece), the shipping companies make sure there are enough for everyone. Chances are you'll occupy yours only a few times during the voyage, so why not save your money? (Deckchairs go begging on the homeward-bound sailings.)

Shipboard facilities vary according to the size of the boat you select. Swimming pools, many of them really luxurious, are pretty much standard, and so are libraries (make your choice early the first day at sea before everything is picked over). Films, often a different one for each showing, are scheduled for afternoon and evening. Dancing at tea time, during the cocktail hour, and after dinner is always an attraction, along with at least one fancy dress ball during the voyage. Table tennis (ping pong), shuffleboard, volleyball, and workouts in the ship's gymnasium appeal to the athletic-minded. Sedentary pursuits include bingo, bridge, shipboard lotteries, and listening to music in the lounges. Boats of any size are sure to have a barbershop and beauty parlor and may also offer stores where cosmetics, sport clothes, and souvenirs are on sale. A doctor and a small infirmary stand ready to cope with medical emergencies.

Which brings up the subject of *mal-de-mer*. Some authorities claim that seasickness is all a matter of the imagination. This may be true of a few

high-strung individuals, but for most travelers it's a question of unaccustomed motion. If you're apprehensive, your doctor can suggest one of the amazingly effective drugs that have reduced this once-dreaded malady to a relatively rare affliction. Go easy on rich foods the first few days at sea, get plenty of fresh air, and chances are you'll have the time of your life.

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FARES When you travel by sea, your transportation cost is an elastic if not actually elusive quantity. In addition to tipping, which adds from \$15 to \$50 to your expenses, depending upon class, you are almost certain to spend at least an equivalent amount on incidentals during your five to eleven days on the ocean. Moreover, the minimum fares quoted by the major lines are just that, minimum, and in tourist and cabin class, you're again almost certain to pay more, either because the cheaper accommodations have been sold out for months before you made your reservation, or because you want an outside cabin, one for only two persons, one in the middle of the ship, or whatever. Round trip fares are double the one-way rate.

Tourist-class berths can be had as cheaply as \$155 to \$165 off season on various older vessels that shuttle between Canadian ports and Liverpool or Southampton, to which sum American passengers have to add the expense of overland travel to Quebec or Halifax. Minimum in-season fares on any of the big name ships are in the \$195 to \$205 range to Atlantic ports. Thus, for the New York-Southampton run in season on a better ship in an average cabin, count on spending a total of \$250, tips and incidentals included. Barflies, gadabouts, bridge-players, and others with expensive tastes should add another \$25 to \$50. Teetotalers on a no-nonsense budget may be able to deduct \$20.

Cabin-class fares, in season, start at about \$240 for Atlantic ports. Your total for transportation, tips, and shipboard fun, therefore, can't be kept much below \$290.

First-class, of course, is the most variable of all. It starts as low as \$240 on an old ship off season and runs as high (still minimum) as \$395 in season on the most popular ships. \$425 is a fair average (a suite can run up to \$1,100 per person) plus another \$75 for tips, drinks, and other extras.

Transatlantic passengers who embark or disembark at a French port pay a port tax of \$5, \$8, or \$13 (to the French treasury) in addition to the tourist, cabin or first-class fares.

Children under 1 year old not occupying a separate berth are carried for \$20 in first class and \$10 in cabin or tourist class. Children from 1 to 12 travel at half the adult fare.



WHICH SHIP? The answer to this one depends on what type of atmosphere you prefer. British boats are probably unsurpassed for unobtrusive service, experience, and seamanship. Cuisine is anywhere from good to outstanding and a certain formality prevails. Canadian ships are about the same, but a shade less formal. American ships are probably the safest afloat and devote the greatest attention to air-conditioning, plumbing, and efficiency. Service is anywhere from casual to downright folksy, and the food can be excellent. French boats are probably the gayest, with good service and top-notch cuisine of the Continental variety. They are less formal than the British, less aseptic than the American. Dutch boats are generally functional, spotlessly clean, conscientiously served, and unpretentious. Food is good to excellent.

CUNARD LINE. The Cunard Line not only operates the world's largest passenger vessels, it is also the company with the greatest number of ships and the longest experience on the North Atlantic. On the route New York-Cobh (Ireland)-Havre or Cherbourg (France)-Southampton (England), are four vessels.

Queen Elizabeth, 83,673 tons, launched in 1938. Carries 815 passengers in first class, 660 in cabin class, and 750 in tourist, plus a crew of 1,290. Longer than the Eiffel Tower is high. Fitted with anti-roll stabilizers. World's largest and one of the fastest. Self-contained city, including a shopping center. Impressive, sometimes impersonal. Five-day crossing.

Queen Mary, 81,237 tons, launched in 1934. Carries 700 passengers in both first class and cabin class, 570 in tourist. Second largest passenger liner (no less than a dozen decks) and much like its younger

sister. Five-day crossing.

Caronia, 34,172 tons, launched in 1948. Accommodations 582 in first class and 353 in cabin (no tourist class). An all first-class cruise ship during the winter months, this modern vessel is noted for her spaciousness and elegance. Air conditioned throughout. Seven-day crossing.

Mauretania, 35,764 tons, commissioned in 1939. Three classes, including 475 in first, 368 in second, and 304 in tourist. Gracious and comfortable, completely reconditioned a decade ago. Seven-day crossing.

On the route New York-Cobh (Ireland)-Liverpool (England) there are three smaller ships that have proved popular among travelers who prefer a more intimate and more personal atmosphere.

Britannic, 27,666 tons, entered service 1930. Carries 369 passengers in first class and 608 in tourist. Completely reconditioned, used as a cruise ship when not on North Atlantic run. Eight-day crossing.

Parthia, 13,362 tons, entered service 1948. All first class (251 pas-

sengers), all staterooms have private bath or shower, all public rooms air-conditioned. Compact, intimate. Eight-day crossing.

Media, 13,345 tons, entered service 1947. A sister ship to the *Parthia*, also all first class, also an eight-day crosser.

On the Canadian service, Cunard has four sister ships that follow two different routes. The *Carinthia* and *Sylvania* sail from Montreal and Quebec to Liverpool with occasional stops at Greenock (Scotland). The *Saxonia* and *Ivernia* join Montreal and Quebec with Havre (France) and Southampton, calling periodically at Cobh (Ireland).

Sylvania, 21,989 tons, entered service 1957. Carries 900 passengers in first and tourist classes. Air-conditioned public rooms. Six or seven-day crossing, depending on intermediate stops.

Carinthia, 21,947 tons, entered service 1958. Similar to *Sylvania* in design and accommodations. Décor purposely different. Six or

seven-day crossing.

Ivernia, 21,717 tons, entered service 1955. Carries a total of 925 passengers, otherwise similar to above two ships. Seven-day crossing.

Saxonia, 21,637 tons, entered service 1955. The first of these four liners. Also carries 925 passengers in first and tourist classes, also a seven-day crosser.

UNITED STATES LINES. Besides the *United States*, the holder of the North Atlantic speed record, this company operates the *America* and a fleet of 32 cargo vessels averaging 8,000 tons that accommodate from four to 12 passengers each. The former shuttles from New York to Havre (France)

and Southampton The *America* stops at Cobh (Ireland) and Bremerhaven (Germany) as well

United States, 53,330 tons, built in 1952. Carries 871 passengers in first class, 508 in cabin, and 549 in tourist. Set North Atlantic record of three days, 10 hours 40 minutes. Completely air-conditioned with individual thermostats in every room. Except for pianos and carving blocks, the entire ship and its furnishings are non-flammable.

Lavish use of colors, modern fabrics, imaginative decor. The most modern ship afloat plus international cuisine. Five-day crossing.

America, 33,961 tons, built in 1940. Carries 516 in first class, 371 in cabin and 159 in tourist. Not as spectacular as her younger sister but modern and comfortable nonetheless. Eight-day crossing.

FRENCH LINE France's representative in the transatlantic passenger field operates three liners from New York to Plymouth (England) and Havre (France). Westbound Southampton is the port of call instead of Plymouth. All three have won a devoted following among seasoned travelers. The superb cooking and vintage wines are two reasons why.

Liberté, 51,839 tons, placed in service 1930. Carries 553 passengers in first class, 500 in cabin, and 444 in tourist. Completely renovated in 1950. Usually attracts a sophisticated group. Better known for service than gadgetry. Six-day crossing.

1st Return furnished in 1949. Not as sumptuous as some of the newer ships but has that Gallic atmosphere. Seven-day crossing.

Flandre, 20,477 tons, placed in service 1952. Carries 707 passengers in three classes. Smaller, more functional than its older sisters. Stunning outdoor swimming pool in first class. Seven-day crossing.

Ile de France, 44,495 tons, placed in service 1927. Carries 505 in first class, 586 in cabin, and 227 in tourist.

HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE Seafaring is an ancient tradition with the Dutch, so it's hardly astonishing that the fleet of the Holland-America Line alone numbers 34 vessels. Six of these are in regular passenger service from New York to Southampton, Havre, and Rotterdam, with occasional stops at Cobh (Ireland).

Nieuw Amsterdam, 36,640 tons, commissioned 1938. Carries 564 passengers in first class, 443 in second, and 230 in tourist. Largest and fastest of the Dutch ships. Often used for winter cruises. Air-conditioned and equipped with stabilizers. Seven-day crossing, eight to Rotterdam.

class (on the boat deck). The 840 tourist-class passengers have everything else to themselves. All air-conditioned. Eight-day crossing, nine to Rotterdam.

Ryndam, 15,015 tons, commissioned 1951. A sister ship to the *Maasdam* in every respect, including the two-class formula.

Statendam, 24,294 tons, commissioned 1957. Only 84 in first class, the rest of the ship is dedicated to the 867 tourist-class passengers. Equipped with stabilizers. Newest and second-largest of the H-A fleet. Seven-day crossing, eight to Rotterdam. Already highly popular.

Westerdam, 12,149 tons, commissioned 1946. First class only (134 passengers). All cabins have private bath and are unusually spacious considering the low tariff. Nine-day crossing (Rotterdam).

Maasdam, 15,024 tons, commissioned 1952. Carries only 39 in first

Noordam, 10,726 tons, commissioned 1938. First class only (148 passengers). Same features as the *Westerdam*.

CANADIAN PACIFIC. Four ships comprise the ocean-going division of this versatile company that also runs a transcontinental railroad, an international airline, and a chain of hotels. Sailings are from Montreal and Quebec to Liverpool (England) in summer, from St. John (New Brunswick) to Liverpool in winter. The *Empress of Scotland* stops additionally at Greenock (Scotland).

Empress of England, 25,500 tons, put in service 1957. Carries 158 passengers in first class, 900 in tourist. Completely air-conditioned. One of the newest and most attractive ships on the North Atlantic. Has stabilizers. Six-day crossing.

Empress of Britain, 25,500 tons, put in service 1956. Sister ship to the above with the same features, same

two-class formula. Similarly spacious. Six-day crossing.

Empress of Scotland, 26,300 tons, put in service 1930. Carries 296 passengers in first, 374 in tourist. Old but true to his line's tradition of good service. Seven-day crossing.

Empress of France, 20,400 tons, put in service in 1928. Carries 218 in first, 482 tourist. Seven-day crossing.

GREEK LINE. This company operates three liners on the North Atlantic route. The *New York* joins the city for which it is named with Cobh (Ireland), Southampton, Havre (France), and Bremerhaven (Germany). The *Neptunia* runs from Quebec to these ports, and the *Columbia* serves Montreal, Quebec, and Liverpool.

New York, 17,000 tons, built in 1922. Carries 70 first-class passengers, 1,170 in tourist. Used as cruise ship in winter. Attractive and unpretentious. Ten-day crossing.

Neptunia, 10,500 tons, built in 1919. Carries 38 in first class, 790 in tour-

ist. Smaller, more intimate, special appeal for students. Nine-day crossing.

Columbia, 9,424 tons, built in 1918. Carries 40 in first class, 770 in tourist. Primarily for emigrants and students. Nine-day crossing.

HOME LINES. The *Italia* joins New York (and sometimes Halifax as well) with Plymouth (England), Havre (France), and Cuxhaven (Germany). The *Homeric* links Quebec (occasionally Montreal also) with Southampton and Havre.

Homeric, 26,000 tons, built in 1932. Carries 150 first-class passengers, 1,050 in tourist. Completely reconditioned in 1955. Fully air-conditioned. Attractive and modern. Outdoor pool. Seven-day crossing.

Italia, 21,000 tons, built in 1927. Originally the *Kungsholm*. Carries 150 first-class passengers, 1,150 in tourist. Completely reconditioned in 1948. Good value for the money. Nine-day crossing.

AROSA LINE. Four vessels are operated by this company. The first mentioned below links New York with Plymouth (England), Havre (France), and Bremerhaven (Germany). The others ply between Montreal or Quebec and Southampton (England), Havre, and Bremerhaven. All appeal to budget travelers.

Arosa Sky, 20,000 tons, commissioned 1939. Newest of the fleet. Carries 56 first-class passengers, 877 tourist. Popular among budget travelers.

Arosa Sun, 20,126 tons, commissioned 1931. All outside cabins. Carries 60 in first class, 1,038 in tourist.

Arosa Star, 8,920 tons, commissioned in 1931. Despite smaller size, still carries 20 in first, 802 in tourist.

Arosa Kulu, 9,040 tons, commissioned 1920. An old-timer with dormitory accommodations for students; 30 first, 832 tourist.

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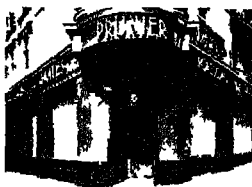


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TIPPING. Perhaps the most annoying feature of ocean travel is the ritual of tipping that signals the end of every voyage. Since your cabin steward and dining room steward will normally have done the most for you during your trip they are tipped most generously. The deck steward should also be remembered if you have occupied a deckchair. The bath steward, barman, wine steward, and lounge steward are tipped according to services rendered. The ship's officers, from the purser on up, are not tipped, of course. The table below is generous for one person on the average crossing. If there are several people in your party, increase the suggested amounts by about 50 % for each additional person.

	First Class	Cabin	Tourist
Cabin steward	\$10 to \$12	\$7 to \$8	\$5
Dining room steward	10 to 12	7 to 8	5
Deck steward	3	2	2



BY AIR. Transatlantic air travel, an infant little more than a decade ago, is today a lusty giant that conveys more passengers from North America to Europe and back in a given year than all the steamships combined. Rates have gone steadily down as new tourist-class services have been introduced to augment first-class facilities, and credit arrangements together with family-plan fares have opened European travel to many people whose funds or time were previously too limited.

The greatest advantage of flying, of course, is the speed with which you reach your European destination. From New York to London or Edinburgh is an easy overnight flight, leaving the former in the late afternoon or early evening and arriving in Britain first thing the following morning. All this means that, for example, if you have only three weeks available for your vacation, *every single day of it can be spent abroad*.

Another advantage of flying is its simplicity. You step on a plane in North America and step off, about ten hours later, in Britain. Your luggage is handled by airline personnel, your meals are served aloft with the compliments of the carrier, and there are no tips. If you suffer from queasy stomach, you're more likely to have a qualmsome crossing by air than by sea. Small children are less of a problem, too.

The biggest disadvantage, on the other hand, is the limited comfort air travel allows. Not that seats are hard or service inadequate. Quite the contrary. You sit on specially designed foam rubber seats that recline at the touch of a button to whatever angle you prefer. Touch another button and one of several hostesses or stewards comes to take care of your request. Rather it's a matter of space. Except on first-class flights, seats are arranged with two on one side of a narrow aisle and three on the other. Moreover, the distance from your seat to the one in front or behind is several inches less than on first-class flights, as little as 34 inches, in fact, for the new special tourist-class services introduced in the early spring of 1938. For anyone taller than five feet or weighing much over 110 pounds, this means pretty cramped quarters, something like riding overnight on a bus. You can stretch your feet, of course, by strolling to the washrooms once or twice, but you're still likely to limp off the plane at the end of your journey feeling like a weary, if pampered, sardine.

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AIR FARES. As already noted, there are several different price levels on the transatlantic route. Most expensive, of course, is first class, unless you select one of the extra-fare special deluxe flights that include orchids, vintage wines, gourmet dinners, souvenir gifts to passengers, and similar frills. Some airlines have staterooms available at extra charge as well as full-length berths. The basic first-class fare from New York to London is about \$400 one way, or about \$720 round trip.

Regular tourist-class flights are a good \$100 cheaper one way, or approximately \$200 less round trip. The new special round-trip excursion fare introduced early in 1958, costs little more than a one-way first-class fare, roughly \$425 on the New York-London route. Except for Icelandic Airlines, all transatlantic carriers charge identical fares.

Children between the ages of 2 and 12 travel at half the adult tariff, but are entitled to a full luggage allowance. Infants under 2 not occupying a seat and accompanied by an adult are charged only 10 % of the full fare. Although they are not entitled to a free luggage allowance, their food, clothing, and other supplies needed in flight are not weighed. Most airlines provide special bassinets if notified in advance. Students and military personnel are entitled to certain additional reductions.

Airline tickets can be bought on the instalment plan. A down payment of as little as 10 % secures the reservations, and the balance can be paid off, after your trip, during the next 12 months. Hotel accommodations and other expenses of a trip can be added to the same instalment account, if desired. Interest charges make this arrangement more expensive.

FROM THE COMMONWEALTH AND INDIA



BY SEA. From New Zealand, Australia, or South Africa a travel agent can be especially helpful because of the many different ways of traveling. New Zealanders may take the Shaw Savill Line via the Panama Canal, minimum fare approximately £145, or the same line via South Africa, minimum fare from New Zealand £145, from Australia £143.

The P. and O. runs a number of ships, including the luxury liner Himalaya, between Australia and London via the Suez Canal. These ships have first-class fares ranging from £228 (from Fremantle) to £355 and tourist from £142 to £154. One-class ships charge from £132 to £179, passenger-carrying freighters from £140 to £158. The Orient Line also maintains a fine service via Suez, first-class minimum £228, tourist minimum £124, and the Blue Star Line covers the Australian-South Africa route with a large fleet of cargo ships with accommodation for 12 passengers, fares from Australia or New Zealand, £200 to £275.

India, Pakistan, Singapore. The P. and O. Line, in addition to Hong Kong and Singapore, en route to Australia, also serves Bombay and Colombo. The Anchor Line has a number of comfortable ships plying between Karachi, Bombay, and Liverpool. These ships are usually booked months in advance. There are many cargo ships with good passenger accommodation.



BY AIR. Air services are no less complete than the shipping services. From New Zealand there are services flown by BOAC, QEA (Qantas Empire Airways), and CPA (Canadian Pacific). BOAC also operates via the U.S.A. or Canada in association with PAA, TWA and TCA. Services out of Sydney take approximately the same route. BOAC operates from Johannesburg in South Africa.

First-class fares from New Zealand or Australia are 431 Australian pounds one way, 776 return, tourist 314, and 565. From Johannesburg, the rates are £208 and £374 first class, and £145 and £281 tourist, sterling.

From India, air service is provided by BOAC, Air India, and American, Dutch, and French airlines. The flight from Bombay to London costs £132; return is £238, tourist, and from Singapore £186, single, £335 return.

Arriving in Britain



CUSTOMS You may bring into the United Kingdom duty free 400 cigarettes, or one pound of tobacco in any other form, one bottle of spirits, one of wine, and half a pint of perfume or toilet water, fifty pounds of food, though not more than ten pounds of any one kind, and none of it uncooked, and in general all articles you are carrying with you for your personal use. British residents returning to their own country get only about half of these concessions.

Americans who are out of the United States at least 12 days and have claimed no exemption during the previous six months are entitled to bring in duty-free up to \$500 worth of articles for bona fide gifts or for their own personal use. The value of each item is determined by the price actually paid (so save your receipts), or the customs official's estimate of its market value. Every member of a family is entitled to this same exemption, regardless of age. There are, however, certain exclusions.

Not more than 100 cigars may be imported duty-free per person, nor more than a gallon of wine or liquor (none at all if your passport indicates you are from a "dry" state). Only one bottle of perfume that is trademarked in the United States may be brought in, plus a reasonable quantity of other brands. Because of possibly over-strict food regulations, almost anything edible is likely to be confiscated, so suppress any temptation to stock up on sausages, chocolates, yoghurt, and similar delicacies.

Antiques are defined, for customs purposes, as articles manufactured before 1830 and are admitted duty-free. If there's any question of age, you may be asked to supply proof.

A foreign-made automobile that was ordered before your departure is subject to duty (10%) even though delivered abroad. This same rule applies to any purchase initiated in advance of your trip.

A simple way of stetching your exemption is to mail home gifts from abroad with a written notation on the package, "Gift, value less than \$10." Articles mailed to your own address for delivery either before or after your return must be declared at the time you pass through customs if you wish to claim them under your exemption.

If your purchases exceed your exemption, list the items that are subject to the highest rates of duty under your exemption and pay duty on the items with the lowest rates. Any article you fail to declare cannot later be claimed under your exemption. To facilitate the actual customs examination it's convenient to pack all your purchases in one suitcase.



HOTELS. It is advisable to make reservations in advance, especially in London during the summer tourist season. Postwar rebuilding has accelerated the provision of conveniences that American visitors have been more accustomed to taking as a matter of course than do the British, such as central heating and private baths. Especially outside of London, however, many good hotels are still not so equipped. A chambermaid will light a gas fire in your room, if it is

cold, and bring hot water for you, if yours is one of the few British hotel rooms still without running hot water.

Unlike most Continental hotels, except the most luxurious, British hotels put a cake of soap in the bathroom. You are expected to put your shoes outside your door at night, and retrieve them, neatly polished, in the morning. Usually your room charge includes breakfast the next morning as well, and British breakfasts are extremely hearty meals. Some London hotels are now giving up this practice, but almost everywhere else, bed and breakfast is the rule. You will find details of hotels and inns in the practical information sections of this book.



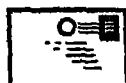
MONEY. You may not import more than £10 in British notes nor export more than £10 in that form. However, you may take into the United Kingdom any amount of currency of any kind in the form of travelers' checks, letters of credit and so forth and any amount of notes in any other currency than pounds sterling. You may also take it all out again, but be certain on entering the country to have the value of any notes you are carrying stamped in your passport, to certify that you did bring that money in and consequently have a right to take it out again. Otherwise, you are not entitled to export more than £100 worth of foreign currencies.



ELECTRIC CURRENT. If you're bringing electric shavers, irons, radios, etc., with you, it's best to check that they can be safely used on British voltages. The most general are 220 to 250 volts, A.C. There is still some D.C., but its use is diminishing. Since most American appliances are designed to operate on 120 volts, visitors from the United States will need transformers. To be on the safe side before plugging in, ask your hotel or, in London, phone the British Electricity Authority, Enquiry Bureau, (WHL 2121).



TIPPING. Many hotels will put a service charge of 10 to 15 % on your bill. If they fail to do so, divide about the same among your chambermaid, waiter (if you eat at the hotel), headwaiter, hall porter, and bellboy, the greater part of it to the first two. If a service charge has been made, note whether it was applied to the restaurant bills; often it is not, in which case you give the waiter up to 15 % of the price of your meals, and do the same in outside restaurants. Taxi drivers get 6d up to a fare of 2s 6d, and another 3d for each 1s 6d thereafter. Give station porters a minimum of one shilling, 6d for each piece of luggage over two, and a little more for long distances or waiting. Barbers and hairdressers get 20 %. Give a cloakroom attendant 6d when you take your coat back, and 2d or 3d in washrooms if the attendant has actually done something for you. Do not tip cinema or theater ushers, elevator operators, barmaids in pubs, or airport porters.



MAIL. The chief rates for postage in and from Britain are as follows. To Europe: minimum rate for letters for European countries (except Iceland and Poland) is 4d. Postcards cost 2½d. Letters to Poland and Iceland cost 4½ and postcards cost 3d. To the United States: letters 3d (surface mail), 1s 3d (air mail). Postcards 2½d (surface mail), 8d (air mail). To South and Central America: letters 4d (surface mail), 1s 3d (air mail). Postcards 2½d (surface mail), 9d (air mail). To the British Commonwealth: letters 3d (for one ounce only). Postcards 2½d. Air mail to South Africa: letters 1s 3d, postcards 8d. Air mail to Australia, New Zealand and the Far East: letters

1s 6d, postcards 9d *Inland* letters (up to one ounce) 3d; postcards 2½d.

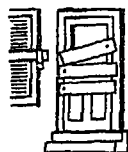
Telegrams are handled by the post offices. The internal rate is 3s for twelve words. Additional words cost 3d each. Overnight telegrams can be sent for 1/8 for twelve words.

At any post office you can obtain what is possibly the greatest overseas-mail bargain—an "air letter" form, price 8d, already stamped, with ample room for a lot of neat handwriting on one large and one small fold. In London, the chief post office at King Edward Street EC1, and the Leicester Square branch office are always open (Sundays included) for telegraph and telephone business and for the sale of stamps. In the provinces, the local chief offices are open from about 9 to 10:30 on Sunday mornings.



TELEPHONE. Overseas rates can be had on application at a post office or from any operator. Telephone kiosks are plentiful in the streets (they are painted red) and in post offices. Insert four pennies in the slot, dial your number, press the button marked A when you hear your number answering. Press button B and get your money back if it does not answer. This procedure varies slightly in some districts outside

London. (Tell the operator the number you want, if there is no dial; but remember that she cannot talk with you until you have four pennies in the slot.) To make a long-distance call, dial TRU in London and O elsewhere. To make an enquiry, dial O. The British telephone system is a trifle archaic by American and some Continental standards. Crossed lines and interference occur frequently. From a pay telephone you can place long-distance calls to all parts of the British Isles between 6 p.m. and 10:30 p.m. for 2s 9d.



CLOSING DAYS AND HOURS. Legal holidays (bank holidays is the English term) are not uniform throughout Great Britain. In England and Wales, the holidays are Good Friday, Easter Monday, Whit Monday (Pentecost), the first Monday in August, Christmas Day, and Boxing Day (Dec. 26). Eire and Northern Ireland add St. Patrick's Day (March 17) to this list, and Northern Ireland adds Orangeman's Day, July 12.

Scotland does not universally observe Easter Monday, Whit Monday, or Boxing Day, but to make up for it, New Year's Day, January 2, and the first Monday in May are holidays there.

Usual shopping and business hours are 9-5 p.m. Banks open at 10 a.m. and close at 3 a.m. (Monday to Friday) and are open 9:30 a.m. to 12 p.m. on Saturdays. Shops and most retail houses have a half holiday one day a week. Shops in the West End of London, and some other districts, close at 1 p.m. on Saturdays, though country towns and London suburbs usually close on a Wednesday or Thursday. Big West End of London stores stay open until 7 p.m. one day a week.

Drinking hours are roughly 11 a.m. to 2:30 p.m., and 6 p.m. to 10:30 p.m. weekdays, and, in England only, from noon until 2, and from 7 to 10 p.m., Sundays. Minors under 18 are neither served nor allowed in bars.



TOBACCO. For amounts that may be imported, see section on *Customs*. For the prices of cigarettes, see section on *What Will It Cost?* Pipe tobacco costs approximately 4s 6d an ounce. Smoking is permitted on railway trains, except in those compartments where a notice appears on the window pane forbidding it. If you want to smoke on a bus, climb to the top deck. You can smoke in any cinema, but the practice in theatres varies; look for the

notice concerning smoking in the program. At formal banquets you do not smoke until after the toast to the Queen.



RADIO. One of the advantages of a holiday in England for the English-speaking visitor is that there is a wealth of English language radio programs on local stations, obtainable even on small portable radios of limited range. There are several publications that will give you complete information of what is on the air. The *Radio Times*, obtainable Thursdays, 3d a copy, gives all details of the Home, Light, Third, and TV programs, and certain programs from various regional stations (West of England, Midlands, Scottish, etc.) as well as some Continental programs of universal interest, such as musical programs. *European Radio Programs* (6d from W.H.S. bookstalls) gives all European programs relayed to England. 208 (1s from any W.H.S. bookstall) gives programs from Radio Luxembourg. There are two television programs, the B.B.C. and the I.T.A. A certain amount of advertising is allowed on the latter, but the B.B.C. is entirely non-commercial. *TV Times* (4d weekly) lists program schedules.



PHOTOGRAPHY. Both American and British color film are obtainable in Britain. Most types can be processed in the country in about three days during the slack season, and anything up to 12 days during July and August. Kodak International has depots in Kingsway, and Regent Street, London; they also have agents in other large towns. Kodak color film is not processed in Britain, but you can hand it in to a Kodak depot to be sent to the U.S.A. Color slides in sets of six may be obtained from the British Travel & Holidays Association for 18s. These can build up an excellent photographic record of your trip, covering London, Scotland, the Shakespeare Country, etc.



SPORTS. Britain is a great sports country, particularly for participation sports. Many of its most famous pastimes are those that are meant to be played by the amateur, not simply watched by him. However, there are plenty of sports for various enjoyment, too. Football attracts the biggest crowds. The game is association (soccer) and even Americans who find it tame, compared to American football, should have no trouble sharing the enthusiasm of the immense crowds at the international and inter-regional matches. Americans will also find English rugby quite different from the game they think of as rugby at home. Cricket is an important spectator sport for the British, but seems to strike most Americans as a rather mysterious ritual. It is, however, a game of great subtleties, and if you take the trouble to instruct yourself in some of its fine points, you may succeed in plumbing its fascination for the adepts. The soccer season is from late August to the end of April; rugby (which is divided into two types—union played in the south, league in the north) lasts from late September to mid-April. Cricket is the traditional summer game, played from May through September.



HORSE RACING. The "sport of kings" is very much the sport of the people in Britain, where practically the entire adult (and adolescent) population has a flutter, at the very least, on the Derby and the Grand National, while many millions of them take a daily interest in the result of the 3:30. The flat racing season each year opens towards the end of March with the Lincolnshire Handicap, and thereafter racing goes on every

weekday until the end of November. In December, January, February, and March, the vast horseracing industry confines itself to steeplechasing and hurdle racing, with a spectacular final event in the Grand National Steeplechase at Liverpool, which carries a prize of £10,000. In April, Newmarket, the headquarters of racing, on whose heath more than 1,000 thoroughbreds are trained every day, gets going. Between April and October, Newmarket has a total of eight weeks of racing, including such famous races as the 2,000 and 1,000 Guineas, the Jockey Club Stakes, the Cambridgeshire and the Caesarewitch.

In early June, the greatest race in the world, the Derby, takes place at Epsom, in Surrey, and is usually attended by the Queen and other members of the Royal Family. The Ascot Meeting, later in June, is a great social, as well as a great sporting event. It lasts four days, and the Queen drives in state up the course to the Royal Box. Goodwood, which is an informal version of Ascot, takes place at the end of July on the Duke of Richmond and Gordon's estate in Sussex.

The immense popularity of racing represents only one aspect of the Briton's love of horses. Fox hunting is generally believed to be the exclusive sport of the rich, and is also supposed to be dying out. In fact, any man, with any kind of horse, may join in a hunt, and a great many of moderate means do so. There are nearly 200 packs in Britain, so that many parts of England and Scotland come within the area of one pack of foxhounds or another.

Horse shows, of course, are held in a great many places throughout Britain every summer, and some of them are world famous. The International Horse Show at the White City in London is attended by visitors from America, the Empire, and the Continent, including leading experts, both civil and military, some of whom compete in the jumping events. The Royal Horse Show at Richmond, and the Royal Windsor Horse Show, are also well known.

There are a large number of livery stables in London and everywhere else, which, of course, is the clearest evidence of the continued popularity of the horse. Thousands upon thousands of people ride in Richmond Park, Windsor Park, Epping Forest, and other parts of the country.

Any overseas visitor who wants to spend a riding holiday in Britain, or to participate in any of the sports connected with the horse, is recommended to join the British Horse Society, 66 Sloane Street, London, SW1, where he will be given all information and assistance.



GOLF Britain is a paradise for the golfer. Nowhere else in Europe is the game so universally played. As a result there is such an abundance of good golf courses in Britain that no matter where the visitor makes his headquarters, he can be sure of scores of them within easy reach. It is much cheaper than in the U.S.A., and in Scotland, where you'll find the best courses, rates for a round of golf are frequently as low as 2s. There is little else that need be said about golf in Britain, for everyone in the world who swings a golf club will know all about such courses as St Andrews, the headquarters of golf, with all its glorious and sentimental associations; Gleneagles, with its big hotel and two courses, Prestwick, the original home of the Open Championships, Westward Ho! in Devon, one of the earliest English courses, Sandwich and Deal, about which one golf enthusiast wrote that they "have two charming old towns close by them," the magnificent seaside course of Hoylake, Liverpool, Portrush, near the Giant's Causeway in Northern Ireland, and many others.

TENNIS. Everyone in England who doesn't play golf, as well as those who do, plays tennis. It is a universal game, courts are everywhere, and you will have no trouble finding a place to play. One of the charming things about London is that you can find tennis courts at hand even in the heart of the city. If you have the time to go to them, the big parks, like Regents Park, provide good courts, but if not, you will find them in the many squares which dot London. They are open to the public at a small fee. You can engage a court for a stated time in advance.



SHOOTING For English sportsmen, one of the big events of the year is the opening of the grouse season in Scotland. The enthusiasm has spread to the United States, and wealthy Americans sometimes buy shooting rights and make the trip to Britain solely to participate in the grouse shooting. Less wealthy visitors interested in hunting in Scotland should apply to the Scottish Tourist Board, 21 A George Street, Edinburgh, to make arrangements to shoot. There are relatively very few places in Scotland where you can simply wander over the landscape and take potshots at anything that turns up. Shooting is done almost entirely on private preserves. Hence the necessity for arranging in advance for shooting privileges. Open seasons are: grouse, August 12 to December 10; partridge, September–February; pheasant, October–February; wild duck, August 20 to December 10.



FISHING. If you are a fishing enthusiast, you should ask your travel agent or the nearest British tourist office for a copy of the fishing map of Britain, which shows what kind of fishing you may enjoy in any of eleven different areas. However, before making your final choice, you will be well advised to make sure in advance on what conditions you will be allowed to fish in the area concerned, for in some of them you have to rent a boat by the month or for the season. Below is a very short list of places where you can fish, either free or for a daily fee.

Blagdon, England's most famous trout lake, is in west Somerset. This is the reservoir of the Bristol Waterworks Company, and has been known to yield trout weighing ten pounds. Daily fee. The many rivers of Exmoor and Dartmoor contain plenty of salmon and trout, and also offer charming, tranquil scenery. You can obtain a ticket without difficulty. In Wales, the hundreds of picturesque lakes offer abundant trout fishing. The best of the tributaries of Lough Neagh in Northern Ireland—the largest sheet of water in the British Isles—is the Main, which has miles of good dry-fly water. Fishing is free. The Norfolk Broads, of course, offer excellent coarse fishing, especially roach and bream. There are many salmon rivers in Scotland, but the rights are mostly privately owned and therefore expensive, so that the sportsman of moderate means will have to content himself with trout fishing, for which he must purchase a ticket.



YACHTING. The yachting season in England "officially" begins at about Easter and ends in September, but many people go racing throughout the winter, while some live in their yachts far into the fall. There are, of course, many stretches of water round the coasts of Britain that might be accurately described as a yachtsman's paradise. The Solent and Spithead, between the Isle of Wight and the Hampshire coast, may be said to form a single system

with Southampton Water, Chichester Harbor, Langstone Harbor and the Beaulieu and Newton rivers, a system which is probably the most popular among British yachtsmen. On the northwest coast, the famous Menai Straits is the home of hundreds of small yachts, many of which race at regattas held at various centers. Off the Essex and Suffolk coasts, the Thames Estuary, 40 miles across from Harwich Harbor to the North Foreland, tests the yachtsman's skill with its sandbanks and channels, its shoals and swatchways, while by way of reward he can sail into any of a number of quiet rivers, like the Colne, the Stours, the Orwell, the Deben and the Alde, all leading to pretty little towns and villages. Scottish yachtsmen acclaim their own west coast between the Clyde and the Isle of Skye and beyond, to the Outer Hebrides. Then there are the famous Norfolk Broads, where the yachtsman can sail or fish—or just laze—to his heart's content on some 200 miles of rivers and meres.

There are more than 500 yachting and sailing clubs in Britain, and there is, of course, a great deal of racing. Many small classes race—usually at weekends—on the Thames, at Hammersmith, Teddington, Henley, and other places. The regattas, with 6- and 8-meters, Dragons, Handicap Cruiser Class and One-Designs, begin at the end of May, at Lowestoft or Harwich, and work round the coast until Cowes Week in August. Some other regattas, including Burnham Week, take place still later. The Royal Ocean Racing Club (20 St. James's Place, London, SW1) holds a number of offshore races each year over distances of 200 to 650 miles. The enthusiastic yachtsman from overseas need only call at any racing club and prove his ability, and he will be accepted as crew of a boat.

Here's where you can hire seagoing yachts. *Yacht Cruising Ltd.*, 14 Queen Victoria Street, London, EC4. *Holiday Boats Ltd.*, Burndale, New Brighton Road, Ensworth, Hants. *Blue Water Charters Ltd.*, Salcombe, Devon. Landlubbers need not be out of it altogether. On almost any of England's streams, you can hire a punt.



MOTOR RACING. This sport is becoming increasingly popular in Britain. Several new tracks have been constructed, and events—sometimes drawing crowds of more than 100,000 persons—are held from April to October. The best-known circuits are. *Goodwood*, Sussex; *Aintree* (Grand Prix Circuit), Liverpool; *Brand's Hatch*, Kent; *Crystal Palace*, South London; *Silverstone*, Northamptonshire; *Boreham Wood*, Hertfordshire. You will see the world's top drivers at these tracks.



HIKING, CYCLING, CAMPING. To the hiker Britain offers so many opportunities that his problem is which of them to take. If he wishes to plan a tour thoroughly—by far the best way—he can obtain all information from the British Travel Centre in New York (Madison Avenue), or from The Ramblers Association in London (48 Park Road, Baker Street, London NW1), who possess special knowledge of all the footpaths in the country, and have clubs all over the British Isles.

As to accommodation, the hiker cannot do better than join the Youth Hostels Association in his own country, thereby acquiring all the facilities offered by the Y. H. A. of England and Wales and the Scottish Y. H. A. These facilities are of tremendous value. The Y. H. A. of England and Wales alone has more than 300 hostels. The buildings range from farm houses, water mills and mansions to specially designed modern hostels, and prices are very low. Of course, you will have to help with the chores, but it all makes for friendliness and a warm atmosphere.

22 CYCLING, CAMPING, USEFUL ADDRESSES

If you are not a member of the Y.H.A. at home, you can join the English one by writing to them at Welwyn Garden City, Herts. The membership fee is only 5s per annum for Juniors (16 to 21 years) and 10s for Seniors (over 21).

Naturally, it is not a condition that you should actually walk, and all Y.H.A. facilities are available to you even if you travel mostly by train or bus.

Further, the Y.H.A. is also open to cyclists, but there are, in addition, special facilities provided for them. If you are a cyclist, you should get in touch with the Cyclists Touring Club (Craven Hill, London, W2.) on your arrival in Britain. You can become a member at a nominal fee and obtain advice and guidance on all matters routes, maps, road conditions, and also on your accommodation in some of the 6,000 hotels, farms and inns recognized by the club, all of them inexpensive. The Camping Club of Great Britain (Grosvenor Gardens, London) also has a cycling section, with 1,000 camping sites for its members.

Although it is stretching a point to refer to this as camping, if you want to stay in one spot, taking the kind of holiday many English people prefer themselves, you could try a "holiday camp"—which bears about the same relation to pitching your tent in the woods as the dude ranch in America bears to an ordinary ranch. The fancy one at Prestayn (inquire of British Holiday Estates, Ltd., 10 Mayfair Place, London W1), with its swimming pool, game rooms, theatre, ballroom and accommodation in individual "chalets," reminiscent of American motels, charges from £8 to £10 (\$22 to \$28) per person per week, depending on the time of year (naturally the peak vacation times are the most expensive), and everything is included in that moderate price. Butlins Ltd. (439 Oxford Street, London, W2) own a chain of luxury holiday camps around the British coast. They are inexpensive and popular with the masses who enjoy organized fun and bustle for a week in summer. Apply well in advance.

USEFUL ADDRESSES

The *United States Embassy* is at 1 Grosvenor Square, W1 (GRO. 9000).

A good bet for all questions is the *Tourist Information Centre*, at 64-65 St. James's St., London, SW1. It's conveniently located and very helpful (MAY. 9191).

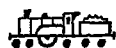
Students will find *The National Union of Students*, 3 Endsleigh St., London, WC1, helpful in planning itineraries (EUS. 2184).

American Express has offices at: 6 Haymarket, London; 28 Temple Street, Birmingham; Burtonwood Airport, Burtonwood; India Buildings, Water Street, Liverpool; Havelock Chambers, Queens Terrace, Southampton; America House, 15 Leinster St. South, in Dublin, Ireland; 64 Princes Street, in Edinburgh, 115 Hope Street, Glasgow, in Scotland, and at U.S.A.F. bases in the United Kingdom.

Thomas Cook has offices at: 48 Berkeley Street, Piccadilly, W1; Australia House, 170b Strand; 81 Cheapside, EC2, St. Pancras Station, NW1; 98 Gracechurch Street, EC3; 104 Kensington High Street, W8; 100 Leadenhall Street, EC3; 108 Fleet Street, EC4; 125 Pall Mall, SW1; 378 Strand, WC2; and many others in London. Among their numerous offices in the rest of Britain there are the ones at 27 Royal Avenue, Belfast; 123 New House, Birmingham; 64 Princes Street, Edinburgh; 83 Buchanan Street, Glasgow; 75 Church Street, Liverpool; 14 Oxford Street, Manchester, 37 Fargate, Sheffield; and 38 Coney Street, York. They also have an office at 118 Grafton Street, in Dublin, Ireland.

Universal Aunts, Ltd., 61 Wilton Place, Knightsbridge, SW1 phone Sloane 5101, provides all sorts of services from finding hotel rooms and flats, getting domestic servants, shopping, producing baby sitters, etc. *Finders*, 114 Wigmore Street, London, W1, Welbeck 6655, operates similar services, and specializes in telephone answering in your absence. *Young Men's Christian Association (Y M C A)* 6 Great Russell Street, WC1 (MUS 8954). *Young Women's Christian Association (Y W C A)* 6 Great Russell Street, WC1, (MUS. 7512) *American Chamber of Commerce in London*, 7 York Buildings, Adelphi, WC2, (TRA 3323) *London Airport*, Heathrow, Middlesex (SKY 4321), extension 286 for general inquiries) *London Transport Lost Property Office*, 55 Broadway, SW1, *Hotel Accommodation Service*, 93 Baker Street, W1 (WEL 2555) *American Automobile Club Service*, 15 Pall Mall, SW1 (TRA 3077)

Traveling in Britain



BY TRAIN East-west distances in Britain are so short there is little need for sleepers. North-south is another matter and several sleeper trains are operated, but the British tend to favor their high-speed daylight expresses equipped with restaurant and buffet cars. Where sleeping cars are carried these are of particularly high standard in 1st class, while the newer 2nd-class cars are probably better than on any other railway system in the world. In any case, sleepers should be reserved well in advance and this applies to seats on famous expresses where accommodation is limited.

You may find the multiplicity of railway stations in London confusing. There are 15 that you might possibly need to use at one time or another—Paddington, Marylebone, Victoria, Waterloo, Charing Cross, Euston, King's Cross, Cannon St, Holborn Viaduct, Blackfriars, London Bridge, Fenchurch St, Broad St, Liverpool St, and St Pancras—and to explain which region is served by each would be so complicated that the best advice that can be given the traveler is to make sure, when he looks up a train, never to think of its point of departure as "London" but as King's Cross or Victoria or whatever.

Here are some of Britain's famous trains. To Scotland *The Flying Scotsman*, leaving King's Cross at 10 a.m., putting you down in Edinburgh by 5 30 p.m. *The Elizabethan*, a summer season non-stop leaving King's Cross at 9 30 a.m. and reaching Edinburgh at 4 30 p.m. *The Morning Talsman* and *Afternoon Talsman* (leaving King's Cross for Edinburgh at 7 45 a.m. and 4 p.m. respectively) taking 6 hours, 45 minutes. *The Heart of Midlothian*, 2 p.m. from King's Cross, 9 45 p.m. at Edinburgh. *The Royal Scot*, 10 a.m. from Euston, due Glasgow 5 40 p.m., the *Midday Scot*, (Euston 1 30 p.m., due Glasgow 9 15 p.m.) At 4 p.m. the new express, *Caledonian* leaves Euston for Glasgow, taking 400 minutes for the 401 miles. *The Queen of Scots*, an all-Pullman express (meals are served at your seat, small surcharge for riding this express), leaving King's Cross at around noon and calling at Edinburgh at 8 p.m. and Glasgow at 9 p.m.

If you want to sleep your way to Scotland, there are several expresses from Euston to Glasgow (the 9 10 p.m. from Euston carries 1st and 2nd-class sleeping cars only), the *Royal Highlander* at 7 20 p.m. to Perth and Inverness (sleepers, day coaches, and restaurant cars), several expresses from King's Cross to Edinburgh, Dundee, and Aberdeen, of which the 10 15 p.m. carries luxurious single berth 2nd-class sleepers, and the 7 30

p.m. (known as the *Aberdonian*) 1st and 2nd-class sleepers, day coaches, and restaurant cars

To *Glue and Ulster* The *Shamrock*, a late afternoon express from Euston to Liverpool (taking four hours) connects with steamers going to either Belfast or Dublin, each reached early the next morning, it has a diner The *Irish Mail* leaves Euston at 8.45 p.m., connecting with a boat which reaches Dublin at 8.25 a.m. The *Ulster Express* leaves Euston at 6.20 p.m., and arrives at Belfast at 7 a.m. The *Northern Irishman* leaves Euston at 7.30 p.m. and Belfast is reached at 10.50 a.m. Several of these trains leave at slightly different hours on different days (Sunday is especially likely to differ from weekdays), so be sure of your starting time

To Manchester the best morning train is the *Comet*, leaving at 9.45 a.m. from Euston, arriving at 1.15 p.m. and the best evening train is the *Manchesterian*, Euston 6 p.m., Manchester 9.30, both carry refreshment cars. To Liverpool, you have the *Merseyside Express*, Euston 6.10 p.m., Liverpool 9.50, it has a refreshment car. To Birmingham and Wolverhampton there are the *Inter-City* from Paddington at 9 a.m., reaching Birmingham at 11.20, Wolverhampton at 11.45, and the *Midlander* from Euston at 5.50 p.m., Birmingham 7.50, Wolverhampton 8.30, both have refreshment cars

To Bristol, the *Bristolian* leaves Paddington at 8.45 a.m. and arrives at 10.30, it is non-stop, so if your objective is Bath, take the *Merchant Venturer*, Paddington 11.15 a.m., Bath 1.10 p.m., Bristol 1.22. For Cornwall, your best is the *Cornish-Riviera Express*, 10.30 a.m. from Paddington, 5.10 at Penzance, refreshment car. For Devonshire, the *Torbay Express*, from Paddington at noon, arrives at Torquay at 3.35 p.m.

For Wales, the *Red Dragon* from Paddington at 5.55 p.m., reaches Cardiff at 9.10, Carmarthen at 11.46 and the *Pembroke Express*, Paddington 10.55 a.m., makes Cardiff at 1.40 p.m., Carmarthen at 3.56, and ends at Pembroke at 5.45. The *South Wales* pullman (extra fare express) leaves Paddington at 8.50 a.m., for Cardiff (due 11.40) and Swansea (1.10), the *Capitals United* at 3.55 p.m. from Paddington reaches Cardiff at 6.53 p.m.

Finally, for the Continent, the chief trains are the crack *Golden Arrow* to Paris, extra fare Pullman train, meals served at your place, cocktail bar on the train, leaving London at 1 p.m. (2 in summer), it reaches Paris at 9.44. Its night counterpart is the *Night Ferry*, through sleepers from Victoria at 9 p.m. (10 in summer), for the train runs aboard the Channel ferry, arrival in Paris at 9 a.m. Sleeper passengers should be at Victoria half an hour early for customs and immigration inspection. The two big trains for the Harwich-Hook of Holland crossing are the overnight *Hook Continental* and the morning *Day Continental*, from Liverpool Street

Railway fares in England work out at 1.88d (2s) a mile second class, and 50% more (3s) first class. Round trip reductions are only available for mid-week tickets in summer in second class for distances over 100 miles, and some same-day journeys. You can buy mileage books in the United States (but not in England) for 1,000 miles or up at reductions of from 24% to 40%, depending on the distance. Reserving your seat in advance costs a shilling. The sleeper charge in England is 27s first class 16s per berth in a two-berth compartment, 11s in a four-berth compartment, third class, between England and Scotland, first class is 36s, and in second class the fares are 32/6 in a one-berth compartment, 20s in a two-berth, 12/6 in a four-berth.

Here are some sample journeys, showing distances, time and fares

London-Edinburgh: 393 miles, 6¾ hours, £3 1 8d, 2nd class, one way
London-Glasgow: 400 miles, 7 hours, £3 3 1d, 2nd class, one way
Southampton-London: 80 miles, 1½ hours, 12s 6d, 2nd class, one way
Liverpool-London: 193 miles, 3¾ hours, £1 10 0d, 2nd class, one way
Plsmouth-London: 225 miles, 4¼ hours, £1 15 0d, 2nd class, one way
London-York: 183 miles, 3½ hours, £1 9 6d, 2nd class, one way
London-Cambridge: 55 miles, 1¼ hours, 8s, 2nd class, one way
London-Oxford: 63 miles, 1¼ hours, 10s, 2nd class, one way
London-Stratford-on-Avon: 103 miles, 2¾ hours, 16s, 2nd class, one way
London-Birmingham: 110 miles, 2 hours, 17s 5d, 2nd class, one way
London-Aberdeen: 524 miles, 11 hours, £4 4 0d, 2nd class, one way
Edinburgh-Glasgow: 45 miles, 1 hour, 7s, 2nd class, one way
London-Paris (short sea route via Calais or Boulogne), 288 miles, 7¼ hours, £4 16 6d, 2nd class, one way



BY BUS A network of express bus services links London with the remote country districts and offers a fine way to see the countryside. Prices are not standardized but are between one and two pence a mile. There are also both local and long-distance bus lines covering all parts of Britain in an extraordinarily close and excellent network, some operated by British Railways, some by companies using buses only. They are too numerous for any attempt to be made to list even the principal lines, but the tourist who wants to use buses to get about is advised to invest in a copy of the official *ABC Coach and Bus Guide* (5s), which lists all the routes and gives their fares. The London-Glasgow and London-Edinburgh coaches have bargain return fares of £3 10, but seats must be reserved.



BY AIR Because of the short distances, air travel might seem unsuited to the situation in Britain, but BEA connections between London and Scotland are convenient, and air travel is particularly handy for visiting Ireland, Northern Ireland, and the islands. London is linked to Birmingham and Manchester by air, and Manchester and Birmingham are linked with each other. You can fly to Edinburgh, Glasgow, or Aberdeen from London, Birmingham or Manchester and to Belfast from London, Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, or Glasgow. From Glasgow you can fly to Campbeltown, Islay, the Hebrides and Wick, Orkney or the Shetlands, and the last three points can also be reached from Aberdeen or Inverness. Inverness also has a service to Stornoway. The Isle of Man can be reached from London or Belfast, and from Penzance you can fly to the Scilly Islands. Finally, the Channel Islands can be reached from London or Southampton, or from each other. For full information, contact British European Airways, Dorland House, Regent Street, London W1, (Ger 9833). Coach-air routes to Paris from London have proved very popular in recent years. Skyways operate several services daily, by bus to Lympe then plane to Beauvais for Paris. Minimum fare £7 19s return.



BY CAR The visitor bringing his own car to Britain has few formalities to attend to, due to the efficiency of the two principal auto clubs, the Automobile Association, New Coventry St, London, W1 and the Royal Automobile Club, 83 Pall Mall, London, SW1. Both of them maintain highly organized touring departments which are represented at all the principal ports. It's a good idea to get a *carnet de passages en douanes* from your own automobile club before leaving for Britain. On your arrival, the port

authority will issue an International Circulation permit which must be displayed on the windshield, and British registration plates, which will cost about 30s. These will not be necessary if you hold an International Certificate for Motor Vehicles, and have a nationality plaque on your car.

If the visitor holds an International Driving Permit, he will be issued a British driving license at the port free of charge. If not, 5s will obtain one from the port officer.

In Britain, you drive on the left-hand side of the road. The speed limit in cities and built-up areas is 30 miles per hour. There is no limit on the highways. The Automobile Association and the Royal Automobile Club maintain highway patrol service that will help you in any sort of emergency, such as changing a tire or making small repairs. It's a good idea to take out one of the temporary memberships available to visitors.

The price of gasoline (ask for petrol in Britain) averages about 65¢ (4/8) per gallon for the ordinary grade, 69¢ for higher quality, and 74¢ (5/1½) for super. Lubricating oils average around 23¢ a pint. The British (Imperial) gallon is substantially larger than the American. Five of the former equal six of the latter.

Cars can be rented with or without chauffeurs. Prices vary somewhat, depending on the company, but here are some sample rates quoted by Godfrey Davis, 7 Eccleston Street, SW1, one of the largest hire companies.

For drive-yourself cars, the mileage rate on all types is 5d (6¢) per mile up to the first 50 miles per day, and 4d (5¢) per mile after that. To this you add the time charges, which range from £1 (\$2.80) to £1.15 (\$4.90) depending on the type of car, for a day (24 hours); from 8s (\$16.80) to £12 (\$33.60) for a week; £22 (\$61.60) to £44 (\$123.20) for a month (four weeks). These prices include oil and insurance, but not gasoline. You pay a deposit of £10 (\$28) plus the estimated cost of hire when you take the car. Weekly and monthly rates, but not daily rates, are cheaper in the winter.

Chauffeur-driven charges of the same company vary from 10s (\$1.40) per hour plus 10d (12¢) per mile to 15s (\$2.10) per hour plus 1s 6d per mile (21¢), depending on the car (the top rate gets you a Rolls-Royce), on an hourly basis. The daily charge ranges from £4 (\$11.20) to £6 (\$16.80). weekly from £20 (\$56.00) to £30 (\$84), monthly from £70 (\$198) to £100 (\$280), with the mileage charges remaining the same. These rates include gasoline. When the chauffeur is taken out of town overnight, there is a subsistence charge of £1.10 (\$4.20). These rates do not vary with the season.

You can rent a Vespa motor scooter through Vespa Hire Ltd., 420 Finchley Road, London NW2 (HAM. 0832). Rates are £7 a week (\$20), £12 a fortnight (\$34), allowing 500 and 900 miles respectively.

If the visitor intends to buy a car in Britain it is best to make arrangements with a distributor at least six weeks in advance. If this is done the car can be waiting at the port on your arrival. Formalities and arrangements to take the car home will be handled by the manufacturers.

Special facilities for overseas visitors are offered by the firm of Victor Britain Ltd., 12a Berkeley Street, London, W1. (GRO. 4881). They vary from the renting of self-drive cars of many types (Jaguars at £15 a week plus 1/3, or 18 cents, a mile) to providing golf touring holidays in chauffeur-driven cars in which the chauffeur is a plus-handicap golfer.

Tours of Britain are organized at short notice by Victor Britain's, taking in cathedrals, fishing resorts, centers of gastronomy, and shooting holi-

days You can even arrange to be driven round in an antique vintage car

A scheme called *Autobritn* is the result of cooperation between this firm and British Railways whereby you can have a self-drive car meet you at a railway station All you do is order it when you buy your railway ticket, Victor Britain receptionists bring the car to the station You can also arrange for a car to await you at your port of entry or at the airfield

HOW TO PLAN YOUR TRIP TO IRELAND



WHEN TO GO? The green of Ireland is the tip-off—here is a country that gets more than a generous share of rain But from the end of May to September, the period when the island sees most of its visitors, the rain generally accommodates itself to the traveler by getting over with in a hurry A threatening clouded sky in morning can be a genial blue by noon Actually, it is the dampness, the clouds and mist that lend a special quality to the Irish scene It's a quality of softness, there's a subtle filtering of light, a dappling of shadows on the landscape that is peculiar and bewitching Because of Ireland's northerly position, you have the pleasure of 12 to 14 hours of direct sunlight daily in the summer

Ireland is also unique in that it suffers no extremes of temperature In winter, it rarely ever snows, and temperatures average from 40 to 42° F In summer the average reading is from 60 to 65°, and you'll have days when the mercury will rise to 80° There's no worry about unbearable heat, and you will find the summer weather ideal for travel and sightseeing

Off-Season Travel Off-season travel is beginning to catch on, and already the bus touring services start earlier in spring, in March, and extend through October But, if you rely on the organized tour for getting around, better come to Ireland during the season, when you can be sure the full services are available The American who is used to central heating and requires it, will find the Irish hotels—except for the very top ones—chilly, if not absolutely frigid, during most of the year

Seasonal Events Each spring An Tostal (Ireland at Home) welcomes everyone of Irish heritage and many who aren't—in a national festival crammed with events of all kinds, cultural, social, and sporting

In May there are Maypole celebrations at Holywood, County Down, and then in Dublin, during the first week of the month, the Royal Dublin Society's Spring Show and Industries Fair are held It's also the time when the really big trout come to the net

By June, the salmon and sea trout season is in full swing That classic event in horseracing for three year olds—the Irish Derby—at Curragh, County Kildare, attracts entries from many countries of the world

July brings warmer weather to Ireland, and with it the Irish Open Golf Championship at Royal Portrush Golf Club in County Antrim, it brings horseracing, especially the two-day event in Galway that somehow becomes a whole week of gaiety, carnival spirit, and sporting events of all kinds Every year the last Sunday in July means a pilgrimage to Croagh Patrick in County Mayo to thousands of devoutly religious who climb this mountain to honor the sacred memory of Saint Patrick, Ireland's patron saint

August opens the long season of wild duck, geese, plover, and grouse shooting, which lasts until February August is the month for regattas and boat races, especially in Carrick-on-Shannon in County Leitrim and

Tarmonbarry in County Roscommon. In Dublin, August means the Horse Show, that elegant international event that takes place during the first week of the month. Out in Killorglin in County Kerry, there's the Puck Fair each year, when people come to see a goat crowned king, and enjoy the merriment that lasts for 72 uninterrupted hours of "gathering day," the "fair day," and "scattering day." The shooting season gets underway August 12.

September opens the rugby football season and brings the All-Ireland senior and minor hurling finals to Croke Park in Dublin. Galway stages its Oyster Feast.

October is a month of cultural events. The Oireachtas in Dublin is a series of competitions in a number of fields, literary, singing of all kinds—traditional, modern, folk, and choral—plus chess, drama, and Gaelic games. Down at Wexford at the end of October the festival of music and art is attracting worldwide attention for its high standard of musical fare.

November opens the hunting season that extends to mid-April. To follow an Irish hunt either on horseback or foot is a great thrill. The country boasts some 85 packs of hounds—staghound, foxhound, and harrier—and wherever you go on the island you'll find hunting popular.



WHERE TO GO? Dublin, besides being the capital of the Irish Republic, is a lively cosmopolitan city, abounding in places of interest, historical monuments, cultural activities, sporting events, and amusements. No visitor to Ireland will want to pass it by. With all its cosmopolitan attractions, it's only minutes from seashore, hunting grounds, and fishing areas. More than that, since Ireland is so small you can easily base yourself in the capital and visit almost any part of the island in a day's trip. This is recommended only if you're short of time, but it is possible to visit either Killarney or Galway, across the island to the west, in one day by train or bus. To say what's most important to see, is to risk the wrath of some Irishman somewhere, but there are places everyone knows, like Blarney Castle, the lakes of Killarney, and the Twelve Bens in Connemara, which have a deserved fame.

According to the Irish, you don't know Ireland until you know the unique, treeless but shadowed country of Galway and Connemara. Glendalough with its ruins of seven churches where St. Kevin, the Assisi of Ireland, lived out his simple life, is a favored sightseeing spot. In the Boyne Valley there are the chambered mounds of Newgrange, Knowth, and Dowth that tell a strange and mysterious story of the early inhabitants of Ireland.

The Irish Tourist Association has offices in Dublin at 14 Upper O'Connell Street, in New York City at 33 East 50th Street, London at 71 Regent Street, W.1., Belfast at 53 Castle Street, and in Cork at 109 Patrick Street. During the tourist season there are branch offices at Sligo and Galway.



ROUGHING IT. There are approximately 33 hostels in the Irish Republic where the charge for a night's lodging is 2/- (28 cents) for members over 18 years, 1/- (14 cents) for members under 18 years, and 6d. (7 cents) for members under 16 years. Information about Irish Youth Hostels can be obtained from the Irish Youth Hostel Association, 39 Mountjoy Square, Dublin. The Cyclists Touring Club, 3 Craven Hill, London, W.2. has a list of recommended hotels, boarding houses, farm houses, and a wealth of other valuable information for cyclists in Ireland.

For walking through Ireland, it's essential to have an ordinance map (one inch to the mile) showing farm tracks and footpaths. You'll rarely

see a "no trespassing" sign in Ireland, but you must beware of bogs, which can be detected by light green patches or cotton grass. Some of the mountain areas are wild, dangerous, and unfrequented, and people walking are warned to take precautions in setting out over these off-track regions. As for camping in Ireland, all that's generally needed is the permission of the landowner. In outstanding tourist areas, there are sometimes special camping areas where you must pay a small fee. Perhaps there's no country in the world where the hiker or camper can feel safer than in Ireland.



PROFESSIONAL SPECIAL INTEREST TRAVEL Irish open-hearted hospitality extends a ready welcome to visiting colleagues—what an opportunity for a little conversation! *Architecture* Address yourself to the Architectural Association, 8 Merrion Square. *Genealogy* The offices of the Chief Herald of Ireland, situated in the Beresford Tower, Dublin Castle, will undertake to trace your family tree or check on your coat of arms for a fee. You can buy from them a copy of your family crest, hand-painted by their own heraldic artists. There's also a private concern that will look up your genealogy, family history, relatives and even find and photograph your old family home. Write to the Irish American Research Institute, 20 Merrion Square, Dublin.

Horticulture The Royal Horticultural Society of Ireland, 16 St Stephen's Green, Dublin, can recommend scores of notable gardens throughout the country, many of them on the former plantations, such as the Botanic Gardens, Dublin, the rhododendron and azalea gardens at Howth Castle, Howth, and the Powerscourt Demesne formal gardens.

Industry. The Irish Management Institute, 81 Grafton Street, Dublin, will put visitors in touch with the proper leaders and industrialists, the plants, firms, and manufacturers that interest them. The Federation of Irish Manufacturers is a helpful and public-relations-minded organization with offices at 5 Lower Merrion Street, Dublin. The Permanent Exhibition of Irish Manufacturers, 3 St Stephen's Green, Dublin, has a remarkable display of Irish-made goods and handicraft products.

Law Consult the Incorporated Law Society of Ireland, Four Courts, Dublin, for an entrée to the legal profession, to the courts, and the intricacies of Irish law.

Medicine Doctors and others connected with the medical profession will be welcomed at the Irish Medical Association, 10 Fitzwilliam Place, Dublin.

171.5 **WHAT WILL IT COST?** Luxury hotels in Dublin charge 30/- to
13.0 40/- (\$4.20 to \$5.60) per person for bed and breakfast (if there
201.0 is any way of just renting a room in Ireland without the
 accompanying first meal of the day, no one ever speaks of it).
385.5 A room with a bath in a top category hotel will cost you 10/-
 to 20/- (\$1.40 to \$2.80) more per person daily. These rates hold
 for all the year except for Christmas, the week of the August
 horse show, or similar high holidays. Actually, this is not much to pay
 for a luxury hotel, and while the standard of accommodation drops con-
 siderably in most hotels of lower ratings, the prices do not. What the Irish
 rate as an "A" hotel usually charges between 23/- and 30/- (\$3.15 to \$4.20)
 per person per day, "B" hotels generally charge between 17/- and 22/-
 (\$2.40 to \$3) and the least expensive accommodation you can find any-
 where, in a guest house or hotel, is about 12/- (\$1.65), and even that includes
 the generous Irish breakfast.

30 TRAVEL BUDGET IN IRELAND, CLOTHING

The hotel situation outside of Dublin is much the same, though even at resorts you can stay at luxury hotels for less than they'll cost in Dublin. Special rates are often given for stays of more than three days. Prices of all hotel rooms are strictly controlled, and a hotel is not permitted to boost the tariff at its own discretion.

Meals in Ireland are inexpensive. You can eat well in excellent restaurants for as little as 7/2 (\$1.00) or 10/9 (\$1.50). With a check of anywhere from 21/- to 45/- you can dine in fine style and even have wine, which is imported and therefore expensive. There are numerous snack bars, ice cream parlors, and the like where you can have a snack or a light lunch for a few shillings (\$.50 to \$.75).

A typical day might cost one person this:

Hotel with breakfast (first class)	25/-	\$3.50
Lunch	7/6	\$1.05
Dinner	10/-	\$1.40
Theater	7/-	\$1.00
Coffee	1/-	.15
Transportation 2 taxis, 2 buses	10/-	\$1.40
Cigarettes (American)	4/6	.65
	£3/5	\$9.15

Low-priced, package bus tours whose one price includes transportation, meals, sightseeing, and all gratuities abound. There are some that last six days and others that take in all of Ireland on one grand circular tour in 12 days. A fee of £42 (\$117.60) will buy you one of these circular tours. Lacking time for an extended trip like this, you can get to Galway or Killarney with Ireland's Radio Trains in a day (50/- or \$7) for the former, 59/- or \$8.25 for the latter) with lunch and tea included.

If you prefer traveling on your own, you might consider renting a car. Prices may vary slightly from firm to firm, but the usual price in season—July through September—ranges from £15 (\$42) to £25 (\$70) a week for unlimited mileage depending on the type of car you choose. The off-season price is generally about half of this.

Theater seats range from 3/- to 12/6 (42 cents to \$1.75) and movie seats from 2/6 (35 cents) to 4/6 (60 cents). Remember to reserve seats for the cinema if you want to go on a Saturday or holiday. Taxis fares are 2/- minimum for a one-mile trip, 6d for each additional half-mile thereafter, and 6d charge for each extra passenger. To have a suit pressed: 3/6 to 5/- and a dress, 3/- to 4/-. Dry cleaning for a suit, man's or woman's, 6/- to 7/6—slightly more for rush service. Man's haircut 2/6 to 3/-, shave 1/6. Shampoo and set may cost 6/- or twice that much depending on the establishment. Gas costs 4/7 for medium grade and 5/- for extra grade per Imperial gallon (five Imperial equal six U.S. gallons).



WHAT TO TAKE? In Ireland the summer temperature can climb into the 80's, but the average for the island at this time of year is a modest 65° F. Suits and sweaters are standbys. You should have some heavy walking shoes, and it goes without saying that a rain coat, rubbers, and an umbrella come in handy whatever the season. For the most part, the Irish style of dress is casual and comfortable. The normal traveler to Ireland is not likely to need formal evening dress.

Ireland has real bargains in suits for both men and women—handwoven tweeds are the pride of the country—and no one should miss the chance of profiting by their fine value

TRAVEL DOCUMENTS British citizens do not need travel or identity documents to travel in Ireland. United States and Canadian citizens need only a passport—no visa

How To Reach Ireland

FROM ENGLAND AND THE CONTINENT



BY SEA Regular services between English and Irish ports (Holyhead, Liverpool, Fishguard, Heysham, Glasgow, and others to Dublin, Dun Laoghaire, Cork, Rosslare, Belfast, and other Irish ports) are operated by The British Transport Commission, British and Irish Steampacket Co. Ltd., Burns and Laird Lines, Ltd., etc. From the Continent some ships of the U.S. Lines, the Holland-America Line, and the Greek Line will pick up Ireland-bound passengers and discharge them at Cobh.



BY AIR Aer Lingus (the Irish Airline) operates frequent regular services between most of the large English cities, London, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Cardiff, Bristol, the Scottish cities of Glasgow, and Edinburgh, and Dublin. B.E.A. (British European Airways) connects London, Dublin, and Belfast by air. Aer Lingus also runs regular flights to Dublin from Paris, Amsterdam, Dusseldorf, Zürich, Rome, Lourdes, and Dinard, and is extending its European services.

Arriving in Ireland



CUSTOMS No written form or declaration is required for any baggage that accompanies the traveler. He is expected, however, to declare all dutiable goods. Coming from overseas, you may bring into Ireland with you 1,000 cigarettes or 2½ pounds of tobacco, a pint of potable spirits (including liqueurs and cordials), perfume, one pint and two-sixths gallon of wine. You are also allowed to bring in gifts up to the maximum amount of £20 (\$56.00). You can carry into and out of Ireland travel souvenirs of a value up to £150 (\$420.00) that you've bought in other countries by declaring them to be what they are.



MONEY. There is no restriction on the amount of dollars carried into Ireland by U.S. visitors. Ten pounds is the limit on British bank notes that may be brought to Ireland. You may not take out more than ten pounds of either Irish or British bank notes. You will be given a certificate when you enter the country showing how many dollars you bring into the country. Irish currency is in the same denominations as the British but you will find it marked with Gaelic motifs such as the harp. British money is also legal tender in Ireland.

Staying in Ireland



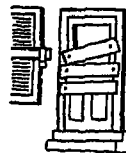
HOTELS. If you come to Ireland during that top vacation period from June to September, it's a good idea to make your reservations for hotel space in advance. There's a shortage of hotels on this little island, especially if you insist on top-notch or luxury accommodations. All hotel prices are regulated and are based on the person, not the room—that's to say, breakfast is usually included in the price of the hotel room and you pay such and such a price per person. If you and your wife take a room with bath, each of you will be charged an extra tariff for the bath. Except in first-class hotels, you can't count on adequate heating in the American sense. One Irish amenity is the usual substitute—your bed will be toasty warm with a hot water bottle or jug. To be in a licensed hotel may or may not be important from the standpoint of getting a drink, but it certainly is important from the social point of view. Hotel lounges are a place of conviviality, a needed asset where night life is so limited.



MAIL. All first-class mail going to Great Britain or the Continent is automatically sent by air. This is also true of second-class mail going to Britain, though supplementary use is made of sea service in all necessary instances. In any case, never mark ordinary mail with airmail labels. The charges for surface mail are as follows: letters, 5d. for the first ounce and 3d. for each additional ounce; post cards, single 3d., reply 6d.; letters to England cost 3d. for the first two ounces and ½d. for each additional ounce. Postcards are 2d. Airmail rates to countries other than European are: letters, 1/3 for the first half-ounce and 1/- for each additional half-ounce; air letters each 8d, postcards each 8d.

Post offices are open from 9 a.m. to 6:30 p.m. for all business and most post offices are open on Sundays from 9 a.m. to 10:30 a.m. for the sale of stamps and acceptance of telegrams. The General Post Office in Dublin is open daily from 8 a.m. to 11 p.m. for telegrams, registered letters and express (special delivery) letters. Most post offices have outside machines for the sale of stamps.

TELEPHONES. Public telephone kiosks are located in most towns and villages. A local call costs 3d.—English or Irish pennies will work but only Irish coins will fit in the 6d. or 1/- slot. Instructions for making a call are plainly written on the telephone box. Local calls are liable to be cut off after three minutes unless an additional 3d. is deposited.



CLOSING TIMES. Bank holidays or public holidays are: St. Patrick's Day (March 17th), Good Friday, Easter Monday, Whit Monday, August Monday (first Monday in August), Christmas Day, and St. Stephen's Day (December 26). These same days are observed as holidays all over Ireland. Sometimes outside of Dublin other church holidays—holy days of obligation, for example—will be observed as public holidays.

Business hours are usually from 9:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m. Some shops and offices open at 9 a.m., others close at 6 p.m. Government offices usually open at 10 a.m. and close at 5 p.m. Saturday is a half-day for all offices and some city retail shops. Half-days for shops vary throughout Ireland—usually Wednesday or Saturday. During the summer, shops in tourist areas often stay open as late as 10 p.m.

Banking hours are from 10 a.m. to 12:30 p.m. and from 1:30 to 3 p.m.

on weekdays On Saturdays (except in towns where the weekly half-day is observed on another day) banking hours are 9 30 to 11 30 a m

Drinking hours on weekdays in the summer are from 10 30 a m to 10 30 p m, and from 10 a m to 10 p m the rest of the year except in the county boroughs of Cork, Dublin, Limerick, and Waterford, where there's an hour of respite between 2 30 p m and 3 30 p m Drinking on Sunday becomes a little more complicated depending on where you are It might be said in simple terms that the pubs are generally open between 1 p m and 7 p m (or 8 p m) and in some localities these hours are interrupted with a two-hour break



TIPPING The standard tip in Ireland is 10 % Several of the large hotels now include this service charge on the bill and when they do, they generally insist that their personnel accept no tips beyond this Occasionally, in more elegant establishments, a 12 % or 15 % tip is expected It's common practice to tip porters, car-park attendants, taxi drivers, barbers, and waiters or waitresses



SPORTS Ireland is a sportsman's country, and there's an almost unlimited opportunity here for participation and spectator sports Ireland towers as a land for rod, gun, and horse devotees Here you can see all kinds of races, greyhound, flat and steeplechase horseraces, coursing, point to point meets Motorcar, midget car, and motorcycle races fill in a complete racing schedule and to this you can add boat races The royal game of golf is supposed to have started on this small green island, and you'll find courses of superb quality—some two hundred of them—all over the country Then there's Gaelic football, rugby, and soccer, which draw huge crowds to Croke Park in Dublin In Ireland you just can't help yourself as far as fishing is concerned, you see someone tying a fly and the next thing you know, you're buying a rod and reel yourself

Tennis runs golf a close second for popularity, and wherever you go in Ireland, you'll find courts Tennis clubs are really hospitable to visitors and you can play merely for the asking during the day on weekdays There'll be no fee



HORSERACING Horseracing in Ireland has the interest not only of people who like to see the grace, skill, and speed of a well-trained horse in action, but of those who breed, raise, and know horses The biggest annual event in all of Ireland is the Dublin Horse Show where, besides the entertainment of the show, there is the serious business of buying and selling horses The great horses of Ireland compete everywhere all over the world There's something peculiar to the grasses of Ireland that grows winning horses Breeding is done not only as a science on huge stud farms, but farmers all over the country take a great interest in breeding them, too

The flat racing season runs from March to November, steeplechasing from November to March Point to point meetings are held in the spring The principal races take place at the Curragh in Kildare, at Punchestown in Kildare, Fairyhouse, Meath, where the Irish Grand National is held on Easter Monday, Phoenix Park, Dublin, with the Phoenix Plate held in August, Baldoyle in County Dublin, and Leopardstown County Dublin One of the most fashionable of racing events in Ireland is the two-day steeplechase at Punchestown in April



GOLF. There are some two hundred choice golf courses in all of Ireland, which means you can tee up and drive off no matter where you wander on this island. Some of the greater courses are Portmarnock, near Dublin, which puts the best of golfers on their mettle, Baltray, near Drogheda, with a little more kindness in its make-up but still demanding, the spectacular beauty and championship quality of the Killarney course, the first-rate greens and fairways of Ballybunion, challenging Lahinch in County Clare, and Rosses Point in Sligo—just to mention a few. Green fees are low—2/6 (35 cents) to 7/6 (about a dollar) will admit you to most courses and clubs. You can do even better on weekly or monthly rates. Because of the moderate weather in Ireland, it's possible to play golf all year round.



SHOOTING. Here, too, facilities are numerous and outsiders get a hearty welcome. Shooting is popular and free in most districts. If not free, the fees are extremely low. Many hotels have property where, as a guest, you can shoot for nothing. To bring your own firearms you must apply for permission to Secretary, Department of Justice, Upper Merrion St., Dublin. You can also bring a reasonable supply of cartridges, but they are readily available everywhere in Ireland. Rough shooting is available all over the west and center of Ireland. You'll find woodcock, plover, curlew, duck, and snipe available. The lakes on the Shannon chain are especially noted for their snipe and woodcock. Some of Ireland's best shooting is in the hands of the Irish Land Commission, Merrion Street, Dublin, and you'd do well to apply to them for advice. Seasons: duck, geese, and plover from August 12 to end of February, grouse from August 12 to December 9; pheasants and partridge from October 1 to end of January, hares from September 20 (snipe and woodcock from September 1) to end of February.



FISHING. If there's a fisherman's paradise on earth, Ireland must be it. There are 950 square miles of fresh water lakes, never more than 60 miles from the sea, hundreds of rivers, fishing to suit all tastes, at low prices and with relatively few restrictions. Much of Ireland's best fishing is free, and when waters are preserved, fees are very low. A license is required for fishing salmon and sea trout and costs only £2 a year. In certain districts you can get a license for two weeks for 20/- (\$2.80). The best sea trout fishing areas are in Connemara, Donegal, and Kerry, and the best season is from June until September. Salmon fishing is at its peak from March to July, and you'll find good waters in all parts of Ireland. Practically every lake and stream holds brown trout and pike, and perch, bream and rudd flourish in Irish waters for the devotees of coarse fishing.



YACHTING. The chief centers for yachting in Ireland are Dun Laoghaire, with its two clubs, the Royal Irish and Royal St. George, and Cobh with its Royal Cork Club, the oldest yachting group in the world, founded in 1720. The Royal Munster Club in Crosshaven is another notable meeting place for enthusiasts. Regattas are held at Dun Laoghaire in August and on the August Bank Holiday in Wicklow. These clubs welcome yachtsmen from other countries, and there's no need to join to use their mooring and other facilities.

TRAINS, BUSES, PLANES IN IRELAND

Traveling in Ireland



HOW TO GET ABOUT? Coras Iompair Éireann (CIE) operates much of the surface transportation in Ireland. In the east, north of Dublin, the northwest, County Donegal, and in Ulster, other lines, such as the Great Northern Railways, the Ulster Transport Authority, the County Donegal Railways, also operate.

First and second-class accommodations are available on almost all rail service with the exception of the County Donegal Railways, which have only one class. Seats can be reserved on mainline CIE, GNR, and UTA trains at 1/- each and on CDR trains without charge. There are no reserved seats on ordinary buses. As journeys are short, there's no need for sleepers in this country. Dining cars and buffets accompany mainline trains, and prices run from 4/6 to 5/- for breakfast, from 5/- to 8/6 for lunch, and there are a la carte menus. All CIE mainline trains are now diesel operated and branch lines are following suit.

Railway fares are 22d per mile, second class single, and about 40% more for first-class travel. Bus fares, especially for short-to-medium distances, tend to be high on scheduled routes, averaging 3d per mile, or more.

Non-stop Diesel express trains (CIE) run between Dublin and Cork each weekday, taking three hours. GNR's "Enterprise" a non-stop express between Dublin and Belfast, covers the distance in two hours and 15 minutes every weekday.

All of Ireland can be reached by either train or bus, the latter running between cities and into remote areas. CIE and GNR run luxury bus tours in summer to all the major points of interest from Dublin and from many other centers as well. There are one-day tours at reasonable prices (as a sample, Dublin to Armagh combination bus and train costs 14/6, or \$2.00) or extended bus tours from several days to two weeks' duration in which the price includes sightseeing, hotels, meals, tips, and the like. A six-day tour of Killarney costs £20 (about \$56). CIE also runs a popular "Radio Train" during the summer that goes both to Killarney (fare 59/- or \$8.25) and Galway (fare 50/- or \$7) from Dublin on one-day luxury trips. The trains run through picturesque countryside, and there is a broadcast commentary on passing points of interest. The fare includes rail travel, seat reservation, lunch, high tea, and sightseeing. CIE also provides "Go-As-You-Please" Tours, circular or one-way from Dublin or other centers which you plan yourself but book in advance on an all-inclusive rate. For these tours contact Commercial Superintendent, CIE, Kingsbridge Station, Dublin. For more detailed information on Irish rail and bus travel you can get in touch with any of the Irish Tourist Association offices in London, New York, or Dublin or write to Coras Iompair Éireann at 59 Upper O'Connell Street, Dublin, the Great Northern Railway, District Traffic Manager, Amiens Street, Dublin, Irish Railways, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, or in Canada at 69 Yonge Street, Toronto 1, Ontario.

Aer Lingus operates a daily service from Shannon to Dublin which allows you to connect with flights to Britain and the Continent, and also from Dublin to Shannon where trans-Atlantic flights and flights to the Continent can be picked up. Plane charter service is available in Ireland.



BY CAR If you're bringing your own car to Ireland it's easiest to arrange through the A A A in America, the A A or the R A C in Britain, or a like accredited association. These organizations know the latest requirements and laws they will issue you a tuptique or carnet, which ensures duty-free entry of your car, and help with all other documentation.

You can drive on your own licence or use an international driving licence issued by your motoring association. British visitors can use their own current tax discs and registration books, with a G B plate, for four months of any twelve.

In Ireland, third party insurance is compulsory, and you should have a valid certificate of this insurance with you. Most British insurance companies qualify. Americans should check with their insurance company before leaving the States.

Among the many reputable car hire agencies are Ryans, 18 Hawkins Street, O'Connell Bridge, Shannon Travel Ltd, 13 Westmoreland Street, Cyril MacCormack & Co Ltd, Kingram Place, and Murray's Car Hire, Baggot Street Bridge. These are the Dublin offices and generally these agencies have offices in other places in Ireland. Ryans Car Hire, one of the biggest (a 350-car fleet) and most modern, has offices as well in Belfast, the chief cities of England, in New York City, and Chicago.

Rates for self-driven cars vary with the base, the season (prices more than double during the summer months), and the type of car you choose. Members of the Irish Car Hire Association have more or less standardized their rates. You can hire a medium-sized car, say a Hillman Minx, during top summer season for about 20 guineas (\$59) a week, or a Ford Anglia in May and June for £13 13s (\$39) a week. If you're not planning to go very far, you can hire the car on a mileage basis of 5d (about 6 cents) per mile. There's a refundable deposit of from 200/- (\$28) to 300/- (\$42) for cars in this size bracket.

For a six-passenger chauffeur-driven Chrysler, the cost is £85 (\$182) per week with no mileage limitation, plus 30/- (\$4.20) per 24 hours chauffeur's expenses. This price includes gas. For short runs, 1s 6d per mile is the usual charge.

Left-hand drive prevails in Ireland, and the main traffic problems are cyclists in town and livestock in the country. Most of the car hire agencies will take you out on a pilot run to accustom you to the car.



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THE BRITISH SCENE

INTRODUCTION

by

SIR COMPTON MACKENZIE

(No author of the substance of Sir Compton needs to be introduced, particularly after having written some seventy books and a number of plays, films, and radio operas. This preface is an invitation to visit his Tight Little Island.)

The first thing that visitors to Britain should bear in mind is that Britain is an island and that in spite of the facilities of modern travel it remains an island, which means that its inhabitants may strike the visitor as excessively, sometimes even as maddeningly, conservative. Bear with that insularity and remember at the same time that the English in particular are apt to be shy and self-conscious and for that reason may seem at first less hospitable than the Scots, who had the advantage of Continental intercourse for three centuries, an intercourse that was maintained even after the union of the two countries at the beginning of the 18th century. It would require a great deal more space than this brief foreword to develop the theme of the Englishman's character, but remember that in many ways he is more remote from a Scot, a Welshman, or a Cornishman than he is from a Frenchman of Normandy or Picardy and that what the European or American visitor finds perplexing in his attitude to life is felt equally by those who share with him his island.

The variety of scene in Britain is much more remarkable than is generally appreciated even by the British themselves, though of late years the motorcar has considerably widened their knowledge of their own country. However, the visitor can hardly hope to explore the whole of Britain in the time at his disposal, small though our island looks when compared with the mass of Europe or North America.

I ask myself to which county I should send a visitor to England if I wished him to obtain the most varied view of the English scene within the shortest radius, and my answer is Somerset. In Somerset he will find the best example of an English 18th-century city in Bath and the best example of an English 12th-century cathedral in Wells. He will find in Frome and Dunster perfect examples of little market towns. The

Bristol Channel by Minehead may not be the seacoast at its most inspiring, but it has a charm of its own, and Exmoor is as noble a sweep of wild countryside as may be found in our island. Then there is Sedgemoor with its peaty bogs, and the incomparable isle of Avalon, a flat green expanse of apple orchards and pasture drained by small artificial canals called "rhines," on the edge of which is Glastonbury, the centre of romantic Christendom. The Mendip Hills are haunted by the past of Imperial Rome. The only caves that can compare with those of France and Spain are found in Somerset; the Cheddar Gorge is unique. Finally, in the fat vale of Taunton the richness of the English countryside is displayed at its best. Yes, he who has seen Somerset has seen a microcosm of all England. I shall not give any advice about Scotland because the beauty of Scotland demands a complete exploration, and that is equally true of Wales.

And now I want to call particular attention to the opportunities that the National Trust of England and Wales and the National Trust of Scotland offer to those who visit Britain. Let it be clearly understood that these are private enterprises undertaken and administered by enthusiasts who desire to preserve not merely the scenery but also the great houses and gardens of the country. The National Trust of England and Wales was founded over 60 years ago, and besides making available to the public free access to much of the loveliest scenery in the Lake District, the Peak District, and the seacoast, from Cornwall to North Wales, from Sussex to Northumbria, it enables the public to visit for a small fee many houses and gardens as beautiful as any in the world. Visitors should at once take steps to find out what a wealth of historic interest is at their disposal. Some of the original families are still living where they have lived for centuries, but their houses are thrown open at stated times, and a tour of these properties will give the visitor an understanding of Britain that no museum, however skilfully arranged, can hope to give.

I try to imagine myself visiting Britain for the first time and ask what advice I should have been glad to receive from those who knew it well. I return to what I said about the English being so often shy and self-conscious and thereby giving an impression of being cold and stand-offish. I want our visitors to presume shyness instead of coldness, and this applies particularly to American visitors. I assure them that if they will have just a little patience and behave as naturally as they would in their own great country, the shyness will soon vanish and they will soon recognize a warmth of welcome under that sometimes

gauche exterior. Let me add that they will not find this shyness in the Londoner, whom I do not hesitate to call the friendliest citizen of any of the great cities of the world except Glasgow.

A word about British cooking. The roast beef of Old England once so famous is no longer obtainable because, even if the beef be home-killed instead of chilled imported stuff, it is no longer roasted but baked in an oven. Nowadays, to taste genuine roast beef one must go to the Argentine. Scots broth is still what it was, but do not suppose that the mortar-like substance offered today bears any resemblance to the porridge that nourished the brains of Adam Smith, Hume, Carlyle, Scott, and many another renowned figure in literature, philosophy, and law. The modern way of grinding oats to meal does not allow real porridge to be made any longer. Nor must you judge English beer or Scotch ale by the liquor of today—it is not the fault of the brewers but of the excise.

So many Americans have told me that the first surprising impression England made upon them was its green fields and hedgerows, and the exile from England probably thinks mostly of them as the exiled Scot thinks of his heather and the burble of a brown mountain burn. You will hear the exiled Scot wax sentimental about the sights and sounds of his own country, but I never heard an Englishman sigh for his fields and hedgerows. However, this bottled-up emotion has given the world much great poetry; he is not really cold-hearted.

I shall detain you no longer. Welcome to our island. Welcome to ancient London and ancient Edinburgh, to Canterbury, York and Norwich, to Winchester, Salisbury and Wells, to Windsor and Eton, to the exquisite fane of Ely, to Oxford and Cambridge and Durham and St. Andrews, to Stratford and Stamford, to the mighty castles of Wales, to the lochs and bens of Scotland, to the Cornish and the Hebridean seas and sands.

THE ENGLISH

Portrait Of An Island People

by

J. P. MARTIN

(Although J. P. Martin was born in York, England, he spent most of his life in France and Switzerland. Thus he can exercise enough detachment to write about the English without passion and with the keen eye of an observer trained in summing up the so-called peculiarities of his kinfolk. He has published novels and essays in England and France. His works include: The Silver Key, Modern French Drama, L'Île Inconnue, etc.)

One of the most witless and widely accepted generalizations is the statement that all generalizations are groundless. We are told that not all cats are shrewd and not all Englishmen smoke a pipe, consequently no generalization can be valid. It is quite true that sweeping statements—and mostly unjust and unfair ones—have been used with deadly effect against some peoples in the past. But once we are aware of the possible dangers we should not be afraid of them. We must remember that exceptions may be numerous; we must also remember that a portrait painted of a whole nation is not necessarily a fair portrait painted of all its individual members. But, after all, there is such a thing as a *type*; and most cats *are* shrewd, and millions of Englishmen *do* smoke a pipe.

Come to England, and whether you arrive from the United States or from the Continent of Europe, you will realize immediately that you have come to a strange little world. Britain is an island—and not only in the geographical sense of the word.

Manners and Self-Discipline

In the first few days, before you get to know the English better, you will be struck only by the strangeness of their manners. The English are a well disciplined people, and it is probably no exaggeration to say that they have the best manners in the world. You will find here fifty million gentlemen—if one may also include women in this heading (and why not?) You will find here banker-gentlemen, industrialist-gentlemen, tobac-

conist-gentlemen, many road-sweeper-gentlemen, and fishmonger-gentlemen. They are all polite in their reserved and curt way; they all know how to hold their knife and fork and how to behave in society. But it is not so much a superficial layer of indoctrinated behaviour as inborn self-discipline that is so striking. During the first days of your stay, you will see some of the famous English queues at bus-stops and outside theatres. The idea of queueing—or standing in line as the Americans call it—is a British idea. The full acceptance of the idea of “first come, first served,” the faithful observance and cheerful acceptance of the necessary drawbacks of communal life and, particularly, the realization of these thoughts in practical life, are of British origin.

On the Continent, even in Western Europe, you will sometimes see two people run into each other in the street and then start a violent quarrel, calling each other names, usually of a zoological character. Such a thing is almost unimaginable in England. Should such an event occur, the two people concerned will say, “Sorry,” to each other and proceed on their way. If there develops any argument at all, it will be to establish whose fault it was—each party stoutly maintaining that “it was my fault.”

This is not to say that the English are never rude. They are sometimes. But even rudeness is expressed only in undertones. That is why visitors often do not even realize that they have, in fact, been told off and roughly treated. Coarse expressions are hardly ever used. English discourtesy is, as a rule, phrased in brief, acid, or incredulous questions. Yes, even the newcomer will be struck by the fact that life in England is less noisy and—he will be led to believe—less colourful than on the Continent or on the other side of the Atlantic. Rudeness is not so rude, colours are not so loud, the expression of passions is not so free, love is not so warm, and laughter is not so abandoned in England as in other parts of the world. But, this, paradoxically enough, does not mean two things. First, it does not mean—as he may have originally thought—that life is not so colourful as it is in his own country. In some ways it is more colourful—you only have to learn to appreciate the various shades. If a Continental newspaper wishes to attack a politician it must use the most violent epithets of its vocabulary, or the most killing sarcasm to make the attack really effective. Should *The Times*, on the other hand, remark that “we are astonished,” or, “it is rather surprising”—it counts as an outspoken expression of disapproval. The result, naturally, is that *The Times*—and the

everyday English language—has many more shades of disapproval and praise than any other language in the world, including the American. Secondly, all this does not mean that the English are different from other human beings. They certainly feel the same emotions and passions, the same jealousy, envy, joy, and happiness as others—only their external reaction to them is different.

Dislike of Theories

The visitor is bound to notice that life in England is glorified village life. Even London, with its many small houses with comparatively large gardens, is not only the world's largest town, it is also its largest village. London was built as a village, or rather as many villages. It was not planned, like Washington; it grew like a mushroom. Houses were built next to each other, and the result was a number of villages; these villages grew till they touched each other's frontiers, and the result is London. This great city is a jungle and a wilderness; there is no order in its winding, erratic streets and do not try to take shortcuts here, trusting your sense of direction—however reliable it may have proved in the past—because you will lose your way without the slightest hope of finding it again without help. Soho is a particular masterpiece of disorder and chaos. W. S. Gilbert—of the great Gilbert and Sullivan team—once wrote of a British policeman who lost his way in Soho, then wandered about for twenty years and finally starved to death in that wilderness. This probably never occurred; but as a cautionary tale it is fair and just.

The British hate too much planned order in their streets, and they hate too much planned order in their thoughts. They dislike theories, systems, and clear-cut divisions. They built up London as a conglomeration of human dwellings, and then they tried to introduce as much order into it as was possible at that late stage. It is the same with all their institutions. The essence of British compromise is the readiness to compromise with the requirements of realities. They are always ready to give up part of a beautifully constructed orthodox theory in order to make it work. One of the most striking characteristics of the famous and ancient British Constitution is the fact that it is non-existent. On paper (and it is not on paper) it would look like a rather complicated, sometimes even chaotic compromise between noble principles and ugly reality. But it has worked magnificently during the last few centuries. Or look at British Socialism: it is

neither dogmatic nor marxist. Whenever practical requirements collide with marxist theory, it is always the theory that becomes a casualty.

Respect for The Law

Then there is a last trait in the British character that no visitor will fail to notice. It is their great respect for the law, and their love of fair play. This "love of fair play" is rather a worn out phrase but, all the same, a true one. No other nation in the world would have tolerated the vicissitudes of ten lean years with so much patience and good humour as the English. They disliked austerity and especially postwar austerity. Many of them fought against it, in leading articles, public speeches, or on the stages of music halls, and a great many blamed the government for imposing controls for control's sake. But in Britain there was never sympathy or understanding for the black marketeer. Bad laws should be abolished—they hold—but they should be respected as long as they are laws. And the British love of fair play is much stronger than group, party, or even self-interest. Some time ago an anti-Socialist play was banned on television (rather by mistake, as it turned out later), and a general loud outcry followed this decision. Socialists, Conservatives, and Liberals all protested. Almost everyone believed that freedom of speech and criticism was much more important than the question of whether a certain play made unfair and sarcastic remarks about a political party. Similarly, in many instances, wide powers are given to judges.

By the way, speaking of judges, when you have finished with the conventional sights, go and sit in on a few trials at the Old Bailey. English courts are unique. The tone of the whole procedure is cold, calm, and civil. There is no bullying of witnesses. The accused has every chance of defending himself. He can give evidence if he wishes to, but if he chooses, he can remain silent. You often have the feeling that all the lawyers and, above all, the judge have assembled in the court room in order to get the prisoner off. The prisoner certainly has every chance; still, as the English would say, "there is no nonsense about it." The "reasonable doubt" a British jury must feel before acquitting a prisoner must be reasonable indeed. Another feature of English trials is the absolute authority of the judge. A warning, a word of interruption, or often a single frown from the judge is enough to close a dispute. "As your Lordship pleases," counsel says and accepts the ruling. The English do not believe

that their judges are superhuman; they are only playing the game. Someone must be in authority, and there must be one person whose rulings are accepted. The English idea is to choose a man of great knowledge and unimpeachable character, then, if he makes mistakes, at least he will make them in good faith. The English do not think that their judges are infallible, otherwise they would not have established a Court of Criminal Appeal. They know that some of their judges make pompous utterances and stupid comments, but they accept their stupid remarks with their wise ones in good part, almost with servility, because someone must have authority.

Is this to say that the English are servile and worship authority? Certainly not. They do not worship authority but accept it willingly—with one important qualification. They, themselves, must be the source of this authority. You meet this phenomenon in many fields of English life—in the House of Commons and on the football grounds alike. In most Continental countries, football matches have a somewhat martial character. *Players argue and quarrel with the umpire, and their supporters miss no opportunity to try to threaten, intimidate, and insult him.* In England the whistle of the umpire settles all arguments, just as the rising of the Speaker of the House quenches all voices and decides all quarrels. But the Commons know that the Speaker's authority is ultimately their authority. The Speaker has high powers because it was the House that, by its own free will, gave powers. He will wield this power as long as the House permits; but on the other hand as long as he wields it, it is unquestioned and universally respected. Apart from the deep affection felt for the present Royal Family, the same idea underlies the British acceptance and love of monarchy. The English are playing the game.

Are the English Hypocrites?

Two more points should be touched on briefly. The first is this: are the English hypocrites? Well—what is hypocrisy? One dictionary defines the word as, "feigning to be what one is not." In that sense the English are not hypocrites because they are not liars. But they certainly think the world of themselves, not as individuals but as a nation, although they will not say so. Generally speaking, they often let the other fellow speak while they themselves keep silent. They are unwilling to speak their mind; when a clear statement or a forthright declaration is asked for, they puff their pipes and bring up another subject. They

may not be hypocrites but are they sincere? "The English hardly ever lie, but they would not dream of telling you the truth."

The last English characteristic has to do with their love of games. They love playing; all of them, children of all ages. They play football and cricket, and parlour games are nowhere so popular as in England. In the first World War the French soldiers were flabbergasted and irritated, seeing that members of the British Expeditionary Force played football for hours on end. They thought the British were not taking the war seriously. When they saw that the English soldiers fought as well and died as bravely as anybody else, they dropped these charges but remained puzzled. In spite of all this, the English are in many ways more adult than any other people. Childish jealousy, vanity, puerile self-satisfaction play a smaller part in their serious actions than in the actions of others. They do play football and they love parlour games. But however childish at their games, they are serious and shrewd in business affairs; while many other people are childish in business affairs but regard themselves as adults because they play cards and indulge in silly love games (considered silly by millions of Englishmen at least) instead of football and parlour games.

One final remark. When one speaks of the English, one often means all the other nations living within the boundaries of the United Kingdom—Scots, Welsh, Irish, or Cornish. The difference between these nations is great enough for everyone who lives in Britain, but for the outside world it is much smaller than they themselves like to believe.



A SATIRICAL GLANCE

Of Manners, Food And Morals

by

GEORGE MIKES

(Mr. Mikes, of course, does not need an introduction to the British public. He is the author of those fabulous best sellers: How to be an Alien, How to Scrape Skies, Wisdom for Others, Milk and Honey and Little Cabbages. He is a merciless humorist who has polished off the English, the Americans, the Israelis, the French, and last but not least, himself. He is of Hungarian origin, but the British were magnanimous enough to disregard this and to consider him as one of their own.)

You must not allow yourself to be misled by the map, England is not as near the European Continent as mapmakers try to make you believe. She lies thousands of miles away, halfway between the moon and the 19th century. She has nothing to do with Europe, and it is not only the language that divides her from the United States. Below I would like to give a few hints and warnings to American and overseas visitors about English manners, food, and morals.

Etiquette in Reverse

For Americans: If you meet an archbishop, an earl of the realm, or a roadsweeper, do not pat him on the back, and call him by his first name in the first five minutes. Do not ask him whether he has a love affair and how much he earns. (He might be so astounded that he would tell you everything.) Keep your American hat, tie, and accent; the English will recognize you immediately and will treat you with leniency.

If you have a business lunch, do not discuss business under any circumstances. Do not cut up your meat and do not put the knife on the edge of your plate. The English will consider it childish and will believe that you are your own nanny. If you eat soup do not tilt the plate towards yourself, always tilt it away. This is both important and eminently sensible, because if you happen to spill the soup, you won't pour it on yourself but on your neighbour.

You may criticize everything and everybody in England, they are very good in accepting criticism because they do not take it in the least seriously. Do pretend, however, that you love queueing and adore cats. All cats, irrespective of colour and creed. The cat is a sacred animal in England, just as in ancient Egypt.

The Art of Tacit Conversation

For Europeans. If an Englishman invites you for dinner at eight, he does not mean half past nine, he means eight. Do not bow, do not click your heels, and never shake hands with anyone. If you are introduced to somebody, do not announce your name but enquire after his health. On the other hand, if somebody enquires after *your* health, do not tell him how you are, because he is not in the least interested. Do not try to learn the English monetary system, it is quite hopeless, and they won't cheat you with your change in any case. (Besides, the English, who need a bookkeeper or a ready-reckoner to calculate ten percent of £237.8.10 believe that their system is engagingly simple and that yours, although you can perform the corresponding calculation in one second, is stupid and insuperably complicated.)

About social intercourse. English people sit down in comfortable armchairs and keep silent for a couple of hours. This is considered normal or even animated conversation in England. If you are courting an English girl, don't say a single word to her during the first five days. If you *must* talk (to her or others), do not discuss anything that might possibly interest you. The weather is always a safe subject, and you will find out soon enough that English weather is something worth wasting a few remarks upon.

At the table never use your fork in the natural way, always hold it with its points downwards. It will take some time before you learn how to eat peas in this way as the naughty little things have a tendency to roll away, but learning is always hard and in this case you might have the gratifying feeling that it is not worth the trouble. Never put a teaspoon in your mouth. This is considered an unforgivable sin. There is one simple way of finding out whether the tea or coffee is too hot. Lift the cup to your mouth and taste it; if it burns your tongue, it is too hot.

Don't forget that the English think all foreigners frightfully funny. In their eyes it is irresistibly comical that people talk foreign languages and shake hands. They will never say so, but

that is what they think. In the zoo, I often thought that we human beings must seem just as entertaining to the monkeys and lions, as they seem to us. We, too, are behind bars—from their point of view—and behave curiously. They have the advantage of being able to stay at home without having to pay anything for the pleasure of seeing us. Do not deceive yourself in the British Zoo, called England. You have come to watch and study strange beings. But it is primarily the British Lion (and often the British Monkey) who is amused.

Fables About Food

Food. One important piece of advice—do not eat while in England. The British have the most curious *cuisine* (if you can call it that) in the world. Even before World War II, they did not know how to cook, but they used to have the best raw material in the world. Not even the worst English cook was able to spoil it.

Today the knowledge of cooking is exactly what it used to be but the raw materials are not. The English will tell you two things about their cooking: a) that they like it and that food is a matter of taste anyway, and b) that cooking is not important and those people who attach too much importance to it, like some Western European nations, are contemptible gluttons. Do not be misled by these arguments.

It is true that English children go to Zurich, taste the marvels of Swiss pastry-cooking, put them down with disgust and say, "Mummy, may I have a bath-bun instead?" (Remember the word "bath-bun" and beware of it!) I have also heard Englishmen declare in Italy that "there is nothing to beat our cabbage." (Green cabbage, boiled in water, mind you.) This is supposed to prove that tastes are different. But does it? If someone says to me that he prefers whisky to brandy, or Dostoevsky to Tolstoy, I agree that tastes may differ. But if someone states that he prefers pulp literature to *War and Peace*, I shall regard him as a barbarian who does not know what he is talking about. The same goes for the bath-bun and cabbage.

Calling some of their neighbours gluttons is only the smugness of uninformed puritans. If it is worth spending two hours daily on food, then it is worthwhile eating well. I have never understood why the man who enjoys a drink is a stout fellow, whereas the man who enjoys food is a ridiculous glutton.

Good food is also a sociological problem. There are many countries in Europe where you can get an excellent steak, but

only a few where you can eat it with a clear conscience. You cannot eat it with a clear conscience if you know that other people are going about hungry outside the restaurant. Britain has always been the country of noble compromise. Here you may not get a really good steak; but you can certainly eat it with a clear conscience.

Summing Up

But, of course, somewhere in the depths of human psychology all these matters are interconnected. Had the British cooked better food, they would never have bothered to found an Empire; had they not insisted on their hair-raising and despair-provoking monetary system (as well as on other traditions), they would not have been able to preserve the Empire; and—who knows—had they used the fork as normal human beings use it, they would not have been able to establish modern democracy and set the whole world an example.

I have noticed that less intelligent visitors grumble at British food (as I have done) and laugh at British manners (as I have done); more intelligent people, on the other hand, fall in love with England from the first day (as I have done). And that leads me to the last bit of advice I wish to give the visitor. You may see pretty towns and beautiful buildings in Britain, but Paris is much lovelier; you will see charming landscapes and even beautiful scenery, but this country, on the whole, does not compare with Switzerland.

But do not forget, oh tired sightseer, to take a good view of the British character. You cannot help noticing that the British are conceited, insular, narrow-minded, and often childish. But you will also observe that they are self-disciplined, honest, fair minded, truly decent, and full of common sense. They are always able to see the other fellow's point, and they can laugh at themselves. They can control their passions easily because they have no passions to control; indeed, they have one real passion, the passion for cruel truth, even if it does not suit their immediate interest. You will see that there is some sense in their silence and that their boiled cabbage at least keeps them slim and saves them from stomach trouble. If between drives to the Tower of London and the National Gallery you can catch a glimpse of the British character, you will realize with a shock that you are in the most civilized community in the modern world. Your discovery will startle you; it might even annoy you. But there is no getting away from it.

THE ROLE OF TRADITION

Living Links With The Past

There is no other nation that clings to the past with the tenacity of the British. The Briton has a sense of the continuity of history. He loves to go through his ancient ceremonies as he has always performed them, with the consciousness that he is keeping faith with his ancestors, that he is maintaining the community they created. He does not often change his manner of carrying out official acts, and if ever he does, the new method at once becomes the tradition.

Queen Elizabeth the First provided one of these examples of discarding the old and supplanting it with the new. She was knitting when the list of nominees for sheriff was brought to her. Tradition decreed that she should take up her quill and make a check in ink against the name of each person whom it was her pleasure to appoint. There was no pen handy. So Elizabeth the First, with one of her knitting needles, pricked a little hole in the parchment beside each favored name. That is the reason why today Queen Elizabeth the Second appoints sheriffs of England by pricking holes in the paper listing their names.

Queen Elizabeth the First started another tradition, a ceremony participated in to this day by British barristers who are members of the Middle Temple. As a student, the aspiring lawyer goes into chambers, which is to say that he takes up a desk in one of the Four Inns of Court to read law, and among the requirements which he must fulfill is to take a certain number of meals at the commons of his Inn, an immense hall with long tables stretching down its length at right angles to that of the "benchers" at the head—the benchers being those fortunate chiefs of the Inn's hierarchy whose perquisites include a stated daily allowance of beer and port.

Of the four Inns, the Middle Temple had, for some reason, been the favorite of Elizabeth I. On one occasion she had done it the honor of preparing a pudding with her own hands, and since that day generations of barristers have been eating pieces of that same pudding. You might expect it to be a trifle musty after some three and a half centuries. Not a bit. For when Queen Elizabeth made the original pudding, part of it was carefully saved. The next week a new pudding was made, into which the original morsel was incorporated. A portion of the

second pudding was saved also, and mixed, on the third week, into still another pudding. And so, for 350 years, the lawyers of the Middle Temple have continued to eat Queen Elizabeth's pudding. The dosage of the original confection must be extremely small by now, but no one can deny that it exists.

You are not likely to have a chance to take part in such ceremonies yourself unless you have English friends, but even the casual visitor to London can view without effort many of the brilliant parades and spectacles in which the color of medieval times has been preserved for ours. Every newcomer to London goes to St. James's Palace to see the changing of the Guard at the first opportunity. Another stirring sight is that of the Lord Mayor and his retinue on their way to the Law Courts. You can also enter the visitors' gallery of the House of Commons and participate in the ceremony that has ruled the Commons as long as it has existed. If a speaker steps across the line on the floor that marks the point at which he would be within sword's length of his adversaries on the opposite side of the Chamber, the session is automatically suspended. If a rebellious member should seize the great mace, the symbol of authority that rests on the table before the Speaker's chair, and make off with it (this has happened at least once), no legal business can be transacted until the mace has been restored to its position. You can also go into the House of Lords, where the glitter is more pronounced, the royal scarlet more in evidence, and where your own back will begin to ache sympathetically at the spectacle of the Lord Chancellor, so uncomfortably seated on the edge of the enormous woolsack.

Opening of Parliament

If you want to see the spectacle of the third oldest parliament in the world in action (it was preceded by the Althing of Iceland and the Parliament of the Isle of Man), ask your consulate to get you a ticket admitting you to the visitors' galleries. On the opening day of Parliament the Sovereign delivers the address from the Throne, a speech worded as though it emanated from the Crown, though actually it is written by the Prime Minister. This is a day when ceremony rules every gesture, and when officials appear to perform their appointed functions, whose exact role is not clear even to most Britons themselves—like Black Rod, who leads the parliamentarians into the hall to attend their ruler's address. The titles and functions of such officials, mysterious even to the British, are naturally doubly

so to Americans. For example, no one is able to define the precise functions of Lord Privy Seal, for he has none. He is one of several members of the government who give it great flexibility since, having no stated department under their control, they are available for assignment by the Prime Minister to such special and unusual problems as may arise in the course of his term of office.

Although it is unlikely that you will be able to get inside the Houses of Parliament on the day of its opening, you can enjoy some of the spectacle in the street. The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh ride in state to Westminster. The famous gilded coach of which you heard so much at the time of the Coronation parades from Buckingham Palace to the Houses of Parliament, escorted by the brilliantly uniformed and superbly mounted Household Cavalry—on a clear day, it is to be hoped, for this ceremony usually takes place in November, the month of the heaviest fogs in London. As the Queen enters the Houses of Parliament the air shakes with the booming of heavy guns, and all London knows that the democratic processes that have so long protected England from oppression have once again been renewed with all their age-old ceremony.

Military Spectacles

The Household Cavalry just mentioned forms part of the private escort of the Sovereign. They are perhaps the best trained parade troops in the world, but they are not soldiers for show only. On the contrary, the Guards regiments have distinguished themselves in every war Britain has fought. They are crack troops, but in time of peace the visitor can be excused if he thinks of them rather as perfectly drilled participants in a ballet, for the meticulous precision of their movements on parade seems oddly at variance with their role as fighting men. You will see this demonstrated at the Changing of the Guard any morning. To the music of a band, the relieving Guards take over the duties of those who have mounted guard the day before, during a ceremony in which the ordinary soldiers parade with the slow-time two-movement stylized pace that is their trademark, behind an officer whose sword, held before him, points rigidly straight up into the air. Ask your hotel porter the time and place of the ceremony while you are there. It varies under different circumstances; for instance, if the Sovereign is in residence, it occurs in Buckingham Palace courtyard; if not, at St. James's. The more constricted space and the older architec-

ture of St. James's Palace set it off better than the vast courtyard and the rather pedestrian lines of Buckingham.

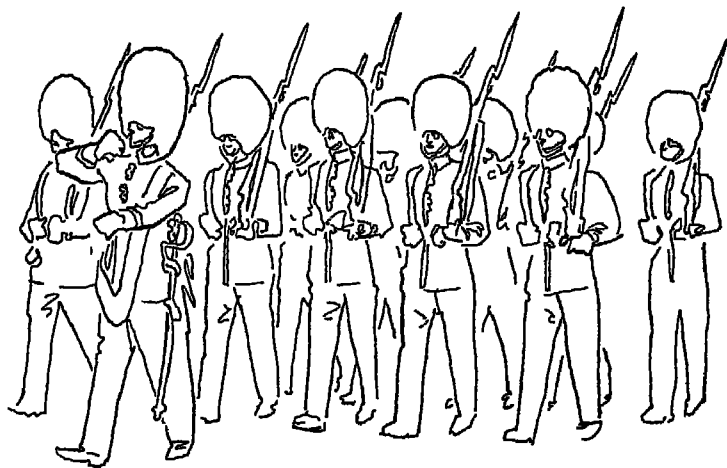
But to see the Guards at their best, you should be in London in June. Trooping the Colour is the spectacle, the place is the Horseguards Parade, and the occasion is the Queen's Birthday—her official birthday, that is, for the Sovereign's birthday is always assigned to some day in June, in order to afford the celebration at least some chance of hitting a good day in the unfortunately dubious weather of London. Queen Elizabeth's birthday, officially, is June 9. This is not invariable, for often it takes place on days preceding or subsequent to that date.

The long lines of scarlet-clad soldiers in their tremendous bearskin busbies will amaze you by the precision of their marching, but the highlights of this performance are musical—the massed pipers who swing by with bagpipes skirling, and the mounted band, preceded by the drum horse with kettle-drums suspended on either side of his neck who moves forward undisturbed by the whirling drumsticks leaping from one side of his head to the other. The drum horse is a part of British military tradition, too. You will meet him in Kipling. He is fast disappearing, along with the cavalry.

It is an open question whether the Beefeaters of the Tower of London are to be classified with military spectacles or not. They were soldiers once, but the halberds they carry on ceremonious occasions would hardly serve them in battle today. Their official title, as you will know if you are acquainted with Gilbert and Sullivan, is the Yeomen of the Guard, and every night when the Tower closes, they perform the medieval ceremony of its closing, to the sound of the shout, "The Queen's Keys!" As for the Royal Watermen, you do not often have a chance to see them; the habit of using the Thames as a waterway for the royal barge is today more honored in the breach than in th'observance.

This is only the most summary sampling of the pageantry and color tradition has bestowed upon London. The list could be extended indefinitely. However, two other events, both of which occur in November, should be noted. One is Guy Fawkes Day, November 5, a day of popular merriment, when fire-crackers are shot off and "guys" burned in great bonfires in remembrance of the thwarting of the plot of Guy Fawkes to blow up Parliament. The other occurs on the ninth, when the Lord Mayor's Show, which is really a parade, passes through the streets of the City from the Guildhall to the Law Courts for the swearing in of the new Lord Mayor. He has his gilded coach

also, and he wears his robes of office and the chain that signifies his mayoralty. Accompanying the coach are escorts in the brilliant costumes of the period when this spectacle began, more than 700 years ago, and also modern paraders—cavalry, soldiers, dignitaries—and a procession of decorated floats. The Lord Mayor is of necessity a wealthy man, for he pays out of his own pocket for this display, and to some extent he is judged by the people in accordance with its magnificence. It is magnificent, and if you are in London in November, you should not miss it.



TRAVEL WITH A PURPOSE

Special-Interest Tours Of England

by

K. WESTCOTT JONES

(K. Westcott Jones, author of Travelling for Business and Pleasure, To the Polar Sunrise, etc., is travel correspondent for several newspapers and magazines, among them the East Anglian Daily Times, Birmingham Mail, Glasgow Bulletin, and Go.)

You may be planning a holiday in Britain with the idea of complete relaxation, but after a while interest in your job or profession may well lead you to gather some ideas about the British way of doing things. Or, of course, you may be mixing business with pleasure while touring, a not uncommon practice these days. Perhaps you have some serious hobbies you'd like to pursue while in the British Isles, where just about every hobby in the world is represented, often on a striking scale.

Most of the professions and organizations have associations that can be particularly helpful to interested visitors who have some qualifications for calling upon them. For instance, if you're an architect, the Royal Institute will be glad to assist you with information and introductions. Here are some of the professional groups in Britain that will help you have a busman's holiday.

Architecture

Britain's huge rebuilding programme is far from complete, and many bombed cities still carry the scars of war. Upwards of 300,000 houses are constructed each year, and new office blocks are going up in the centres of such blitzed cities as Coventry, Hull, and Swansea. Fine new centres have already been opened in Plymouth and Southampton, where the bomb damage was particularly severe. New towns, or satellite towns, as they are called, may interest you; these are designed to reduce in some small way the density of greater London's population. Crawley, Sussex, Harlow New Town, Essex, and others are already taking shape. The London County Council, most important and largest single local authority in the world, is erect-

ing new schools and modernistic blocks of flats that will impress you with their striking airiness and colour.

If you decide to devote any part of your trip to Britain to architecture in any form, you can obtain all information from the Royal Institute of British Architects, 66 Portland Place, London, W.1., either by writing to the Secretary before your departure from home (the best course), or by calling at the Institute's stately headquarters.

One of the most popular events in the home-building field is the Ideal Home Exhibition, sponsored by the London *Daily Mail*, and held at Olympia in March. Scotland's Own Ideal Home Exhibition takes place from late April to early May at Waverley Market, Edinburgh.

Art

Appreciation of art is intense in Britain, and dozens of bodies function actively with a view to its promotion. Beginners are catered for by summer courses, such as those held at Kirkcudbright, Scotland, or by the Workers Travel Association in various parts of Britain as painting and sketching holidays. Information and assistance are provided at all stages under the auspices of the Arts Council.

One of the major events of particular interest to visiting artists is the Royal Academy's summer exhibition, held in the Academy's splendid building off Piccadilly, London, from May to mid-August. Other events are the Royal Scottish Academy Exhibition in Edinburgh from late April to early August, and the Royal Cambrian Academy Exhibition at Plas Mawr, Conway, North Wales, held from the latter part of May to the end of September.

If you are an artist, the Royal Society of Arts, 6 John Adam Street, London, W.C.2, or the Royal Society of British Artists, 6½, Suffolk Street, London, S.W.1, will be glad to supply information and assistance.

Ecclesiastic Groups

Apart from visiting the many hundreds of ancient and beautiful houses of worship scattered throughout Britain, you may wish to make contact with church organizations. Here are three useful addresses: Church Assembly (Church of England) Information Board, Church House, Dean's Yard, Westminster, London, S.W.1. Methodist Church Conference Office, 1 Central

Buildings, Matthew Parker Street, London, S.W.1. Catholic Introductions Bureau, 1a, Dalkeith Road, London, S.E.21.

Genealogy

Strictly speaking, this does not come within the busman's holiday category, because the chances of your being a professional, or even an amateur, genealogist, are remote. But you are probably interested in your own ancestry, and if you are of English, Scottish, Welsh, Irish, or even Huguenot descent, a visit to Britain will afford you every opportunity of hunting down your forebears for many centuries back.

Such a search can prove exciting as well as interesting, for it has happened more than once that visitors have discovered they are heirs to a fortune, or to an apparently extinct title. If there is any definite tradition in your family concerning your British ancestry, write to the Society of Genealogists, 37 Harrington Gardens, London, S.W.7. For information about wills going back over the centuries, a visit to Somerset House, Strand, London, W.C.2, will enable you to read through all relevant material and trace any will or register of birth, marriage, or death in Britain on payment of one shilling. Finally, should you find you are concerned in some coat of arms, or entitled in some way to bear arms, the College of Arms, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4, may be able to help you.

Horticulture

The soft mild climate of Britain, with its reasonable rainfall and modest sunshine, enables gardening to be developed on a universal scale. Britons are proud of their gardens, which are undoubtedly the finest in the world. The "English garden" has many imitators all over the world, but nothing equals it in its native setting.

The enthusiasm for gardening in Britain has led to the creation of the Royal Botanical Gardens at Kew, the Royal Horticultural Gardens at Wisley in Surrey, and the Royal Botanical Gardens in Edinburgh. The Chelsea Flower Show, held in late May, is one of the most delightful horticultural events on the British calendar. The British Travel and Holidays Association publishes lists of selected gardens well worth visiting, and also supplies information about the numerous horticultural shows held in Britain. The Secretary of the Royal Horticultural Society, Vincent Square, London, S.W.1., will always be pleased to help

visitors. The Scottish Gardens Scheme, now several years old, opens many fine private gardens to the public during the summer. Details from its organizers, 26 Castle Terrace, Edinburgh 1.

Industry

It would take a vacation of many months to survey British industry as a whole, but existing facilities make it easy to tour large sections of it within a short space of time. If you are interested in any particular industry, the Federation of British Industries can arrange for your actual visits to factories, docks, foundries, and other places. The Secretary of the F.B.I. is at 21 Tothill Street, London, S.W.1.

A number of industrial exhibitions will be of interest to you. The most important is the British Industries Fair, held in vast grounds at Castle Bromwich, 10 miles from the heart of Birmingham, Britain's greatest industrial city where more than 10,000 trades are practiced. The B.I.F., as it is widely known, takes place in late April and early May, attracting industrialists from every part of the world.

The London Motor Show, held at Earls Court, London, in late October or early November, is the largest of its kind in the world. Bicycle shows, motor boat shows, and others at Earls Court and Olympia are huge trade fairs demonstrating British industry to visitors from every part of the globe. The Engineering and Marine Exhibition (autumn), Model Engineering Exhibition, National Television and Radio Exhibition, and Factory Equipment Exhibition (April) are held at Earls Court or Olympia, London, and are worth a visit, since they are supreme of their kind. The Design Centre for British Industries is a permanent exhibition of constantly changing British goods in current full production at 28 Haymarket, London, S.W.1 (Tra. 8000).

Law

The overseas visitor who is professionally associated with law in any form can give himself a pleasant and profitable busman's holiday by studying the British legal system in actual operation. Comparisons are odious, but there is no getting away from the fact that as far as the administration of justice is concerned, Britain is well ahead of most other nations.

Though outwardly picturesque and somewhat quaint, with wigs of various shapes and sizes and ancient rituals, court

proceedings are seldom spectacular, and trials and hearings are characterized by dignity, strict impartiality, and an ingrained sense of responsibility. The romantic—though of course remote—possibility here is that the legal visitor may follow the example of the American lawyer Benjamin who, at the age of 53, qualified for the English Bar, and within a few years became a leading figure in the legal world and a classic author on certain aspects of English law.

If you decide on a legal busman's holiday, the British Travel Association will be able to give you hints on making the proper contacts, but it is probably best to rely on the guidance of an individual lawyer in Britain, with whom you can get into touch through one of your own professional organizations at home. Legal London is extremely compact, being largely confined to the quiet Inns of Court stretching between the Law Courts in the Strand and the Old Bailey in Ludgate Hill, a distance of rather less than three-quarters of a mile. Barristers and solicitors have their chambers in these wonderful old squares shut off from the roar and bustle of London's traffic.

Medicine

If you are a doctor or a sociologist you will be interested in British medicine, including the training, which is not the same as in other countries. It is not uniform, and differs a great deal among the various teaching and examining institutions. However, the minimum standard, which is rather high, is guarded jealously by the General Medical Council, the statutory central body.

However, the visitor's primary interest may be centred in Britain's National Health Service, under which all medical and much dental treatment is free. There has been a great deal of controversy in other countries as to the desirability of such a service, and you may wish to observe it in actual operation. All adults in Britain pay towards it by buying a stamp each week from the post office. The amount varies, but for an employed man, it is currently 6s 9d per week (the employer pays another 6s). Self-employed persons pay 8s 5d per week, and no matter how wealthy the person, purchase of these stamps is compulsory.

If you are a visitor and fall ill, or have the misfortune to meet with an accident, you will see the scheme at work as a patient. It is entirely up to your discretion whether you will, or will not, accept free treatment and free hospitalization. No payment or contribution is exacted from visitors. Anyone, including Britons,

may pay for private treatment if desired—this does not absolve the latter from paying for their weekly stamps. Dentists charge a maximum fee of £1 for treatment, and above that the cost is met by the National Health service.

The address of the British Medical Association is at B.M.A. House, Tavistock Square, London, W.C.1. Annual exhibitions related to medicine include the Chemists Exhibition (London, autumn), Hospital, Nursing, Midwifery and Public Health Conference and Exhibition, and several others about which you can learn from the B.M.A. or General Medical Council at 44 Hallam Street, London, W.1.

Shipping

To a large extent, British prosperity depends, as it has always done, upon its maritime trade and shipbuilding. Britain has nearly twenty million tons of merchant shipping, and a great deal of it can be seen by visiting the docks of London, Liverpool, Southampton, Newcastle, Glasgow, and Hull. For information about the docks in London, contact the Port of London Authority Public Relations Department, Trinity Square, London, E.C.3. Another useful address is that of the Chamber of Shipping, 3 Bury Street, London, E.C.3. Lloyds of London are in Fenchurch Street, E.C.3, and the Baltic Exchange in St. Mary Axe, E.C.3.

Shipbuilding is concentrated in the north, where John Brown and Company (builders of the Cunard "Queens") are at Clydebank, Scotland. Swan Hunters are on the River Tyne at Wallsend, near Newcastle. Harland & Wolf are in Belfast. Other great shipbuilders are Cammell Laird of Birkenhead, opposite Liverpool, and Doxford's at Sunderland.

Small ships are built at Southampton and on the Isle of Wight, while many fishing craft are constructed on the East Anglian and Devonshire coasts. It was at Upham's Yard, Brixham, South Devon, that the *Mayflower II* was built.

Soaring and Gliding

If you're a sailplane enthusiast, which may well be the case if you come from California, you'll be interested in the widespread development of this popular sport (and industry) in Britain. The British Gliding Association, Londonderry House, Park Lane, W.1 can give you information and assistance.

At some clubs, temporary members are welcome, particularly if they have had gliding experience. The London Gliding Club

at Dunstable concentrates on gliding proper, sweeping up and down the slopes of the Dunstable Downs. At most others, the emphasis is on soaring, and some pilots have reached 18,000 feet above the English countryside. In Britain, this sport is inexpensive, but is not supported to any degree by official contributions. You can spend a week at Lasham airfield (headquarters of the Surrey Gliding Club) or Kinross (headquarters of the Scottish Gliding Union) for from £13 to £16, everything included. These weekly courses are open to visitors with no experience at all.

Transportation

The British Transportation system is particularly compact and efficient, and if you are professionally concerned with transport, you will find it a most interesting study. The London underground, for example, represents a miracle of organization, and embodies a great many unparalleled engineering feats. Transport authorities of all countries in the world send their employees and executives to London to study this masterpiece. If you wish to do the same, the London Transport Executive (55 Broadway, London, S.W.1) will offer you facilities.

Civil aviation is expanding annually in Britain. The main government-controlled corporations operate worldwide networks, British Overseas Airways serving empire and long distance routes, British European Airways confining itself to Europe, North Africa, and the domestic areas. You will be able to obtain helpful information from the Press Officers of B.O.A.C. at Stratton House, Piccadilly, London, W.1 and from the Press and Public Relations Office, B.E.A., at Dorland House, Lower Regent Street, London, S.W.1.

The second week in September sees the annual Farnborough Air Display, when the Society of British Aircraft Constructors stages its big show for buyers and those professionally interested in aviation. For details, contact the P.R.O. Society of British Aircraft Constructors, 29 King Street, London S.W.1.

You may be interested in various agricultural shows and displays, which are held all over the British Isles throughout the year, or in numerous other aspects of British life and custom which space does not permit mention of in this chapter. In any case, it's a good idea to ask the British Travel and Holidays Association, 64-65 St. James' Street, London, S.W.1 for one of their quarterly lists of events, from which you can get a fair idea of what will be taking place up to a year ahead.

IN LONDON

LONDON PRACTICAL INFORMATION

Where To Stay, Where To Go, What To Do

London is a tremendous city. Straddling the Thames, one of the busiest (and most interesting) rivers in the world, it stretches north, south, east, and west over more square miles of houses, stores, monuments, parks, docks, and whatnot than you could hope to explore in several lifetimes, much less a few days.

London is also a fascinating city. Here, within the compass of a few minutes' ride by bus, underground, or taxi, are the treasures of an entire nation, an entire empire. Whether you are looking for closeups of the English people, priceless works of art, outstanding music and entertainment, shopping buys, or excursions into history, you will find them all practically at your elbow. Discovering London for the first time (or the tenth) is an exciting business.

At the same time, for the English-speaking visitor, the capital of England need be no mystery. The signs, the newspapers, even the people (strangely enough!) speak your language, and you have only to stop the nearest Englishman to ask directions to wherever you're going. Courtesy to visitors is a British tradition, and you may discover that in the course of finding your bearings you have also found a friend.

Still, it's useful to have a general idea of where to stay, where to go, and how to get about. To help make your visit to London more pleasant, a few of the most important practical details you will need to know have been gathered together into this section to facilitate ready reference when you reach the plan-making stage. Only the essentials are here, and only in outline. They are further described and set in their proper perspective in the chapters, *London's Artistic Attractions*, *Dining and Wining in London*, and *Shopping in London*.

Guidance for London



HOTELS. London is suffering from a chronic lack of hotel accommodation, partly due to the destruction of so many large ones during the war. A few have been built recently, but more and more visitors are coming each year and the need to increase hotel accommodation grows annually. The moral is, book ahead as far as you possibly can, especially if you want a room with a bath. The international hotels and a great many of the smaller ones in the capital are equipped like most of their counterparts all over the world, with hot

and cold running water, comfortable public rooms, and a steadily increasing number of private baths, though there never seem to be enough to go around during the peak summer season.

Service is good. In fact, most hotels employ Continental waiters and chefs in a supervisory capacity. You'll have your shoes shined for you if you leave them outside the door at night. But the service has a habit of fading away into thin air towards midnight at smaller hotels, although it comes back in strength next morning.

If you have difficulty finding a vacant room, get in touch with London Hotels Information Service, 88 Brook Street, London W 1 (MAYfair 5414). They can usually help. Also efficient is Hotel Accommodation Service (HOTAC) at 93 Baker Street, W 1 (WELbeck 2555).

Lists of London hotels can be obtained from the British Travel and Holidays Association in New York (330 Madison Avenue), in Toronto (372 Bay Street), in Montreal (331 Dominion Square Building), in Paris (6 Place Vendôme), and in London (64-65 St James' Street S W 1 MAYfair 9191).

The general custom in London is for rates to be quoted including "bed and breakfast." What Americans call "European Plan" is rare in Europe and rarer still in Britain. But a few London hotels, especially the top-class ones, have begun to quote rates for room only. Rates charged in June, July, and August may be up to 30 percent higher than those at slacker seasons. The prices given alongside the following hotels are average rates—expect to pay a few shillings more at the peak season when choice of rooms is strictly limited.

VERY EXCLUSIVE

Browns, Dover Street, W 1 (Hyd 6020) 99 rooms (37 with baths) Single 50s, double 87s
Claridges, Brook Street, W 1 (May 8860) 250 rooms, all with baths Rates on application
Connaught, Carlos Place, W 1 (Gro 7070) 100 rooms (75 with baths) Single 77s, double £5 5s, not including breakfast
Stafford, St James' Place, S W 1 (Hyd 0111) 45 rooms (40 with baths) Single 80s, double £4 10s, not including breakfast

baths) Single 80s double £5 15s, not including breakfast
Mayfair, Berkeley Street, W 1 (May 7777) 270 rooms (172 with baths) Single 70s, double £5 5s, not including breakfast
Park Lane, Piccadilly, W 1 (Gro 6321) 440 rooms and suites (all with baths) Single 55s, double 85s, not including breakfast
Ritz, Piccadilly, W 1 (Hyd 8181) 132 rooms (all with baths) Rates on application
Savoy, Strand, W C 2 (Tem. 4343) 500 rooms (all with baths) Rates on application

INTERNATIONAL DE LUXE

Athenaeum Court, 116 Piccadilly, W 1 (Gro 3464) 138 rooms, all with baths Single 40s, double 75s, not including breakfast
Berkeley, Berkeley Street, W 1 (Hyd 8282) 90 rooms (81 with baths) Single 77s 6d, double £5 10s, not including breakfast
Dorchester, Park Lane, W 1 (May 8888) 288 rooms (all with baths) Rates on application
Grosvenor House, Park Lane, W 1 (Gro 6363) 475 rooms (all with

FIRST-CLASS HOTELS

Charing Cross, Strand, W C 2 (Tra 7282) 215 rooms (52 with baths) Single 45s double 80s
De Vere, De Vere Gardens, W 6 (Kni 0051) 76 rooms (68 with baths) Single 45s, double 75s
Gore, 189-191 Queens Gate, S W 7 (Kni 4222) 44 rooms (20 with baths) Single 38s 6d, double 77s 6d
Goring, Grosvenor Gardens, S W 1 (Vic 8211) 100 rooms (all with baths) Single 35s, double 65s, not including breakfast.

- Hyde Park, Knightsbridge, S.W.1.** (Slo. 4567). 178 rooms (159 with baths). Single 45s, double 100s, not including breakfast.
- Mount Royal, Marble Arch, W.1.** (May. 8040). 65 rooms (all with baths). Single 60s, double 80s.
- Old St. James' House, 7 Park Place, S.W.1.** (Hyd. 2412). 40 rooms (all with baths). Single 50s, double 90s, not including breakfast.
- Park West, Marble Arch, W.2.** (Amb. 7733). 600 rooms, all with baths, kitchenette, maid service. Single 37s 6d, double 60s.
- Piccadilly, Piccadilly, W.1.** (Reg. 8000). 250 rooms (225 with baths). Single 68s, double 105s.
- Royal Court, Sloane Square, S.W.1.** (Slo. 9191). 120 rooms (50 with baths). Single 36s, double 80s and up.
- St. James' Court, Buckingham Gate, S.W.1.** (Vic. 2360). 250 rooms and suites (all with baths). Single 38s, double 63s.
- Twenty Chesham Place, S.W.1.** (Slo. 3494). Apartments, etc. 90, all with baths. Single 40s, double 60s, not including breakfast.
- Waldorf, Aldwych, W.C.2.** (Tem. 2400). 300 rooms (120 with baths). 40s single, 75s double upwards.
- Washington, 6 Curzon Street, W.1.** (Gro. 6911). 130 rooms (100 with baths). Single 40s, double 70s.
- Westbury, New Bond Street, W.1.** (May. 7755). 270 rooms (all with baths). Single 77s, double 120s, not including breakfast. American owned hotel, opened 1955.
- POPULAR INTERNATIONAL TYPE**
- Cumberland, Marble Arch, W.1.** (Amb. 1234). 900 rooms (all with baths). Single 44s, double 74s.
- Regent Palace, Piccadilly Circus, W.1.** (Reg. 7000). 1,120 rooms (no private baths). Single 30s 6d, double 47s.
- Strand Palace, Strand W.C.2.** (Tem. 8080). 900 rooms (no private baths). Single 30s 6d, double 47s.
- OTHER GOOD HOTELS**
- Artillery Mansions, 75 Victoria Street, S.W.1.** (Abb. 7611). 60 rooms (no private baths). Single 30s, double 60s.
- Bonnington, Southampton Row, W.C.1.** (Hol. 6525). 240 rooms (24 with baths). Single 33s, double 65s upwards.
- Cadogan, Sloane Street, S.W.1.** (Slo. 7141). 100 rooms (50 with baths). Single 30s, double 58s.
- Ebury Court, 26 Ebury Street, S.W.1.** (Slo. 8147). 30 rooms (no private baths). Single 28s, double 50s.
- Eccleston, Victoria, S.W.1.** (Vic. 8042). 150 rooms (50 with baths). Single 50s, double 75s.
- Great Eastern, Liverpool St. Station, E.C.2.** (Ave. 4363). 190 rooms (38 with baths). Single 38s, double 66s.
- Great Northern, Kings Cross Station, N.1.** (Ter. 5454). 70 rooms (6 with baths). Single 39s, double 66s.
- Great Western Royal, Paddington Station, W.2.** (Pad. 8064). 223 rooms (160 with baths). Single 42s, double 85s.
- Grosvenor, Victoria Station, S.W.1.** (Vic. 9484). 245 rooms (70 with baths). Single 38s, double 55s.
- Imperial, Russell Square, W.C.1.** (Ter. 3655). 650 rooms (27 with baths). Single 29s, double 47s.
- Kensington Palace, De Vere Gardens, W.8.** (Wes. 8121). 250 rooms (all with baths). Single 55s, double 95s.
- Kingsley, Bloomsbury Way, W.C.1.** (Cha. 5881). 180 rooms (25 with baths). Single 33s, double 56s.
- Mapleton, 39 Coventry Street, W.1.** (Whi. 4033). 84 rooms (68 with baths). Single 32s, double 47s 6d.
- Milestone, Kensington Court, W.8.** (Wes. 0991). 90 rooms (20 with baths). Single 32s 6d, double 60s.
- Norfolk, Harrington Road, S.W.7.** (Ken. 8191). 100 rooms (30 with baths). Single 35s, double 63s.
- Norfolk, Surrey Street, W.C.2.** (Tem. 7001). 70 rooms (no private baths). Single 28s 6d, double 52s.
- Parkway, Inverness Terrace, W.2.** (Bay. 9222). Opened in 1957. 100 rooms (20 with baths). Singles 30s and 45s, doubles 55s and 75s.

Queensway, Princes Square, W.2 (Bay 6477). 150 rooms (no private baths). Single 25s, double 46s
Rembrandt, Thurlow Place, S.W.7. (Ken. 8100). 150 rooms (60 with baths). Single 33s, double 65s
Rubens, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W. 1. (Vic. 6800). 150 rooms (140 with baths). Single 36s, double 69s
Shaftesbury, Monmouth St., W.C.2. (Tem. 4422) 200 rooms (50 with baths). Single 35s, double 65s.
Tavistock, Tavistock Square, W.C.1 (Mus. 8383). Enlarged and modernized 1957. 301 rooms (all with baths). Single 42s, double 60
Whites, Lancaster Gate, W.2 (Amb 2711). 70 rooms (30 with baths) Single 36s, double 58s, breakfast extra.

Astor, 26-30 Craven Hill Gardens, W.2. (Amb. 0181). 100 rooms (5 with baths). Single 20s, double 35s

Carlisle House, Devonshire Terrace, W.2 (Amb 2204). 40 rooms (10 with baths) Single 28s, double 50s

Colonnade, 2 Warrington Crescent W.9 (Cun 1052). 40 rooms (26 with baths) Single 18s, double 37s.

Kenilworth, Great Russell Street, W.C.1 (Mus. 7632). 138 rooms (6 with baths). Single 21s 6d, double 37s

National, Bedford Way, W.C.1. (Lan. 0051). 470 rooms (no private baths). Single 22s, double 38s.

Queensborough Court, 50 Queensborough Terrace, W.2. (Bay. 0131). 50 rooms (no private baths). Single 18s, double 35s.

Whiteness, 45-47 Queen's Gardens, W.2 (Pad 2051) 42 rooms (4 with baths) Single 18s, double 35s

INEXPENSIVE

Adelphi, 127 Cromwell Road, S.W.7. (Fre. 7177) 47 rooms (no private baths). Single 21s, double 42s



ENTERTAINMENT. London has about forty theatres staging plays and musicals all the year round. West End productions maintain a high standard, and many Broadway shows are put on with top casts from Britain and America. Most theatres have a matinee twice a week, and an evening performance beginning at about 7:30 p.m. This is an hour earlier than before the war, but despite protests, it has not yet been possible to recover what many Londoners call "the lost hour." Last trains, last buses, restaurants, and theatres all suffer from it.

Prices for theatre seats vary widely; unreserved gallery and "pit" seats can be had for 2s to 4s 6d. After that comes the reserved list, starting with upper circle at 5s 6d to 6s 8d, then dress circle (reminiscent of the days when theatre goers all wore tuxedos for the better seats) at 8s 6d to 12s 6d and stalls (centre to front) at 8s 6d to 17s 6d. Boxes cost £2 to £6, depending on the number of people they hold.

One of the sights of London occurs nightly outside the entrance to theatres staging popular hits. As the queues grow longer, "buskers" play music on the streets, wisecrack, sing, do acrobatics, conjuring tricks, and keep the waiting lines in fits of amusement. Buskers are street vaudeville players who make a living from pennies thrown by queuers.

You can smoke in many theatres; when it is prohibited in the auditorium, a note in your programme will tell you so. During matinees and often at the interval in evening shows, tea or coffee and biscuits will be served at your seat. Ask the usherette if you want to order it. Bars are provided at the rear of the auditorium if you wish something stronger.

Best place to find out the programmes at the various theatres is in a weekly magazine *What's On In London* (8d). This useful publication also supplies information about cinemas and floor shows at nightclubs. Brief columns giving the latest shows are printed by London's evening papers.

The Old Vic, Waterloo Road, S.E.1, is the centre for Shakespearian

productions (also, in summer, the *Open Air Theatre* in Regents Park). The *Windmill*, Great Windmill Street, W.1, has specialized in semi-nude revues since before most of the present chorus girls were born.

Theatrical ticket agencies (there are many) can book a seat for you almost anywhere. Their service charge is modest, and you save the time of queueing at the theatre itself.

THEATRE CLUBS. London has a number, but you have to join before you can buy tickets. The object of these clubs is to present serious plays that otherwise might not get a chance on West End stages. They have the privilege of opening on Sundays, and are not subject to the Lord Chamberlain's stage censorship.

You become a temporary member by calling at the box office and making application through the secretary. Overseas visitors are welcome.

Plays are changed once a month. A number of facilities are available to members, such as use of the bar and stage restaurant. Here are the theatre clubs you can join: *Arts*, Great Newport Street, W.C.2. (Tem. 7541). *Hoven-den*, Garrick Yard, St. Martin's Lane, W.2. (Cov. 0860). *Irving*, Irving Street, Leicester Square, S.W.1. (Whi. 3678). *New Watergate*, at Comedy Theatre, Pantom Street, S.W.1. (Whi. 2578). *Players*, 173 Hungerford Arches, Villiers Street, W.C.2. (Tra. 1134) and Europe's only permanent Yiddish theatre, the *Grand Palais*, 41 Commercial Road, E.1. (Bis. 9077).

OPERA, BALLET. May be seen at: *Royal Festival Hall*, South Bank, S.E.1. (Wat. 3191). *Royal Opera House*, Covent Garden, W.C.2. (Cov. 1066). *Sadlers Wells*, Rosebery Avenue, E.C.1. (Ter. 1672).

CINEMAS. London has many hundreds, but first-run shows are limited to the West End. Here prices of admission range from 3s to 12s 6d, but you can usually get bargains up to 1 p.m. daily, when a choice of the whole house is yours for 3s to 5s.

A number of cinemas showing newsreels exclusively can be found all over the West End. Victoria and Waterloo Stations also have them—they can most usefully while away an hour. Admission is only 1s 9d.

CONCERT HALLS. *Royal Albert Hall*, Kensington, S.W.7. (Ken. 8212). *Royal Festival Hall*, South Bank, S.E.1. (Wat. 3191). *Central Hall*, Westminster, S.W.1. (Whi. 4259). *Wigmore Hall*, Wigmore Street, W.1. (Wel. 2141). Open-air band concerts may be heard in the royal parks at lunchtime during the summer.

THE LONDON SEASON. This is a social season, during which the Royal Family is in residence at Buckingham Palace. It opens with the Royal Academy Summer Exhibition at Burlington House and closes with the end of the Goodwood Races. It lasts from about the end of May until late July. Royal garden parties, racing at Royal Ascot, presentation of debutantes to H.M. the Queen, balls, coming-out parties, and many other lavish spectacles brighten the season. The London weather during this period is usually quite dry, with a good deal of sunshine. When August starts, London is deserted by the social set; the Court goes to Balmoral, in the highlands of Scotland, and London swelters in humid, sticky conditions.

It is still not done for members of the aristocracy and the social set to be seen in London in August. In fact, there are still a few elderly people with town houses who pull their blinds to avoid being seen if business or some other urgent reason brings them to town during August. Nevertheless, London is more crowded in August than at any other time of the year, and the month's calendar is crowded with popular—if not exclusive—events for visitors from all over Britain, Europe, and the rest of the world.



TRANSPORTATION London is well served by fleets of double-decker buses, trolley buses, and underground trains (subways). On the red buses, you can make journeys of up to 12 miles out of town, for longer suburban or country trips take the green double-deckers from bases reached at the end of the red routes, or else take speedy Green Line single deckers which maintain services within a 30-mile radius of London, cutting across town.

Bus fares start at 3d (3¢) and work up by stages to a maximum (on red buses) of about 1s 9d (24¢). Green country route fares can reach 7s or more. Generally speaking the price is 2½d per mile up to 5 miles, then 2d.

Bus routes number up to 205 for inner area red vehicles but numbers 290 to 300 are used for all-night red services. Green country routes number 300 to 500, while trolley buses take route numbers from 500 to 700. The Green Line expresses carry destination indicators, such as "Sevenoaks-London-Windsor," as well as numbers from 700 upwards. Free bus maps and route guides may be obtained on application to the headquarters of London Transport at 55 Broadway London, SW 1 (Abb. 1234).

UNDERGROUND Londoners differentiate between undergrounds and tubes. This may confuse you at first, but you'll get used to it. All trains running in "cut-and-cover" subways (like New York's) are undergrounds, those running in deep level tubes sometimes 80 or more feet below the surface of the city are tubes.

Underground and tube routes cover all inner London, and you'll often find it's the quickest way to get about. Fares start at 3d and go up to 2s or more for outer suburban journeys. Most stations have ticket issuing machines that make change and save a lot of time.

Coloured lights indicate the various lines, and if you follow these carefully, you can't go wrong. Just the same, it's always a good idea to study a subway map of London (ask at 55 Broadway for one of these as well as a bus map).

If you want to visit suburbs not served by undergrounds, try the electric suburban services of British Railways. To places like Croydon (10 miles in 15 minutes), Richmond (9 miles in 14 minutes), Ilford (7 miles in 12 minutes), Wembley (9 miles in 18 minutes), Woolwich (9 miles in 13 minutes), this is the quickest way. Single fares are 2d per mile. Round trip (ask for "return") is double except for special excursion rates.

WATER BUSES In recent years, London's River Thames has come back into its own as a transport highway. Water buses operate from April to October between Greenwich and Putney, calling at all the main piers (Tower, Westminster, etc.) every half an hour. A two-hour overall trip costs about 2s.

TAXIS These unmistakable vehicles, with square bodies and the driver in a separate forward compartment, are liberally scattered throughout the streets of central and west London. If their flags are up, or a "for hire" sign lighted, just hail them. But you can never find an empty one between 5 p.m. and 7 p.m. — which is when you so often want one. Best bet at this busy time is to phone Terminus 8800 or Museum 8771 and have a radio-cab contacted for you.

Taxi fares start at 1s 3d when the flag falls. This covers you for about three-quarters of mile, after which the meter clicks up 3d every one-quarter mile (6d extra is charged for luggage carried in the driver's compartment, and for extra passengers). Tip the driver 8d to 9d if the total fare comes to less than 5s, and 1s for fares up to 8s. Above that (which means quite a long ride), give about 15 percent.

CHURCH SERVICES Church of England centres, with Holy Communion service at 8 a.m. (or 8.30 a.m.) morning service at 11.30 a.m., and evening service at 6.15 p.m. (or 6.30 p.m.) are *St Paul's Cathedral*, City, EC 4 *Westminster Abbey*, SW 1 *St Martin-in-the-Fields*, Trafalgar Square, WC 2

Leading Roman Catholic churches with weekday and Sunday Mass, are *Westminster Cathedral*, Ashley Gardens, Victoria Street SW 1 *Brompton Oratory*, Brompton Road, SW 3 *Church of the Immaculate Conception*, Farm Street, W 1

Methodist Central Hall, Westminster, SW 1 (Sundays, 11 a.m., 3.30 p.m., 6.30 p.m.) *Kingsway Hall*, Kingsway, WC 2 (Sundays, 11 a.m., 6.30 p.m.) *Baptist Bloomsbury Central Church*, Shaftesbury Avenue, WC 2 (Sundays 11 a.m. and 6.30 p.m.)

Presbyterian Crown Court Church, behind Drury Lane Theatre (Sundays, 11 a.m., 6.30 p.m.) *St John's*, Allen Street, W 8 (Sundays 11 a.m., 6.30 p.m.)

TURKISH BATHS These are a rarity in Britain, but cosmopolitan London has four of them. Here's where you'll find them *Savoy Baths* (Men), 92 Jermyn Street SW 1 (Wh 9552) *Savoy Baths* (Women, 12 York Street, SW 1 (Wh 7125) *Imperial Hotel*, Russell Square, WC 1 (Te 3655) *Edgware Road Turkish Baths*, 16 Harrow Road, W 2 (Pad 3677) *Finnish Bath (Sauna)*, *Sauna Ltd*, 11 Abingdon Road, W 8 (Wes 4487)

COFFEE BARS London has been invaded by the espresso coffee craze. More than 600 espresso bars have been built in the West End and closer suburbs during the past three years. Many of them have become social centres for intelligentsia: some have futuristic decor, all serve good coffee for 8d to 10d a cup. American visitors using these will no longer fear, but envy, British coffee.

STREET MARKETS Traditional home of the "barrow-boy," the true Cockney accent, good humour, bargains (and "spiv" swindles), and old London colour are the open-air markets held in various parts of the capital. They are always good fun. At some of these, you'll find ambassadors mingling with old cronies wearing caps and smoking pipes, smart men-about-town hunting antique chess sets, rubbing elbows with Lascar seamen—in fact, just about everybody. Always watch your pockets in case the odd purse and wallet hunters are on the prowl, otherwise these markets are perfectly safe and wonderfully well regulated.

Caledonian Market, Tower Bridge Road, SE 1 (Take a 42 bus from Tower Bridge) Open on Fridays only, from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. All kinds of curios, silverware, antiques, etc.

Petticoat Lane, in Middlesex Street, E 1 Open on Sunday mornings only for second-hand goods and curios of all descriptions.

Berwick Street, W 1 Clothing, materials, food, etc. Open weekdays only.

Church Street, Edgware Road, NW 8 Open weekdays. Sells antique jewelry, groceries, clothes, etc.

Borough, near London Bridge, E 1 Open weekdays for the sale of fruit and vegetables.

Billingsgate, north side of London Bridge. This is the world's most colourful fish market, and it has been thriving since the 17th century. Quaint caps of the porters are modelled on Henry V's archers who fought at Agincourt. Open daily between 4 a.m. and 7 a.m.

Covent Garden, WC 2 Opposite Opera House. Fruit, flowers, and vegetables on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays from 6 a.m. to 9 a.m.

Leadenhall, old Leadenhall Street, E.C.3. Meat, poultry, and game. Open weekdays. The ground on which the market stands was given to the City of London by Dick Whittington.

Smithfield, E.C.1. London's main meat market and one of the biggest in the world. Best days are Mondays and Thursdays. It dealt in live cattle from the 12th to 19th centuries.

PARKS AND PLEASURE GARDENS. In addition to the great parks (*Hyde, Regents, Green, St James'*) London has *Battersea Park*, where from April to October, you can have riotous fun beside the river. Try the "Big Dipper," a wild scenic railway, or any of the other attractions. Opened in 1951 to coincide with the Festival of Britain, the funfair often stages special events with a circus flavour. The park is open all the year round, while the funfair season is from mid-May to late September. Open on Sundays, the usual hours are from 10 a.m. to 11 p.m., admission 2s. Entry to the park is free.

Other parks well worth a visit are *Greenwich* (where the world's central time is taken from the Royal Observatory), *Paddington Rec* (Maida Vale), where athletic and cycling events are often staged, *Blackheath* and *Hampstead Heath*, *Kew Gardens* and the adjacent *Richmond Deer Park*, and *Brockwell Park* (Herne Hill) where there's open-air dancing in summer.

ICE AND ROLLER SKATING. Many rinks cater for these popular indoor sports. They usually have two sessions, beginning at 2.30 p.m. and 7.30 p.m. daily, including Sundays. *Queens Ice Club*, Queensway, W.2., *Streatham Ice Rink*, Streatham, S.W. 16, *Harringay Arena*, near Finsbury Park (when not in use for horse jumping shows, circuses, etc.), are among the leading ice skating centres. *Alexandra Palace*, north London, has a large roller rink.

POTTERY DISPLAYS. Visitors are welcome at *Chelsea Pottery*, 13 Radnor Walk, S.W.3., (a new ceramic studio regarded by connoisseurs all over the world as unique) and *Crafts Centre of Great Britain*, 16-17 Hay Hill, W.1. (Monday to Fridays from 10 a.m.-5 p.m.).



MUSEUMS AND ART GALLERIES. London is one of the two or three most important centers of western civilization, and many of its museums are incomparable in their scope, variety, and imaginative presentation. Here is a brief selection of the less specialized collections. For a complete listing, consult *Museums and Galleries in Great Britain and Northern Ireland*, Index Publishers Ltd., London, price 2s 6d. Unless otherwise noted, visiting hours are 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. weekdays, Sundays 2.30 to 5 p.m.

British Museum, Great Russell St., W.C.1. The single most important institution of its kind in the world. Among the various departments are prints and drawings; coins and medals; Egyptian and Assyrian antiquities; Greek, Roman, British, and Medieval antiquities; Oriental antiquities; ethnography. Lecture tours begin at 11.30 a.m. and 3 p.m. daily from the main entrance hall. If you're limited for time, go straight to the King Edward VII gallery, where a representative sampling from all the collections has been

gathered together. Admission free. **Carlyle's House**, 24 Cheyne Row, S.W.3. (Closed Sundays.) Letters, manuscripts, furniture, portraits, and other family mementos are displayed in the house that was Carlyle's home from 1834 until his death in 1881. Admission 1s.

Dicken's House, 48 Doughty St., W.S.1. (Weekdays 10-12.30, 2-5, closed Sundays.) Occupied by the author from 1837 to 1839. On display are portraits, letters, first editions, furniture, and autographs. Admission 1s.

Guildhall Museum, the Royal Exchange, WC2 (Closed Sundays) Portrays the history of the City of London from Roman times to the present Also an outstanding collection of watches and clocks Admission free

Hogarth's House, Hogarth Lane, W4 (Open weekdays 11-4 in winter, 11-6 in summer, Sundays 2-4 and 2-6) Drawings, engravings, and paintings of the artist in the home occupied by him for 15 years Admission 6d

Imperial Institute, Imperial Institute Road, SW7 Dedicated to portraying the life, resources, art, utensils, and religion of every country of the Commonwealth Noted for its many and realistic dioramas Topical films are shown daily in its cinema Admission free

Imperial War Museum, Lambeth Road, SE1 (Open weekdays 10-6, Sundays 2-6) Comprehensive collection of the Empire during two world wars, including an art collection and a library of films, photographs, and books Admission free

Dr Johnson's House, 17 Gough Square, EC4 (Open weekdays 10 30-5 in summer, otherwise 10 30-4 30, closed Sundays) The home of the great dictionary-maker from 1748-1759 is filled with relics both of Dr Johnson and of his times Admission 1s

Keats' House and Museum, Keats Grove, NW3 (Open weekdays 10-6, closed Sundays) The home of the poet during the five most creative years of his brief life Admission free

London Museum, Kensington Palace, W8 (Open weekdays 10-6 in summer, 10-4 October to February, Sundays 2-6 and 2-4) Illustrates the life, history, and memorabilia of London from its beginnings to the early 20th century Outstanding collection of royal robes Admission free

National Gallery, Trafalgar Square, WC2 (Open weekdays 10-6, Sundays 2-6) Collection of Italian,

Dutch Flemish Spanish, German and French painting up to 1930 plus British painters from Hogarth to Turner Admission free

National Maritime Museum, Romney Road Greenwich, SE10 (Open weekdays 10-6, Sundays 2 30-6) Superlative collection of ship models navigational instruments, charts, uniforms, medals, portraits, and paintings of naval scenes Admission free

National Portrait Gallery, St Martin's Place, Trafalgar Square, WC2 Paintings, drawings, busts of famous British men and women over the last 450 years Admission free

Natural History Museum, Cromwell Road, SW7 (Open weekdays 10-6 Sundays 2 30-6) A branch of the British Museum containing collections of animals, plants, minerals, fossils, and insects (nearly 15,000,000 specimens) Admission free

Science Museum, Exhibition Road, SW7 (Open weekdays 10-6, Sundays 2 30-6) Illustrates the development of mathematics, physics, chemistry, engineering, transport, mining, communications (an operating radio station), and industry as a whole Originals of many famous locomotives, aircraft, and cars Many working displays Admission free

Tate Gallery, Millbank, SW1 (Open weekdays 10-6, Sundays 2-6) Despite some modern foreign painting and sculpture, primarily dedicated to British artists, especially Turner, Blake, and the Pre-Raphaelites Admission free

Tower of London, Tower Hill EC3 (Closes at 4 p.m. from October through April) Outstanding collection of armor, uniforms, historic relics, and, in the Wakefield Tower, the Crown Jewels, including the 518½-carat Great Star of Africa and the Koh-i-Noor diamonds, St Edward's Crown, the Imperial Crown of State (with 2,783 diamonds set in platinum), and other treasures Admission 1s to either tower

Victoria and Albert Museum, Cromwell Road, S W 7 (Open weekdays 10-6, Sundays 2 30-6) Illustrates fine and applied arts of all countries and styles, British, European, and Oriental Admission free

Wallace Collection, Hertford House, Manchester Square, W 1 Exceptionally fine works of Dutch, Flemish, French, Spanish, Italian, and British paintings together with sculpture, furniture, china, armor, and work in gold Admission free

Wellington Museum, Hyde Park Corner, W 1 (Open weekdays 10-6, Sundays 2 30-6) The London home of the famous duke containing uniforms, decorations, trophies, and some paintings Admission 1s.

Wesley's House and Museum, 47 City Road, E C 3 (Open weekdays 10-4, closed Sundays) The home of the evangelist and founder of Methodism containing many items associated with him and his family Admission 6d

THE LONDON DOCKS These stretch down-Thames from the Pool of London (between London Bridge and Tower Bridge) for 22 miles to Tilbury They include London Docks, St Katherine's, East and West India Docks, Millwall Docks, Surrey Commercial Docks (the only ones on the south bank of the Thames), Royal Group, and Tilbury itself The Port of London Authority, which owns and manages them, arranges steamer trips through the docks on Saturdays afternoons in summer Check the London evening papers for local advertisements of times and prices.

LONDON AIRPORT. Situated 14 miles west of the capital, this is divided into London Airport North, where transatlantic and long-distance passengers arrive, and London Airport Central, used by most short haul operators The Central is considered to be the finest airport in the world Queen's Building is open to the public (admission 2s), and has spectator's lounges roof gardens, and grill rooms You can reach the airport by Green Line bus from Victoria, or by Piccadilly Line underground to Hounslow West, thence 81b or 91 bus routes Central is connected by tunnel with North, and both bus routes pass through it. The Green Line buses, however, serve only North

AIR TERMINALS IN LONDON British European Airway's new terminal opened in 1957 at the Cromwell Road Curve, Kensington, S W 7 Most domestic and Continental departures by bus for London Airport leave from here, including those operated by foreign airlines KLM Royal Dutch Airlines have their own terminal at 202 Sloane Street, S W 1

Airways Terminal, Victoria, is the largest in London, where all long distance departures are concentrated British Overseas Airways Corporation, Pan American, and Trans World Airlines use this building

The bus fare from all these terminals to London or Blackbushe airports is 5s one way

CANAL TRIPS Departures every day during the summer from Blomfield Road, W 9 (tube to Warwick Avenue, or buses Nos 1, 6, 8, 16, and 60). Usually three return trips every afternoon, along Regent's Canal, an ancient waterway in the heart of London Phone Cun. 3428 for bookings Fares 3s 6d.

ZOO. Situated in Regent's Park, N 1, the huge London Zoo contains one of the world's largest collections of animals, reptiles, and birds Childrens Corner affords camel, elephant, and pony rides. Open daily from 9 a.m. to 7 p.m. in summer, until 4 p.m. in winter. Admission 2s 6d except Mondays, when it's 1s 6d

LONDON OF TODAY

West End, East End, All Around The Town

by

JAMES EASTWOOD

(James Eastwood is an author, journalist, script writer, and foreign correspondent. He specializes in social history, in cultural developments, in modern Britain and Europe. His knowledge of London, both past and present, is impressive as revealed by the chapter below.)

We British call Piccadilly Circus "the hub of the universe" and say you're bound to see *everybody* there, if you wait long enough. Well, you may think, say, Times Square, has some claim to the distinction, but be that as it may, the Circus is, indisputably, the centre of modern London, especially London at play. Whenever celebrations are in the air, boat race nights, New Year's Eve, royal weddings, or what have you, then Piccadilly, with its bright lights, flower girls, and general air of jollification, acts like a magnet. Appropriately, at the very centre of the Circus is a fountain presided over by a statue of Eros, god of love. A favourite London pastime is endeavouring to climb to the top of Eros. The police, however, are less indulgent to these antics than they were. In the 'nineties of the last century the Circus really was a circus, with clowns everywhere. Just behind the Piccadilly Hotel is Vine Street with a police station (now closed) that has probably given a night's unwilling lodging to more eminent men in their youth than any other comparable place in the world. For the police weren't altogether lenient then, but it was a sort of game, played with ardour by both sides, the revellers and the law.

Eastward, just along Coventry Street, you'll come to that scarcely less celebrated centre of conviviality, Leicester Square, with its imposing array of cinemas, restaurants, night spots, and such, with Shakespeare sitting on his pedestal in the centre, composing an endless soliloquy about it all. Incredible as it may seem today, the square was once residential in character. Hogarth lived there, so did Swift and Reynolds and many French aristocrats who fled to Britain from the terrors of revolution in France. Its heyday as a resort for those on pleasure

bent, however, was also in the 'nineties, the days, or rather, the nights, when the Empire Promenade was one of the naughtiest places in Europe

The West End is pleasant indeed in the mornings, especially Piccadilly, Bond Street, and Regent Street. Piccadilly is wonderful in spring and early summer when Green Park glitters in the sunlight with emerald brightness, and there you must stroll. Times have changed, of course, but on such occasions I always think of Old Q (a celebrated aristocratic *bon vivant*) who, even at an advanced age, used to sit on his balcony overlooking Piccadilly admiring the pretty women who passed, keeping a carriage and groom in constant readiness to pursue any promising adventure. It's in the Piccadilly air.

Bond Street

But, of course, sooner or later, you'll be shopping. And that means Bond Street. There are, however, two Bond Streets, Old and New. This may not seem of much consequence, since one leads into the other. But to the tenants it means a great deal, Old Bond Street being built in 1686 and New not until fourteen years later—and the "old," as is often the case in Britain, looks with some condescension on the "new." Before Sir Thomas Bond's time (he was a speculative builder), it was a rutted, muddy country lane, infested with footpads and highwaymen. The upper class, however, built country houses there to escape the smoke and noise of Westminster and the City, the tailors, milliners, glovers, hatters, and so on followed. Generations passed, the aristocrats moved farther west, but the tradesmen remained—and there they are still. And it's still, as in, say, Regency days, a place to lounge and parade.

Give plenty of time to Bond Street, the shops are fascinating to feminine and masculine tastes alike. Savile Row (ask a policeman where it is), however, is definitely masculine, for it's devoted entirely to tailors, the prim, unostentatious fronts of whose establishments give no hint of the fabulous wealth of fine cloths within.

Oh, and don't forget the Burlington Arcade, a fascinating covered street of tiny luxury shops which runs down from Burlington Gardens back to Piccadilly. Since you're back on Piccadilly again, turn left towards the Circus and in a few yards you'll come to Albany Court Yard, a quiet backwater that houses Albany, one of the most distinguished addresses in London.

While on the subject of masculine London (and it's often said, with some justice, that London is a man's town, just as Paris is a woman's), why not cross Piccadilly and plunge into St. James's, which, with its clubs and shops devoted entirely to the needs of the male of the species, has an atmosphere all its own? Here you'll see bowler-hatted figures, often with gait and moustaches of military precision, who look so much like the Englishmen of popular imagination (and the advertisements) that at first you may wonder if they are quite real. But they are—quite definitely they are—we assure you. A visit to an English club (if you're a man) is, of course, quite an experience, but you'll have to know a member, or already be a member of, say, a New York club that has British affiliations. Walk around behind St. James's Street, near the Green Park, towards lunch time on a fine day. You'll see elegant London at its most typical, and realize that despite taxes, wars, and the high cost of living, London's Men about Town still exist. Look at the William IV street lamps in Little St. James' Street, at the magnificence of the great houses bordering Green Park (one or two of which are still lived in privately), at the quiet unhurried, unpretentious air about the tiny doorways that often lead into luxurious rooms hidden away from public gaze because shy elegance likes it that way.

On the north side of Piccadilly again, you will, of course, want to see two famous squares, Berkeley and Grosvenor. The former, still beautiful with its fine trees and gardens, was once one of London's most distinguished residential centres. Robert Walpole and his son Horace, Charles James Fox, and Clive of India lived there together with many other leaders of the social and political worlds. The quest for office space has, however, been the occasion for a formidable "drive to the west" by business firms in recent years, and Berkeley Square today has few, if any, residents.

"Little America" and Mayfair

Grosvenor Square, the site of the American Embassy, the Roosevelt memorial, and many other U. S. agencies, is called by Londoners, "Little America." They love to sit in the gardens close to the statue of the man who seemed almost a personal friend to many Englishmen during the dark days of the war. Much of the money for this statue was collected in pennies and sixpences gladly given by the ordinary people of London.

The West End includes, of course, Regent Street, perhaps

London's most eye-catching shopping street, and Knightsbridge, which lies west of Hyde Park Corner, where lived William Penn, founder of the State of Pennsylvania.

But the heart of the West End was, and remains, Mayfair—the district bounded by Park Lane on the west and Bond Street on the east, by Piccadilly on the south and Oxford Street on the north. It derived its name from the May Fair, held there every year, the occasion of much frivolity and fun. So much so, in fact, that it was suppressed. A wit has said, "it was founded" (as a residential district, that is) "by one Thomas Howard in 1750, confounded by Michael Arlen in 1920, and dumbfounded by Sir Stafford Cripps in 1948." But Mayfair is mostly a state of mind, an irresponsible and somewhat flippant charm that has miraculously survived from the days of bucks, bezus, and macaronis—in spite of surtax, purchase tax, death duties, and champagne cocktails at half-a-guinea each.

As you wander through these charming streets with their fine old Georgian houses that have seen such great days, as you make a phone call from the sedan chair that does duty as a call box in the Shepherd's Tavern in Shepherd's Market—all that remains of the old May Fair and veritably a village in Piccadilly—you, too, will succumb to its charm.

The chances are you'll become quite familiar with this part of town during your stay, since two of the hotels most popular with Americans (The Dorchester and Grosvenor House) are only a few hundred yards away from Marble Arch down Park Lane, and another (The Cumberland) actually faces the Arch.

Park Lane, its southerly continuation, on the other hand, is the quintessence of sophistication, Mayfair from top to bottom. It looks its best, I think, seen from the Park at night when the big hotels are floodlit, the buses glide redly to and fro, and dinner in appropriately plushy surroundings is before you. Park Lane has had many distinguished residents, but nowadays, if you go in for fine distinctions in these matters, you'll find the little streets that run off it into the heart of Mayfair, just a little smarter.

Marble Arch itself is the centre of a traffic whirlpool. It was designed by Nash, influenced by the Arch of Constantine at Rome, and brought to its present site from Buckingham Palace in 1850. If your taste turns to the gruesome rather than the architectural, remember that you are now close to the spot where stood Tyburn Tree, or the gallows on which the criminals (and martyrs) of London were publicly executed for many years.

Park Lane was virtually the westerly border of Georgian London, and Paddington, the area to the northwest, was formerly a mere village that sprang into life only in the 19th century when the railways came. Paddington Station, from which you'll depart for your visit to the West Country, seems its very heart and soul.

Hyde Park

But of course it is Hyde Park, with its soapbox orators (just inside the gates at Marble Arch—best performances usually on Sunday mornings), its great trees and quiet walks and flowers, with its children and seeming remoteness from the great city, that will draw you and refresh you, as it has refreshed Londoners for generations.

Long ago, however, it was far from being a place of public resort. In Henry VIII's reign it was enclosed and became a royal hunting ground, conveniently close to St. James' Palace for His Majesty. Elizabeth, too, followed the chase there. It was not until the Restoration, until the coming of Charles II when fun and games were the order of the day, that the park became a resort for the fashionable and the frivolous. Rotten Row appeared, and those parts of the park nearest to Mayfair became a favourite "lounge," to use the old and appropriate word. "Nothing was so much the fashion," to quote a contemporary, "during the fine weather as this promenade, which was the rendezvous of fashion and beauty." Everyone, therefore, who had either sparkling eyes or roving ones joined the parade. True, in the times of the Georges, the Mall proved a stronger attraction, but during the Regency, with its enormous zest for everything to do with horseflesh and equipages (for which the Row provided a splendid backdrop), Hyde Park came into its own again and continued to be the open-air resort of all who wished to stare, or be stared at, right through the Victorian Era. Indeed, it was the centre for the Great Exhibition of 1851; for it was in Hyde Park that the enormous Crystal Palace, one of the wonders of an age of wonders, glittered in the sun for all the world to come and admire.

Today you will find the Park rather less fashionable than of old—mostly because elegant lounging is out of fashion. But there are still riders on the Row on a fine morning, and you will almost certainly catch a glimpse of the Household Cavalry, the sun flashing on burnished breastplates, on their way from Kensington Barracks to Whitehall. You may row on and swim

in the Serpentine, and take open-air refreshment in the cafés you'll find amongst the trees. And you may watch the model yachts on the Round Pond (Kensington Gardens and Hyde Park form one great open space) and the kites that soar above it, and delight with the children in Peter Pan. Is there any better way of spending a fine afternoon?

Westminster, Trafalgar Square

Westminster was the first important settlement to appear beyond the walls of the ancient City of London. It was the Abbey that called it into being. First the church, then the kings, for it was the royal custom to patronize sacred places. And following the church and king came all those who supplied the needs and luxuries of monastery and court. If you ask why the Abbey was built just at that point beside the Thames, the answer is that here was the lowest available ford across the river, and the ancient monasteries were usually built where rest and refreshment were most welcome to travellers.

This, of course, is going back many centuries. But today the seat of government, in Parliament and Whitehall, is still in Westminster, and kings are still crowned in the Abbey. In no part of London do past and present mingle so judiciously and completely. And it is to Whitehall, in days of stress or crisis, that crowds come to watch anxiously the comings and goings of ministers at No. 10 Downing Street, the home and office of the Prime Minister.

Few other people actually live in the Whitehall district today. The armies of civil servants return to their suburbs at night. But it has been the centre of great luxury. Here lived Cardinal Wolsey with 800 servants and a cook who wore a chain of gold. And in the Palace of Whitehall, Charles II held court, the rooms well-filled with lovely ladies.

Inevitably you will find your way to Trafalgar Square, dominated by Nelson, three times life size, at the top of his column. Here the pigeons are at home, and every visitor to London must have his photograph taken with them, just as with their brethren in Venice. There are starlings, too. At dusk the air is sweet with their twitterings as they roost by the thousand along the ledges and pinnacles of the National Gallery, St. Martin's in the Fields, and South Africa House. The Square is also the scene of open-air political gatherings, and often on Sunday afternoons you can listen to "spouters" perched up beside the lions at the base of Nelson's Column. Here, too, the

fountains play, and at Christmas time there comes a great tree from across the North Sea, a seasonal gift from the people of Norway to the citizens of London.

One of the most interesting things you can do in London by day or night is to walk along the Embankment. As you leave Westminster Bridge, on your left is Scotland Yard, the headquarters of one of the world's most efficient police forces. All down the Embankment you will find much to fascinate you: the statue to Plimsoll, the man whose famous "line" ended the danger of overloaded ships; Cleopatra's Needle, first set up about 1450 B. C. in Egypt and given by the Khedive to Britain in 1875. It made the voyage cased in an iron cylinder and towed by a tug that was wrecked in the Bay of Biscay. Here, too, along the Embankment, you will find Captain Scott's ship *Discovery* in which he voyaged to the South Pole. And there is much else besides, apart from the constantly changing scene on the river. When you wish to rest a little, turn into Temple Gardens, one of the most peaceful spots in town, yet only a stone's throw from the bustle of Fleet Street and the Strand.

Kensington

It was King William III who, socially speaking, really put Kensington on the map. "The Smoak of the Coal Fires of London much incommoded his Majesty," wrote a contemporary, "who was always troubled with Asthma and could not bear lying in town." The King found the Thames mists that frequently veiled Whitehall particularly trying. So for 18,000 guineas he bought Nottingham House, conveniently situated in the village of Kensington. The mansion, renamed Kensington Palace, achieved the dignity of a royal residence—a distinction it retained until after the death of Queen Mary—but it is now occupied by the London Museum. Kensington is officially known as the Royal Borough, and it is today one of the capital's most distinguished residential districts.

With the arrival of royalty the village "flourished almost beyond belief," according to a chronicler writing in 1705. Court personages hastened to follow the royal example, and Kensington Square (look for Thackeray's house there) was built largely to accommodate them. In the reign of Anne, the demand for lodging became so pressing that at one time an ambassador, a bishop, and a physician occupied apartments in the same house in the square. With the court and society came the wits and the men of letters.

Go west a little turn down to the left, and you will be in Edwardes Square, one of London's loveliest. It was developed around 1802 by a Frenchman named Changier—in perfect taste, though entirely English in atmosphere and architecture. The story goes that Changier was really one of Napoleon's agents and as such built the square to house the Corsican's civil servants after England had been successfully invaded!

Kensington has a magical quality of surprise. It has houses and antique shops that seem to belong to a cathedral city. It has a delightful pub—the *Windsor Castle*—on the top of Campden Hill, with a charming arched garden, and another in Edwardes Square, with tables in the open air, a fine collection of Hogarth etchings, and a good kitchen. It also has the Albert Memorial—about which you must form your own opinion! Stroll along the quiet street, terraces, and gardens on either side of the High Street, with their neat, decorous houses, and you'll get the feel of how English people really like to live—in solid quiet comfort.

The modern spirit, however, has by no means passed the Royal Borough by. On the High Street are two of the capital's finest stores together with many excellent smaller shops—and don't forget the antique shops on Church Street. They are among the best in the country.

Chelsea

Chelsea, the most central of the riverside suburbs, is London's traditional artists' quarter. Walk along the Chelsea Embankment just as the light is fading from the sky, and you will be as captivated by the scene as was Turner, who lived at No. 119 Cheyne Row and died there in 1851. Cheyne Row and Walk, surely one of London's most attractive groups of houses, was built in the early years of the 18th century, like so much of the best in the city. And it has had a great number of distinguished residents: Thomas Carlyle, Leigh Hunt, George Eliot, Count d'Orsay, and Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

Chelsea is still the home of many writers, actors, actresses, and, of course, artists. Many studios were bombed during the war, and many others, because of the housing shortage, were taken over by people who had never touched brush or pencil with artistic intent in their lives. Many real artists went to live in other parts of London, notably Hampstead. But today the trend is happily reversed, and in the evenings, when the light has gone, you'll still find many eager, voluble, and altogether charming people with paint on their fingers in the Chelsea pubs.

Wisely, the Chelsea authorities have now restricted studios to artists only.

This suburb has a more informal, rather less genteel appearance and atmosphere than neighbouring Kensington. But it, too, has many utterly delightful residential backwaters, and through parted curtains you may look at rooms of exquisite taste, which here in Chelsea is entirely as it should be.

The principal thoroughfare is the King's Road, a happy hunting ground if you're keen on antiques. And Chelsea has one particularly fine modern store—*Peter Jones*, in Sloane Square, out of which King's Road runs to the west.

The district's most notable building is the Chelsea Hospital for old or disabled warriors, whom you'll see making a brave show in their scarlet coats on any fine morning. The institution was founded by the Merry Monarch, Charles II, at the request, it's said, of Nell Gwynn. Sir Christopher Wren was the architect, and a fine example of his secular style it is. You may attend the chapel services on Sunday and visit the gardens.

Chelsea was, and still is, addicted to gaiety and music. When Ranelagh Gardens were closed early in the 19th century, a few years later Cremorne Gardens, northwest of Battersea Bridge, took their place—but apparently on a far less elegant scale. Indeed, they became notorious for their frivolities and were closed by outraged Victorian public opinion in 1877.

Today, however, Chelsea has its revenge once a year when it holds the celebrated Chelsea Arts' Ball, which you must attend if you're in London on New Year's Eve, right opposite the Albert Memorial in the Albert Hall.

Soho

During your stay in London the desire for food rather more exotic than that usually served in ordinary hotels and restaurants will certainly drive you to the district called Soho, for it's there that you find most of the capital's Continental eating places. Walk down Shaftesbury Avenue away from Piccadilly Circus, take almost any street to the left, and you will be in the heart of London's oldest cosmopolitan quarter. All the restaurants are close together, mostly in Frith, Dean, Greek, and Old Compton streets. So go there half an hour before you're ready for lunch and take your pick—French, Italian, Spanish, Kosher, Hungarian, or what you will.

Though not outstanding architecturally, with its street market of fruits, flowers, and vegetables, its Continental provision and

wine merchants, its little cafés where the chorus girls from the *London Casino* take coffee during a break in rehearsals, its foreign newspapers, its Bohemian air—Soho has plenty of character. It attracts the outlandish ones, the bizarre, the men with missions and big ideas. Karl Marx lived in Dean Street, and is it by chance that the film companies settled in Wardour Street?

Socially, entertainments in Soho today are nondescript. But the modern fairy palaces—or rather grottos—exist in the luxurious private theatres of the film companies. The various Soho clubs are mostly rather dingy, provide little or nothing in the way of cabaret entertainment, and are frequently used by some of London's less savoury characters. Indeed, Soho is one of the homes of the "underworld," but the police have it well covered, and you may safely venture there.

The district is bounded on the east by Charing Cross Road, a thoroughfare that provides a fascinating cross-section of big city life with its pin-table saloons, *palais de dance*, American men's wear shops, cinemas, bookshops, milk bars, theatrical agencies, and those strange little shops into which no one merely walks, but, after a hurried glance to right and left, just vanishes through the door. Though less picturesque, the bookshops of Charing Cross Road are to London what the stalls along the Seine are to Paris. If you are bookishly inclined, there is no better way of spending a fine afternoon after a good Soho lunch than browsing along those interminable dusty shelves. How did the district get its name? Well, when our ancestors chased hares across the fields, the hunting cry was, "Sohoe!"

Bloomsbury

Bloomsbury is London's student quarter, dominated by the huge (by European standards) white skyscraper in Malet Street that is the University of London Building. It contains also the British Museum and University College, which is part of London University. Strolling through these prim streets and across the green squares you see men and women students of every colour and race, and the district probably contains more books than the rest of London put together. Before the last war, many of the students lodged as well as studied in Bloomsbury, but nowadays most of them take tube or bus to the less expensive suburbs when lectures are over and libraries closed for the night. So don't expect to find gay student cafés, open till the small hours, thick with tobacco smoke, and noisy with chatter.

It is a district of neat squares, and Bloomsbury Square, planned by the Earl of Southampton, is the oldest. Macaulay reports that foreign princes were taken to see it as one of the wonders of England, a veritable "little town." Here Herbert Spencer wrote his *First Principles*, and Sir Hans Sloane started the collection that was to be the nucleus of the British Museum. Steele, the writer, entertained his friends in one of the prim houses—using the bailiffs as waiters. In his youth Disraeli was a resident. And other Bloomsbury squares—Russell, Bedford, Woburn, for example—have had almost equally distinguished pasts.

Then the railways came, and three of the greatest London termini—Euston, St. Pancras, and King's Cross—were built on the northern fringe of the district. Quiet houses, once the home of a single family, became lodging houses, and a whole new literature about landladies, tenants and overworked skivvies below stairs came into existence. In the 'twenties, Bloomsbury briefly recovered something of its residential dignity when Virginia Woolf became the centre of a new literary school there. Now it has entered another phase. Many of the old houses have become offices for commercial undertakings and societies to promote this or that.

Speaking of societies, you will find the London headquarters of the Quakers, the Society of Friends, on Euston Road, almost directly facing Euston Station. There is always a cordial welcome for visitors from abroad, especially those interested in promoting international goodwill.

Tottenham Court Road is the district's busiest thoroughfare. In the early part of the 17th century it was still a country lane dotted with numerous booths for gaming and prizefighting. Rowdiness was common. Today it is one of London's main north-south arteries, a street of rather dingy buildings. It is the headquarters of the furniture trade, and if you are interested in modern or reproduction pieces you should certainly visit the showrooms of such firms as *Heal and Sons* or *Maple and Company*.

Holborn

Bloomsbury is really part of Holborn, and Holborn is London's smallest borough, though one of its busiest, in spite of its academic heart. Kingsway, which grandly strikes through it, is the biggest and most imposing street built in London in recent years. To make room for it, great areas of slums were

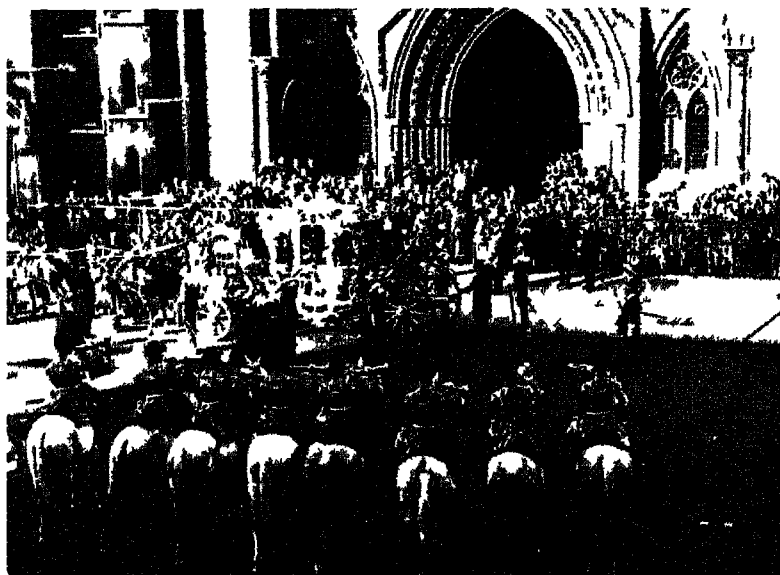


One of England's peculiarities is that it contains the world's largest city yet is renowned at the same time for the beauty of its countryside. Above: rural England: a thatched-roof cottage and garden near Thaxted in Essex. Below: urban England: London's fabulous Regent Street





Love of sports love of pagantry these are two components of the British soul The royal game of golf has spread from the land of its birth to the four corners of the world and from these same four corners come thousands each year for colorful events like London's Lord Mayor's Show



torn down. On it you will find the Stoll Theatre, a magnificent place built by Oscar Hammerstein in one of many unsuccessful efforts to found a really popular opera house in London. Within a few years after his death, it was ignominiously converted into a cinema. Today it seems to have an assured future as a center for lavish stage musicals. In point of fact, the silver screen and Holborn are rather intimately connected, for it was in a tiny room in Brooke Street that William Friese Greene invented moving pictures.

Holborn also has two Inns of Court, Gray's and Lincoln's, rich in historical associations. Gray's was also the home of one very much alive person who never lived—for it was there that Dickens lodged David Copperfield. In Lincoln's Inn Fields, opening out from the quiet court itself, you'll hear soapbox orators at lunch time.

What shall it be next? A visit to the zoo, Madame Tussaud's, the Wallace Collection? Would you like to witness that peculiar English game, cricket, or consult a doctor? Or simply window-gaze along one of the world's greatest shopping streets? Any of these things you can do in Marylebone—and stare at the headquarters of the B.B.C. in Portland Place, too, for good measure.

The northern side of Oxford Street is in Marylebone, so if you're a stickler about boundaries, keep to it. Anyway, on the north side is *Selfridge's*, Britain's most famous store, founded by an American. The changes Oxford Street has seen! Marble Arch at the westerly end was the site of Tyburn, London's place of execution, and the poor condemned wretches were dragged to it the length of Oxford Street.

Turn right at the westerly corner of *Selfridge's* and you'll be in Baker Street, a place of pilgrimage for admirers of the greatest detective of all, though you'll look in vain for the house where Sherlock Holmes "lived." The post office, however, still deals with many letters every year addressed to Holmes from all over the world. And a London crime magazine has astutely borrowed the address though its offices are elsewhere.

Turn back down Wigmore Street and you'll come to Harley Street, which is entirely devoted to medicine; most of Britain's greatest specialists have their consulting rooms there. It's a place of reassuring, wellbred and rather expensive calm, fine houses, and costly automobiles.

In Manchester Square was the town house of the Marquis of Hertford, the scene of many brilliant social occasions, and a treasure house of art. Then—more than a century ago—the Marquis shut up his house, and for 36 years it stood shuttered,

the pictures by Reynolds, Gainsborough, Rubens, and Van Dyck unscathed and dimming beneath the dust in the twilight. It was a happy day when the Marquis's heir, Sir Richard Wallace, returned. In three days the mansion returned to glorious life, the dust was gone. Sir Richard had been in Paris when his relative died and had himself formed a fine art collection in the French capital. Fear of the Commune in 1870 brought him to London with his treasures and his French wife. When he died, she left the Wallace Collection to the nation.

No more fitting end to an afternoon surrounded by such beauty could be devised than tea in Regent's Park, which, striking north out of Manchester Square, you will find within a few minutes' walk. Here are shady lawns, flowers in inconceivable variety, and the distant prospect of fine Regency houses. On summer evenings you have the delights of the open-air theatre. Only a few hundred yards away in the 37-acre zoo are most of the wild beasts of the earth—don't miss the chimpanzees' tea party. With almost everything that walks, creeps, crawls, and flies close around you, and often against the authentic backgrounds, London's busy streets seem a long way off. Strolling past the zoo at night can be an unnerving experience. The sound of the legendary nightingale in Berkeley Square is one thing, the howl of the jackal in Regent's Park quite another.

The Strand

A long time ago, the Strand was a thin line of houses along the road linking the City and royal Westminster. Gradually and in its own right, it became one of the famous thoroughfares of the world. Every visitor to London goes down the Strand. Today it's the main artery of a busy commercial district—fruit, flowers, and vegetables in Covent Garden (and, of course, opera) just to the north, publishing, and a vast variety of other enterprises. Though it hasn't the elegance of the true West End, the Strand has an invigorating atmosphere of being closely concerned with the workaday world, where everyone is about his business.

In the 'eighties and 'nineties of the last century the Strand was a centre of gay nightlife—not exactly for polite society but for journalists, artists, actors and actresses, and those typically Edwardian creatures, the ladies of the chorus, who managed to run a carriage, inhabit a charming apartment in St. John's Wood, and indulge in champagne suppers on a tiny income. The Strand at night was jammed with hansom cabs and laughing

couples; it was lined with smart restaurants and chop-and-sausage emporia, with theatres and less reputable places of entertainment. London nightlife in those days was at once tawdry and luxurious, brash, gaudy, and gay. "Strolling down the Strand, that's where I do the grand"—as one contemporary popular song put it. Today you can still do things in style on the Strand, but it's not so easy to be a "gay dog," and it'll cost you more if you try.

While on the Strand you should certainly visit Somerset House, the home of the Inland Revenue and the Registrar, the gentleman who counts us all and records our entrances into the world and our exits; he also keeps our wills and marriage certificates. For a modest shilling you may inspect Shakespeare's will, for instance, or Milton's, or Newton's.

Then there are the Law Courts, a remarkable edifice in latter-day Gothic style. You may, of course, listen to the cases in progress, but you may find it rather dull, since they are mostly civil actions, crammed with technicalities. To get a better idea of how British justice deals with the man-in-the-street when he's committed some motoring offence, or sold fruit from a barrow without a licence, and so on, you should visit one of the Magistrates' Courts—Bow Street, for example, whose doors are immediately opposite the entrance of the Royal Opera House in Covent Garden. Here you can spend an hour with great profit if you're a student of human (or, rather, British) nature, and find cause for some laughter—and tears, too.

The City

You enter the City from the west at Temple Bar in the Strand without fuss or ceremony—and in this you are luckier than the Queen, for she is always challenged by the Lord Mayor at this point. The civic sword is surrendered to her Majesty, and once again the ancient privileges of the City have been maintained.

Now you enter Fleet Street, the headquarters of London's newspapers. On and around this famous street are the offices of most of the great papers, from the staid *Daily Telegraph* building to that shiny-black super-modern edifice of the *Daily Express*. However, *The Times*, Britain's most famous, authoritative, and sober journal, occupies premises at Printing House Square, on Queen Victoria Street, close to Blackfriars Bridge.

Journalists, in general, being a thirsty crowd, you'll find the taverns of Fleet Street well worth visiting; for they are really informal clubs. Try *El Vino's* for sherry and closeups of the

more literary type of Fleet Street gent. *The Cock* is interesting, too, though there you'll find as many lawyers from the nearby Inns of Court as journalists. Certainly the most ancient is *The Cheshire Cheese*, rebuilt in 1667, the year following the Great Fire. It's in Wine Office Court where you'll also find the house in which Oliver Goldsmith lived and wrote the *Vicar Of Wakefield*. What I like most about "The Cheese" is that it doesn't just live in the past. It has proper respect for tradition—from the sawdust on the floor to the parrot in the bar. But it's as much a part of the London scene now as when Dr. Johnson lorded it in the parlour, and Reynolds, Steele, Goldsmith, Garrick and even Voltaire chatted there with cronies.

Facing you as you go up Ludgate Hill is St. Paul's, while around Wren's great masterpiece are some of the most bomb-devastated areas in the City whose heart you are now approaching. On every side rise mighty steel skeletons of new buildings. This is no place to come at night, for few, other than caretakers, charwomen, and policemen, inhabit it then. The narrow streets—Cheapside, Cornhill, Leadenhall Street, and so on—with the great banking houses, insurance companies, and shipping offices on either side, are silent and deserted, and it is difficult for the modern traveller to imagine that it was here that Londoners once lived as well as worked. But by day there is plenty of bustle and some excitement, though most of it is on the floor of the Stock Exchange. Much of the old formality has gone. Today you don't see many top hats and frock coats in the City. But even if times change, silent revolutions come to pass, and the City is not the great power that it once was, it still has a fine air of stability and strength.

Look at the Bank of England, the Royal Exchange, Lloyd's, the Mansion House, and the Old Bailey, where many of the great British criminal trials are held. These are the institutions that in their history and traditions help to explain how a country with so great a respect for law and ancient custom can still adapt and modify even its most cherished institutions to meet the needs of new times. Since the days of Queen Elizabeth, the merchant adventurers based on this famous square mile have exerted a powerful influence on English life.

The East End

Yes, the East End is a "must," even if your visit to London be a short one. For in it you'll find the Tower and Tower Bridge, districts with names like Limehouse, Wapping, and the Isle of

Dogs, that are as much a part of the real London as a November fog. Above all, the East End is the home of hundreds of thousands of Londoners whom you'll never see in the more sophisticated parts of the metropolis. The East End Cockney speaks a robust language of his own that will, no doubt, completely mystify you. (It's a kind of rhyming slang, "trouble and strife," for example, means "wife.") But don't let that deter you. The East Ender can also speak English of a more international kind, often with Hollywood embellishments. Life east of Aldgate is raw, and much of it is drab and squalid. But there's haunting beauty, now and then, and humour, and a robust friendliness. You'll soon discover why the Cockney is called "irrepressible."

Unless you take one of the Thames water buses, you'll almost certainly approach the East End via Aldgate, where the dignified, solid, respectable world of the City, with its banks and old-established business houses, suddenly vanishes. The buildings are suddenly nondescript, the people talk in louder voices, and some of the men wear caps and no ties.

Aldgate may look commonplace, but it is one of the capital's most historic parts. The eastern entrance to the City, it was a lively, bustling place in mediaeval times. England's richest priory was there. Walk along Whitechapel High Street for a few yards and on the left you'll come to Middlesex Street. That's its polite, modern name. But to the vast majority of Londoners it's Petticoat Lane. With its open-air stalls and booths, its street cries and jostling crowds wedged into such a narrow space, it is rather like a miraculous survival of a mediaeval fair. To see it at its best, go there on Friday afternoons or Sunday mornings.

The East End has two main thoroughfares: Whitechapel Road, which runs away from the river, and Commercial Road, which takes you to Limehouse and the heart of dockland.

Frankly, Whitechapel Road will depress you. It is a broad thoroughfare of inconceivable monotony. But if you want to get the feel of East End life, then you must go into the lanes and alleys leading off it. Mean-looking shops and squalid lodging houses you'll see in plenty. But you'll look in vain for the extreme Dickensian squalor that existed here up till 1939. The causes of it—unemployment, hunger, stark poverty—have largely disappeared during Britain's postwar recovery.

Many of the shops bear foreign and Jewish names. The industrial and commercial life of the East End has been stimulated from time to time by the arrival of Continental refugees—Flemings from the Low Countries, Huguenots from France. These and other aliens were soon assimilated, but the East End

is still one of the world's most fascinating melting-pots, without at the same time losing its thoroughly English character. The Jewish immigration, by the way, is of fairly recent date—the latter part of the 19th century. Most of them came from Eastern Europe and the majority took to tailoring—still one of the main industries of the East End.

The Docks

Getting to the heart of dockland is quicker said than done, because the East End is not the easiest part of London to find your way about in. A good plan, however, is to get down to the East India Dock Road and then start working your way back westwards—well, almost westwards—before you've walked or driven far you won't know in which direction you're heading. So have a good map handy. With only the glimpse of an occasional mast or funnel to tantalize you, you'll begin to wonder if London docks really are the biggest in the world. One knowledgeable person said, "London swallows its ships, each one a morsel, as deftly and as neatly as a warehouse swallows its tit-bits of tea and tobacco. The ships come up with the tide and vanish."

Well, that's true, and another glance at the map will tell you why. The river takes a great bend here, and in the land so enclosed some of the biggest docks—the West India—have been built. This is the Isle of Dogs, the inner stronghold of dockdom. It's said that some of the inhabitants have never set foot on the mainland. Many of them are the descendants of that very tough breed, the watermen of London—of which more in a moment. But when you come to West India Dock Road, as you will at the end of East India ditto, you'll find yourself among Scandinavians, negroes, West Indians, Malays, and Lascars—indeed, it's one of the most cosmopolitan streets to be found anywhere. To most of these visitors, this is London. They seldom go "up West." Here are the seamen's hostels, their bars and pubs, cinemas and eating places.

Chinatown

This is also London's Chinatown. Don't expect to see many Chinese, however. The Chinese population is a floating one of a few hundreds, law-abiding and hard working. Sherlock Holmes' stories notwithstanding, there are today no opium dens. However, look for a pub called the *Railway Hotel*—better known

to the world at large as "Charlie Brown's." Have a glass of bitter there and see the Eastern souvenirs that adorn the place.

If you want to go to the Isle of Dogs, take West Ferry Road. You'll find it a tantalizing, but fascinating, detour with swing bridges, more masts, cranes that prod the sky, but hardly the sight of a ship. Do you fancy pneumatic elevators? Then go to Millwall Dock. If you are more alcoholically minded, the wine and brandy at London Docks are an inspiring sight. And there, too, are the famous ivory floors, to which African chiefs have been sending elephant tusks for generations.

But we are still looking for the river. Well, press on till you come to streets with names like Barque, Brig, and Ship, a sure sign that Father Thames is close at hand. Go down one of them and you will come to an open space called The Island Gardens. There at last, bustling with activity, rowboats, barges, police launches, big ships, little ships, is the river. Sit down a while and do what Londoners have been doing ever since there was a London—watch the river traffic go by. The imposing building across the water is Greenwich Hospital. On the same site there once was a royal palace where Henry VIII and Tudor Queens Mary and Elizabeth were born. Incidentally, you'll notice how closely old or new royal residences are associated with the river. Greenwich, the Tower, Hampton Court, Windsor—all are linked by the Thames. And it was upon the Thames that royal majesties, in more leisurely times, progressed from one palace to another. Greenwich, however, is no longer "royal." The hospital is a home for aged seamen, a naval museum, and a naval college. The building itself, by the way, was designed by Wren.

Speaking of the Thames as London's most historic highway brings us to those picturesque characters, the watermen. In the 16th century, the river scene must have resembled a northern Venice, with its constant bustle of small boats plying for hire. The watermen were a rough, tough lot; their language offended their passengers; they were constantly brawling amongst themselves. They also sang. Don't, however, expect a present-day waterman to serenade you. He seems to have lost his voice, and anyway his union wouldn't let him.

The river remained a teeming highway until roads improved, the number of footpads diminished, and London sprawled farther and farther away from its banks. Recently, however, there has been a back-to-the-river movement, and you'll find an excellent service of swift, modern water buses moving up and down the Thames.

Wapping High Street is one of London's most famous thoroughfares, but don't expect to find neat shops and houses. Huge warehouses rear up on both sides, so that driving down it is like going through a tunnel. Here and there you'll catch a glimpse of heavy barges and aggressive tugs hooting their self-importance. While on High Street, be sure to look for a pub called *The Prospect of Whitby*. In the bar you'll find sailors and watermen, and a fascinating collection of old lanterns, saucy pictures, stuffed crocodiles, and all the odds-and-ends that a hundred sailors could hope to bring back after years at sea. This house is associated with some of the greatest names in English seafaring history. It's said that from the veranda the blood-thirsty Judge Jeffreys used to watch his victims swinging from the gibbets at nearby Execution Dock. Nowadays it's a more peaceful scene, and that veranda is one of the best places I know to absorb the atmosphere of London's river. The ships of the world are there before you, yet never do you feel more at home.

Emerging from this jolly pub fortified by copious draughts of good English beer, you'll no doubt feel ready for one of London's greatest sights—the Tower. So keep on westward, until you come to St. Katherine's Way, close to which are the bonded wine and spirit warehouses of the P.L.A. Spirits of another kind are near at hand because St. Katherine's Docks (which you are passing) are popularly known as "Resurrection Docks." An ancient hostel used to stand on the site. When it was demolished in George IV's time to make room for the piers, folk remembered that thousands of people had been buried there since time immemorial—hence the ghoulish name and the superstitions that collected around the place.

The Tower of London

All at once, you come to a gateway. And there beyond it is the Tower—a fine and unexpected view of a great, grey pile, steeped in history. It is not, nowadays, a royal residence, James I being the last monarch to live there. It was formerly the custom of sovereigns to go to the Tower for their coronation. Today, it hardly seems a desirable place to live. It's grim and forbidding, and indeed, it is on its career as a prison that its fame largely rests. Even now, on occasion, it's used as one for special offenders and during the last war spies were shot in the moat.

The White Tower is the oldest part, and here most of the important prisoners in bygone days were confined and tortured.

One particularly nasty cell was called Little Ease. The unfortunate inmate couldn't stand, sit, or lie down. The authorities also made themselves unpleasant by use of the rack, which was kept in the lower part of the White Tower. It's said that in 1546 a woman called Anne Askew was tortured with it so greatly to the delight and interest of the Lord Chancellor, who attended the proceedings, that he himself pressed on the levers and almost tore the woman's body apart. Some years ago a well was found in the lower part of the tower—filled almost to the top with human bones!

Speaking of skeletons, it was in the crypt of St. John's Chapel, also in the White Tower and the most perfect Norman church in the country, that the remains were found of the famous little princes who were murdered in the Tower.

The Beauchamp Tower has a most distinguished list of prisoners—from Sir John Oldcastle, who was executed on Tottenham Court Road in 1418 for his religious beliefs, to Robert Dudley, a favourite of Queen Elizabeth I.

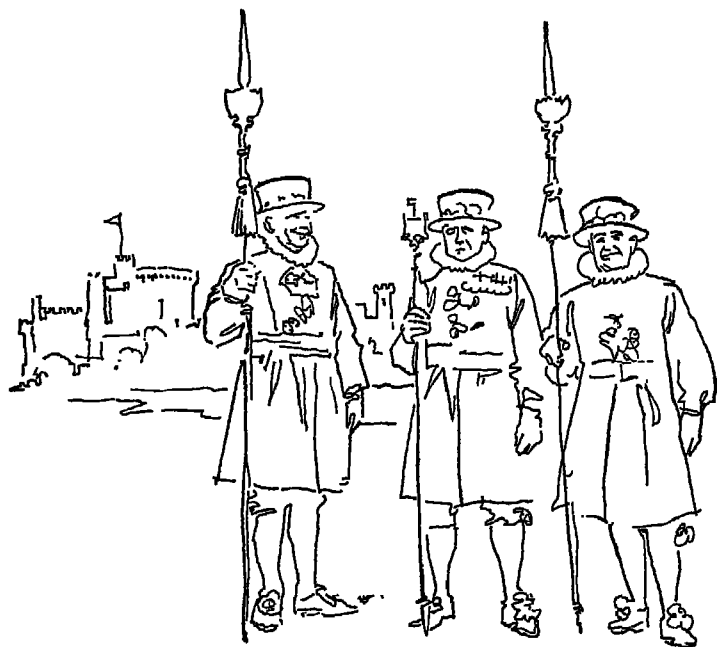
Elizabeth (while still Princess) knew something about the Tower from personal experience. Queen Mary imprisoned her in the Bell Tower. She arrived by water at Traitors' Gate. It was raining, but she sat on the steps and refused to budge. Looking at the grim place, you'll scarcely blame her.

Perhaps the most famous part is the Bloody Tower—the name seems to sum up the history of the place. Some inmates, however, must have found it tolerably comfortable, as jails go. Sir Walter Raleigh spent thirteen years there—for seven of them his wife was permitted to be with him, and his son, Carew, was actually born there. He received visitors and worked on his *History of the World*. He must have felt thoroughly at home.

Judge Jeffreys, whom I mentioned just now, died of *delirium tremens* in the Bloody Tower. An unlikely fate for a judge. But then the Tower has lots of odd stories—like the one of George, Duke of Clarence, who was done to death not by the rack, or the block, or the bullet, but by being drowned in a butt of malmsey.

Of course, you'll want to see the crown jewels, and doubtless you'll be impressed by the elaborate precautions taken to ensure their safety. Formerly they were kept in the Martin Tower, and while they were there a Colonel Thomas Blood made a determined effort to steal them, actually getting as far as Traitor's Gate before he was stopped. Instead of being punished, he received a royal pension. Understandable perhaps, when rumour said that Charles II, being short of ready cash, had connived with Blood over the attempted theft.

The Tower is a peaceful enough place today, and it is pleasant to sit in the gardens near the ancient cannon and watch the Thames roll by. Remember, however, that the Tower is still a military fortress. You'll see the troops of crack regiments as well as the old Beefeaters in their picturesque uniforms. The Tower is a good place to end a tour of the East End of London. As you see the roadway across nearby Tower Bridge swing majestically upwards to allow some vessel to pass into the Pool of London, you'll realize that this is the heart of a city where past and present intermingle in a vivid pageant of life and colour.



LONDON OF YESTERYEAR

A Sentimental Excursion Into Time

by

Z. A. GRABOWSKI

(Z. Anthony Grabowski is a Polish writer and a foreign affairs commentator for the B.B.C. During the war, he was with the O.W.I. in London. He also had a sideline mission of enlightening his countrymen about Britain, which he did in three brilliant books. His first work in English, Your Undiscovered Island, appeared in late 1950, to the accompaniment of enthusiastic press reviews.)

It is fascinating to study the ways various famous cities and towns have developed throughout the centuries and their attempts to blend the old with the new.

London's method was most unmethodical, unorthodox, and a typical instance of the muddling-through principle, which, however, does not bring happy results when applied to cities. London grew in its wild, uncared for way for many centuries, continually extending its tentacles. Unlike the founders of Rome or Paris, the founder of London is unknown; it is certain that the place existed before the Roman invasion, but the Romans preferred to pitch their headquarters in St. Albans, probably frightened by the fogs emanating from the river and deeming St. Albans to be a much more healthful place.

London was mentioned for the first time by Tacitus. It is significant that even then Tacitus could record that the settlement was a place favoured by merchants, thanks to its excellent position on the Thames. Towards the end of the 3rd century, London was the starting point of seven out of 15 or so great Roman roads crossing the country, the greatest of them being the former Watling Street, now Cannon Street. This shows that old London was first of all a centre of commerce and of communication, and this fact shaped London's history for centuries to come. Other centres of England became seats of learning—such as Oxford or Cambridge—of ecclesiastical authority—as with the city of Canterbury—or seats of royalty. The last was an element much more detached from London than, say, the French throne was from Paris. It is significant that Buckingham

Palace was bought—and not built—by George III from an English aristocrat, the Duke of Buckingham, and that one or two other residences—for example, Somerset House—surpassed the Royal Palace in stateliness. Also significant is the fact that the magnificent Whitehall Palace planned by Henry VIII remained unfinished. Royalty has left London fewer graceful buildings than is the case in the capitals of Europe, whereas noble families have often distinguished themselves by more tasteful, grandiose buildings and palaces, and the Houses of Parliament surpassed in their architectural sweep the stature of royal palaces.

The Roman walls round the old city were built between 50 and 100 A.D., and the mediaeval gates gave at least six entrances to the City: Newgate, Ludgate, Bishopsgate, Aldgate, Aldersgate, and probably Cripplegate. Little remains of the ancient walls. The Roman level of London was about 16 feet below the modern surface, and during the building of St. Paul's Cathedral, its architect, Sir Christopher Wren, found some Saxon stone coffins and Roman pottery kilns. But interest in those was small in spite of the fact that English people have a great sense of history and continuity. Only quite recently has a more energetic attitude been taken towards the Roman relics, and the second Great Fire—that of December, 1940, which destroyed a good part of the City—brought a revival of interest in the history of ancient London.

Even so, London shows a certain indifference towards its past, and it does not care for its ancient monuments in the same way that the French or Italians do. It reminds one of the Spaniard's attitude towards their ancient monuments, with the important difference that Spain is surfeited with historic beauty while England is comparatively poor in that respect. And so London, although theoretically the City boundary is well defined—even today the Queen has to stop at it to receive the keys of the City from the Lord Mayor—has allowed the new to absorb the old without discrimination. Thus the original London is now a chaos of things old and new, with the beauty of the old almost lost. It is also significant that the old City has been known for centuries not as the Old Town of London but as the City—the great place of business, the citadel of banking and trade. History has almost been swept away by business.

Yet not entirely. In the late summer of 1954, workmen unearthed a Roman temple while digging in the City near Cannon Street. Vast crowds of sightseers formed queues nearly a quarter of a mile long, demonstrating, surely, that interest in London's history can be revived by exciting finds. This Temple

of Mithras was transferred to another site and will be preserved as a relic in a specially enclosed courtyard in Queen Victoria Street. It is the largest single Roman find ever to be made in London, although a fort uncovered during the summer of 1956 may prove almost as important.

Little is known about London after the departure of the Roman garrisons, although as early as the time of King Canute the first Palace of Westminster was built. Only with the advent of William the Conqueror did London begin to assume a privileged place in English history. But William the Conqueror, though regarding English palaces as being modest in comparison with the magnificence of France, did not bring with him the French patterns of architecture. His residences, whether in London or Windsor, were modelled on the more severe Scandinavian style, thus bringing out the ancestry of the Norman conqueror. This northern architectural severity still found expression when Henry VIII built St. James's Palace. Fortunately, Cardinal Wolsey had more taste than the monarch and offered him a much more pleasant residence in Hampton Court.

The fact that the monarchy in this country was less closely connected with the capital than was the case in France was probably responsible for the infrequency of royal intervention in matters affecting London's architecture. Another consideration was the circumstance that the monarch's power was more limited in England than it was in France. Also, the administration of the country was less centralized. The Houses of Parliament towering over the royal residence provide a symbolic illustration of the balance of power in Great Britain. The royal court was never an arbiter of fashion and culture to the same degree as the French court during the era of Louis XIV, Louis XV, and Louis XVI. English monarchs did not exert the same powerful influence on the shaping of their cities as did the French kings or Austrian emperors. And so London grew, untrammelled by royal decree or interference, regions of poverty merging freely with those of wealth and social distinction. This characteristic has been preserved intact, with the exception of the south bank of the Thames, once the domain of the poor. Otherwise elegant streets live cheek by jowl with slums.

It is necessary to grasp these essentials of unhampered growth in order to perceive the true face of London. A visitor in search of the city of yesteryear is confronted with a difficult task, as there are no clear outlines of the old town and no rules for visiting it. As is often the case in this country, it is more hidden away than displayed, and the congestion of the City makes the

contemplation of some famous buildings practically impossible. St. Paul's Cathedral, for instance, conceived as a rival to Rome's St. Peter's, could hardly be seen as a whole until German bombs brutally cleared the approaches to it. But even now the cathedral lacks an appropriate setting of the type the French and Italians so skilfully create. Unfortunately, London had no luck with its great architects. Wren, Inigo Jones, and Nash were not given sufficient freedom to shape the capital in a grandiose way.

Memories of Saxon times haunt the streets near Cheapside; indeed, the very name Cheapside is of Saxon origin; *ceap* meaning barter. The earliest Saxon relic in the City is probably the famous London Stone in Cannon Street, the oldest thoroughfare in the capital. The stone is embedded in the wall of the ruined St. Swithin's Church. The age of the stone is great—it dates from the 8th century. All round Cheapside and east of St. Paul's Cathedral, street names (Bread Street, Ironmonger Lane, Wood Street) indicate that busy markets flourished there in mediaeval times. Few monuments remain of the old guilds, but the doorway to the Mercers' Hall is one.

The Tower of London

The Tower of London is definitely the oldest building in London (at least, The White Tower, its central keep, holds that position). William the Conqueror started work on it about 1078. It is a severe citadel somewhat mellowed by the flow of time, presenting Norman architecture at its gloomiest. The whole building, once used as a palace, has all the sombre attributes of a fortress and gives the impression of concentrated strength. Small wonder that such a place became a prison, for later kings found it too grim, too devoid of grace to use as a royal residence. The Tower, whose kinship with the architecture of some parts of Windsor Castle can be easily recognized, owes its fame to the fact that many illustrious people were kept in its dungeons and many famous heads fell under its executioners' axes. Inscriptions on the walls of the Beauchamp Tower total nearly a hundred. The list does not, of course, comprise all the victims, who were mostly buried in the Chapel of St. Peter and Vincula. The great English historian, Macaulay, said of this chapel that "in truth there is no sadder spot on earth," but these lines were written before the days of concentration camps.

Among the famous people who were beheaded in the Tower at least four should be mentioned: the philosopher, creator of Utopia, saint, and statesman, Sir Thomas More; the two wives

of Henry VIII, Anne Boleyn and Catherine Howard, and that versatile courtier and mysterious lover of Queen Elizabeth, the Earl of Essex. When the axe fell for the last time in 1747, it was upon a rebel's head, and the axe itself, as well as the execution block and some instruments of torture, can still be seen in the White Tower.

Guildhall, Mansion House

But let us turn again towards the City and direct our steps to the Guildhall, rebuilt following the Great Fire of 1666 after 530 years of glorious history, and ruined again by German bombs in 1940. The Guildhall has been for ages the centre of the City Corporation, of those guilds that made the City of London strong and famous. Only the porch and one 15th-century window survive. Otherwise it is a maze of replacements; even a new roof was put on a few years ago.

The Mansion House has been the official home of the Lord Mayor since 1753. The latter holds office for one year only; his procession is still one of London's great events. Behind the Mansion House stands St. Stephen's church, built by Wren and considered by many as the finest specimen of his genius. On the other side the Mansion House is flanked by that symbol of the City's power—greatly diminished since 1914 and almost completely lost to Wall Street after the Second World War—the Royal Exchange. The original building was erected in 1558 and modelled on the Bourse at Antwerp. After the Great Fire it was rebuilt, but was later destroyed again. The present building dates from 1844 and is more of a symbol than a real place of business, for only insurance transactions are carried on there. The Bank of England, another citadel of Britain's financial power, adjoins the Royal Exchange. Although the old building was erected in 1743, it has been extensively reconstructed; the most recent change being in 1937. It is an imposing block, with some dubious additions derived from an Italian pattern, but it lacks architectural unity and clarity. Near the Mansion House stands a towering 300-foot monument built as a memorial to the Great Fire of 1666. You can climb its 365 steps for a fine view of London's most historic area.

St. Paul's Cathedral

Next we arrive at St. Paul's Cathedral, commenced in 1675 and completed only in 1710 when its creator, Wren, was nearly

80. It is an ambitious structure which, unfortunately, lacks a proper setting. The total length of the cathedral is about 520 feet, the width of the nave nearly 125 feet.

The enormous church is crowded with memorials, some of them on a truly gigantic scale. This applies to the monument of the Duke of Wellington, who defeated Napoleon at Waterloo in 1815 and became a national hero. The funeral of the Iron Duke, in 1852, was the most impressive ever staged in London for anyone outside the royal family. The huge funeral car, made largely out of captured guns and weighing about 11 tons, can still be seen in the crypt. The memorial itself was erected in 1875. Lord Nelson, the victor of Trafalgar, was given a statue, as was Lord Kitchener, drowned off the Orkney Islands in 1916. The statue erected to the memory of one of England's most memorable characters, Dr. Samuel Johnson—buried in Westminster Abbey—is one of the most unfortunate attempts at depicting this robust personality. Two famous painters, Joshua Reynolds and J. M. W. Turner, are buried here. In the crypt Sir Christopher Wren's tomb is adorned with a proud epitaph: *Lector, si monumentum requiris, circumspice* (Reader, if you want a memorial, look around you). In the south choir aisle there is an effigy of John Donne, a Dean of the Cathedral, who died in 1631. His is the only monument that survived the calamity of 1666, and many admirers of this great mystic, only recently appreciated in all his depth, will be touched by his picture. Americans will notice in the crypt a bust of George Washington and a commemorative tablet to one of the American pilots who "died that England might live." The Whispering Gallery, about 100 feet above floor level, is of great interest to old and young alike.

Fleet Street and the Temple

Across Ludgate Hill we descend towards Fleet Street, leaving on our right the famous Old Bailey, scene of so many trials, and one of the most famous city churches, St. Bartholomew-the-Great. At the east end of Fleet Street is the ruined Church of St. Bride, designed by Wren. In its predecessor, ruined by the Great Fire, Samuel Pepys, the great diarist, was baptized. Fleet Street, housing many newspaper offices and press agencies, has often been called the street of ink or, by more imaginative writers, the street of adventure.

The entrance to Fleet Street is guarded by a legal enclave called the Temple, one of the most charming corners of London, and actually the finest piece of old London. Its name is derived



Repaired after wartime bombing, the Houses of Parliament rise as majestically as ever, and the chimes of Big Ben scan the hours for busy London.



Elegance and style are inseparable ingredients of the British character, whether it be the smart uniforms of London's Lifeguards on Horse Guards (above), or the Savile Row outfitters (below) from whose modest shops emerge some of the world's best tailoring for gentlemen of taste.



from the Knights Templars, a powerful mediaeval order born during the Crusades. The order was dissolved in 1312, but the ghosts of the stern knights still haunt the narrow passages of the Middle Temple. The Temple Church, dating from the 12th century, is badly damaged but some ancient parts survive. The Middle Temple Hall, built in Elizabethan times, has been restored. In 1346, ground belonging to the Knights Templars was leased to law students, and ever since then the Temple has been the home of lawyers.

This whole area from the Law Courts across the Middle Temple and down to the river should be visited and studied in tranquillity—the best time being a quiet afternoon. People who want to get a real touch of the City of London should search for it here rather than amid the crowds and traffic of places such as Threadneedle Street.

The boundary line of the City runs across the entrance to Fleet Street and is marked by the Temple Bar Memorial. The old gate of the City of London, designed by Wren, was removed in 1878. It is a great pity that one of the charming churches of London, perhaps the most charming, St. Clement Danes, celebrated in popular songs, was devastated by German bombs. What remains of it is only a shell. Past that landmark so familiar to Londoners, we enter the Strand, leaving on our left the imposing building of Somerset House, finished in 1790. It is the most ambitious building in London and during the Festival of Britain its beauty was emphasized to the full by the flood-lighting of its façade. The view across the river from the exhibition grounds in South Bank—doubtless the finest one could ever have of the North Bank of London with its range of buildings from Somerset House to the Houses of Parliament—was one of the main attractions of that exhibition. It was rightly said of the Festival of Britain that "it gave back the river to London" and that "London's eyes had been opened again to the river and its pageantry."

Trafalgar Square and Whitehall

Entering the Strand, we arrive at Trafalgar Square. It is the most spacious square in London, commanding what many consider to be the finest vista in the capital—the one towards Whitehall. Another vista, preferred by some as much richer in its perspective, is provided by the slope of Lower Regent Street, the view across Carlton House Terrace, and the green of St. James's Park towards the Houses of Parliament.

Trafalgar Square is dominated by the 185-foot-high column commemorating Lord Nelson's victory at Trafalgar in 1805. Panels inserted around the base of the column show incidents in the naval battles that won fame for Nelson. In front of the National Gallery, flanking one of the sides of the square, is a statue of George Washington, actually a replica of one in Richmond, Virginia. The Church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields is a pleasant one, although the juxtaposition of the National Gallery, another building built in antique style, is by no means happy. The architectural solution of the whole square was certainly not an easy one, as squares situated on a slope present problems most difficult to solve.

The long avenue of Whitehall leads past the equestrian statue of Charles I, considered the finest of its kind in London, and the buildings of the Admiralty and the Horse Guards. These are remnants of the projected Palace of Whitehall, which, as one of the chroniclers of London, Robert Henrey, said, "has disappeared like Atlantis." It once stretched from Westminster Abbey to Charing Cross and from the banks of the Thames to St. James's Palace. It was, according to historians of London, "a glorious city of rose-tinted Tudor brick, green lawns, and shining marble statues." It was born of the ambitious dreams of Henry VIII. This dynamic monarch wanted to surpass the York Palace of Wolsey and planned an enormous compound consisting of four fronts. Inigo Jones was responsible for the building of the great Banqueting Hall of Whitehall Palace, and some components of the vast scheme were executed, only to disappear as a result of fire, neglect, and lack of funds. Had this scheme ever materialized, the great palace of Versailles and the spacious Royal Palace in Madrid would probably have been surpassed, at least in area.

In the vicinity of Whitehall, down to St. James's Park, around Queen Anne's Gate, there are narrow old streets and houses that are worth inspecting. They are stamped with the quaintness of old London. The same applies to some of the streets in Westminster.

Houses of Parliament and Westminster Abbey

It is a cause of astonishment to many visitors to learn that the imposing Houses of Parliament are of relatively recent origin, for they were completed only a hundred years ago. But although built in the least inspired of Victorian times, the edifice has its grandeur, and the combined influence of rain and soot has given

to the external walls a mantle of age and dignity. The history of the old Palace of Westminster is a chequered one. Even in the reign of King Canute a palace stood there. Destroyed by fire some 30 years before the Norman Conquest, Canute's palace was rebuilt by Edward the Confessor. William the Conqueror found it too modest in comparison with the princely houses of France and made many additions. English kings from the era of Edward the Confessor (1042) to Henry VIII (1530) resided in the Palace of Westminster. From that royal compound only Westminster Hall has survived. Originally erected by William II, it was almost entirely rebuilt by Richard II and provided with a fine hammer-beam roof. In the crypt there is a genuine 14th-century chapel. The remainder of the old place was consumed by fire in 1834.

The name of Westminster Palace has been preserved and denotes the Parliament. From an early date there was a curious cohabitation of royal power with that of the Commons, a circumstance that helps explain the main trend of English history. In this century-old struggle between two powers living side by side, the Parliament emerged victorious, imposing more and more limitations on the monarch's initiative. The House of Commons was originally the Chapel of St. Stephen, built in Norman times. The House of Lords was part of an ancient building once known as the Court of Requests. The new House of Commons was not completed until 1852. The famous hall, which has seen so many magnificent episodes in England's political life, was destroyed by German bombs in 1941, and during the war the House of Commons carried on in the nearby House of Lords. The present House, opened in October, 1950, incorporates some fragments that were saved from the partially burned hall.

The 315-foot-high Clock Tower incorporates the most popular landmark of London, Big Ben, so called after portly Sir Benjamin Hall, Commissioner of Works when the tower was erected. Actually, the present name is a misnomer, for the nickname was given to the great bell that hangs there. For millions of citizens of the British Commonwealth, the sound of Big Ben's chimes is a kind of mystic link with the heart and soul of the empire.

Several statues encircle the Houses of Parliament and the Parliament Square. There are statues of Oliver Cromwell, Richard Coeur de Lion, George Canning, and Abraham Lincoln. Rodin's *Burghers of Calais* can be seen in the small garden adjoining the Houses of Parliament.

We cross Parliament Square to Westminster Abbey, surely the

most venerable building in London. Its origins are shrouded in the mists of history, as are those of Westminster Palace. The first church was erected on the site about the middle of the 8th century. Later on, Benedictine monks were introduced to the abbey, then called the Monastery of St. Peter. Edward the Confessor did a great deal of rebuilding and Henry III carried on this work. Reconstruction was finished in 1528. Edward the Confessor's Chapel is the centre of the abbey, round which Henry III built a series of chapels. Many kings and queens are buried there: Henry III, Henry IV and his wife, Richard II and his consort, Edward III with his wife, one of the wives of Henry VIII, Anne de Cleves. There are some fine tombs near the sanctuary, and the finest chapel in the abbey is undoubtedly Henry VII's, where several kings and queens are buried. Nearby is the Battle of Britain Chapel with its impressive stained-glass windows.

But the main interest of the abbey, which William Morris described as "a registration office for notorieties," is in the Coronation Chair, made by order of Edward I. On that chair English kings have been crowned over a period of centuries. The chair encloses the legendary Scone Stone, also called the Stone of Destiny. It has been a bone of contention between Scotland and England since the time of its transfer to London. The stone has three times been removed: once to Westminster Hall for the installation of Oliver Cromwell as Lord Protector and again in 1940 for safety against possible invasion. For the third time the stone was removed by Scottish nationalists who carried it far north in December, 1950, in a protest against its "robbery" by the English.

Westminster Abbey has been the scene of many splendid coronation ceremonies as well as royal weddings. It is also the burial place of famous statesmen and literary men—Benjamin Disraeli, Palmerston, Gladstone, Robert Peel, all are buried there together with scientists such as Newton and Darwin, and poets from Chaucer to Kipling. It is a great repository of national fame, though the general arrangement is rather chaotic and the aesthetic value of many of the monuments often doubtful. The church seems to lack a unity of style—it is too crowded with tombs, monuments and relics—the lot of many Christian cathedrals that try to contain all the history of their respective nations. Some additions to Westminster Abbey are of quite recent origin; the western towers were erected in 1740, the north porch as late as 1884.

The finest architectural aspects and the most impressive

views of the abbey can be obtained from outside by wandering through the cloisters, where the old atmosphere has been preserved. The Chapter House, dating from the 13th century, has its endearing features and the cloisters, even though they date from the 14th century and have been much reshaped and rebuilt, have succeeded in retaining much of their original character. The oldest relic is the 11th-century Chapel of the Pyx with its severe stone altar; the contrast between the stern Norman cloisters and bright courtyard already lit with the light of the Renaissance, is instructive.

St. Margaret Church, adjoining the abbey, was originally erected by William the Conqueror, but most of the building is of the 15th-century period. Extensive restoration was carried out in later centuries. The east window, the oldest in London, was a gift from Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain; two other windows commemorate Sir Walter Raleigh and John Milton. The church has a more intimate atmosphere than the abbey, and the play of colours from the stained-glass windows brightens its subdued life.

Buckingham Palace and Pall Mall

There is little of historic interest in the almost bleak St. James's Palace, considered by some to be the ugliest royal residence in Europe. Buckingham Palace is an 18th-century creation that followed Goring House and Arlington House which stood at its site and were gutted by fire. George III bought it for £21,000 from the Duke of Buckingham and moved there from St. James's Palace. It is a sumptuous but rather grave building, reminding one of some aspects of the Versailles Palace and of the Palacio Real at Madrid. Its most pleasant aspect is the background of St. James's Park, one of the finest in London, and the wide sweep of the square in front of it, dominated by an imposing monument to Queen Victoria. On the site where Buckingham Palace stands there once stretched a mulberry garden—planted at the time when James I wanted to encourage the growth of silk in England. At that time London was a most rural place, the Haymarket was a pleasant countryside, and around Piccadilly the fields were bright with cornflowers and poppies. The famous "way to Readinge" went through the Haymarket, and on the corner of Piccadilly in 1612, there was a shop owned by Robert Baker, a tailor, selling pickadills or lace collars. These collars gave their name to the now famous thoroughfare. Residences, palaces, and villas that used to grace

streets and avenues near Piccadilly and Pall Mall have mostly disappeared. Marlborough House was built for the famous warrior by Wren, and Carlton House was another of those palatial residences that once adorned Pall Mall. Today this pleasant avenue of Pall Mall (in all probability a corruption of the French *pêlé-mêle*, for many names of London streets and landmarks are distortions of former French names) has been invaded by clubs. But the narrow streets near St. James's Street and Carlton Terrace—itsself one of the finest pieces of urban architecture, similar to the Inner Circle in Regent's Park and to Park Crescent near that park—still bear traces of that old London that bordered on the countryside. Some old residences have survived in the mews and lanes off St. James's Street. To any visitor hunting for the soul of old London those queer lanes and mews around the Green Park and, further on, near Brompton Oratory and Kensington—some with old French names like Cheval Place or Beauchamp Place—will tell impressive tales. Still surrounded by dozing gardens, they are remnants of the rural London, untouched by greed, congestion, and land speculation. These were the houses, graceful and pleasant, that existed in London before the Industrial Revolution took hold of the capital. The most luxurious mansions can still be seen round Regent's Park. They served the *English* aristocracy at a time when the landed gentry were not crushed by the burdens of income and inheritance taxes.

Where Dr. Johnson and Dickens Lived

Visitors in search of literary associations should pay a visit to the house of one of the sturdiest Londoners of all ages, Dr. Johnson. His house still stands in Gough Street, near Fleet Street. It was here that the famous lexicographer compiled his dictionary. Not far away, in Doughty Street, there is the house where Dickens resided for about two years. No English novelist ever approached his ability to portray the expanding London of the early Victorian era, with all the squalor, misery, and inhumanity that accompanied the Industrial Revolution. Pepys, Dickens, Dr. Johnson, and Johnson's prolific biographer, Boswell—whose recently published report on his life in London is among the literary gems of that epoch—are still the most reliable signposts in the lanes of London's history. They can still impart, much better than any retrospective account, the atmosphere of old London with all its contrasts of misery and luxury, all its pageantry and dreariness.

The best preserved and lived-in house is Carlyle's, in Cheyne Walk, Chelsea. The author lived there for 45 years and wrote almost all his books there. The interior gives a fine picture of a Victorian house. Keat's house, in Hampstead, cannot rival it in its arrangement and collection of furniture.

People looking for monuments to great adventurers and explorers will stop on the Victoria Embankment to admire the graceful shape of the ship *Discovery* anchored near the Temple. Captain Scott sailed in this ship on his Antarctic expedition in 1901. American visitors can find plenty of American memories in addition to the already mentioned monument of Lincoln in Parliament Square and Washington's bust in the Royal Exchange. In Westminster Abbey there is a bust of Longfellow, a statue of George Washington, a tablet in memory of President Roosevelt. Near the Royal Exchange you will find a monument to an American citizen, George Peabody, whose munificence was responsible for the erection of blocks of working-class dwellings in several London districts, and in St. Paul's Cathedral there is a plaque put up by the Architectural League of New York. These memories, ranging from the 17th century to the monument of President Roosevelt in Grosvenor Square, testify to the enduring cultural links between the two countries.

Our survey of London of yesteryear is at an end. I have deliberately not touched upon many other details of historical London, leaving it to the visitor to consult more comprehensive reference books on London such as those by James Bone, Ivor Brown, W. Stonier, and Robert Henrey. The Festival of Britain year was an appropriate occasion for tributes that summed up London's historic monuments, its lights and shades, splendours and miseries, its solitariness and nostalgia, so typical of nearly all great cities. Innumerable parables and metaphors have been coined about London by her enthusiasts and detractors. One of her earliest zealots, Dr. Johnson, said that a man who is tired of London is tired of life. But at Johnson's time London was, in a way, a much more colourful place, with violent contrasts, with pleasant coffeehouses and more vividness than can be enjoyed in our own era. Olivier Wendell Holmes said that "no person can be said to know London. The most that anyone can claim is that he knows something of it." In all likelihood a more appropriate tribute paid to London would state that the capital of Great Britain is one of the most interesting places on earth for exploration by an independent, sensitive mind. Historically, the capital city of England cannot rival either Paris or Rome; London was unfortunate in its preservation of historic monu-

ments and beauties, partly owing to the ravages of fire and partly to the curious indifference of a nation steeped in tradition but not keen on keeping intact its venerable monuments. It is also partly due to the fact that the English royal court was not so great a centre of magnificence and influence in matters of culture, architecture, and the arts as were the royal courts of France and Austria and the dukedoms of Italy. Consequently, historic memories and architectural beauty are much more numerous in the provinces than in London, and better preserved, too. Because the capital of Great Britain was not especially blessed with architects and urban planners, the modern shape of London is confused and congested, with its beauty badly presented. But in spite of all these disadvantages, there is no other place like it in its agglomeration of architectural sins and sudden intervention of almost rural sights, in its medley of styles, in its mixture of the green loveliness of parks and the dreary apathy of slums. The old London of Queen Anne and Georgian architecture can still be discovered, as in a palimpsest parchment, under the hasty routine of later architecture.

"There is poetry of cities," said the English expert on fashion, James Laver, "which has nothing to do with the things that receive three stars in the guidebooks; a personality behind the public personality displayed in the palaces of government or even the churches it is fashionable to visit." How right he is! The visitor to London who wants to penetrate beyond the crust of popular knowledge about London, is well advised not only to pay visits to St. Paul's Cathedral and to the Tower, but also to set aside some of his limited time for wandering. Walk in the back streets, mews, and lanes near the Middle Temple and Amen Court in the City, near St. James's Street and Mount Street, around Park Lane and Kensington, and visualize the shape, or rather, the various shapes, of old London, a curious city that engulfed its own past for the sake of modernity but still lives and breathes the breath of history.

LONDON'S ARTISTIC ATTRACTIONS

Museums, Music And Shows

by

Z. A. GRABOWSKI

Visitors to London are often so deeply convinced that the capital of Great Britain is primarily a great emporium, one of the largest ports in the world, an administrative centre, and a place of business, commerce, and finance, that they forget the cultural attractions London can provide. They think of London as a modern version of ancient Rome, minus the magnificence of the latter's architecture, rather than as a contemporary version of old Athens. This is a superficial view, for London has a wealth of cultural enjoyment to offer.

In the sphere of visual art London can supply any visitor with a vast range of emotions. The British Museum is an almost incomparable introduction to Egyptian, Greek, and Roman arts in all their branches, from pottery to sculpture; and it can hold its own with the antiquity department of the Louvre or the prewar Pergamon Museum in Berlin. The collection has been arranged with great care, and the layout is clear and easy to grasp.

The National Gallery in Trafalgar Square has one of the best balanced picture collections in the world. It can show the progress of Italian painting from the mediaeval to the mature masters of the Renaissance; some outstanding pictures of the old German masters; an excellent choice of Spanish painters, with El Greco, Velasquez, and Ribeira leading; a great variety of unsurpassed Dutch and Flemish masters; a most valuable display of French paintings from the early days to the Impressionists; and, of course, the bulk of the finest English painting, with Gainsborough, Turner, Constable, and Reynolds.

The Tate Gallery in Millbank has a collection complementary to that of the National Gallery, for it presents modern masters of England and France. Its collection of French Impressionists is outstanding. The Victoria and Albert Museum in Brompton Road, although mainly concentrating on objects not connected with either painting or sculpture, displays many exhibits of interest to any student of visual arts. All three collections, though rich and varied, are rather lacking in the best examples of sculpture, both old and new.

There are great art treasures dispersed in private collections throughout the country; the Queen's collection is the most valuable among them (some items are to be seen in Windsor Castle). While in London, don't forget to pay a visit to the charming Wallace Collection in Manchester Square, one of the finest in Europe for Venetian painters (like Guardi and Canaletto), for French masters of the art of *intimité* (like Watteau and Fragonard) and for some magnificent specimens of English painting.

For contemporary art the Royal Academy in Piccadilly still provides the most imposing show, although many artists regard it as more of a snobbish social centre than as an abode of real inspiration. The Summer Exhibition at the Royal Academy can still give a good idea of the standard of average English painting, with its predilection for portraiture and its rather puritanical abhorrence of the nude (Paris exhibitions are just the reverse). In the immediate vicinity of the Royal Academy there are several art galleries where exhibitions of modern painting are arranged, especially in Burlington Street and Bond Street (Delbanco, Wildenstein, Gimpel Fils, etc.). One can see there both contemporary English and Continental artists; but these art galleries also arrange from time to time shows of past English, French, German, and other artists. One never experiences a shortage of exhibitions in London. Both the Tate Gallery and the Royal Academy have shown in recent years some truly magnificent exhibitions of art treasures from Munich and Vienna, and especially superb shows of French masters. London is one of the best places in the world for seeing Continental paintings, mainly French. Art galleries in Suffolk Street and in Leicester Square also arrange interesting shows of modern painting.

Opera and Concert Halls

Many believe that in the world of music London today holds the first place among European capitals. The weakest point, opera, has been corrected in recent years, with the creation of a state subsidized repertory opera company at Covent Garden.

During the winter season, the best foreign companies appear in London—the San Carlo Opera of Naples, the La Scala troupe from Milan, the Charlottenburg company of Berlin, and the Vienna Opera.

Until the Festival of Britain, the Royal Albert Hall had been the main centre for concerts. All the world's great artists had

played or sung there. But the Festival endowed London with the Royal Festival Hall, described as acoustically the finest in the world, and that has now become the first concert scene of the capital. Wigmore Hall, in Wigmore Street, is mainly used for chamber music recitals, as well as for individual recitals by young artists who have not yet made names for themselves but who flock to London knowing that a favourable reception in the English capital, where the public appreciates good music and the critics are severe, opens the gates to the entire musical world. Central Hall, in Westminster, is yet another place where many symphonic concerts take place. At one hall or another, there is never any scarcity of concerts in London.

One can speak of a real revival of music in England today; this pertains not only to the rebirth of creative work (Elgar, Delius, Vaughan Williams, Walton, Benjamin Britten, and others), but to the renaissance of interest in listening to good and serious music. Any imputation that the English are not interested in music falls to pieces when one watches huge audiences during the Promenade Concerts in the Royal Albert Hall, following with rapt interest music, old and new, conducted by English and foreign conductors. These concerts are held during the summer, usually from July to September. Admission is only a shilling or two, and the majority of the vast audience stands. It is a tribute to their love of good music that even during heat waves they will stand silent and enraptured for three hours. The work done by the late Sir Henry Wood, Sir Thomas Beecham, and many others in popularizing serious music has not been in vain; today classical music commands an excellent attendance in London. There are three accomplished teams there today; the London Philharmonic Orchestra, the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, and the London Symphony Orchestra, which perform under well-known English and foreign conductors; and there are a score of other orchestras and chamber music groups that give exquisite performances. The same comment applies to choirs. Some of them, especially those devoted to old English music, maintain an exceptionally high standard.

This imposing concentration or grouping of symphony and chamber music orchestras, of choirs and societies for the promotion of music old and modern, is backed by such laudable efforts as the Glyndebourne Opera in Glyndebourne, near Lewes in Sussex. This private opera, created by Mr. Christie in whimsical competition with prewar Salzburg, has succeeded beyond expectation and now ranks among the best for Mozart

and more intimate works (Britten's operas: *The Rape of Lucretia* and *Albert Herring* were produced there.) If you happen to come to London during the summer months you would be well advised to go to Glyndebourne to spend an evening listening to Mozart.

Ballet and Theatre

For many years London has been an important centre for international ballet, and it has seen the best with the greatest Russian artists. Ironically, many of the stars who appeared in London under foreign names in the prewar days were of English birth, so disguised in deference to a prejudice against British artists. This injustice has now been corrected in spectacular fashion by the Sadler's Wells ballet, one of the most famous and most highly regarded companies in Europe. It started from a ballet school attached to the Old Vic theatrical company, whose specialty is Shakespeare, and due to the devoted and unceasing efforts of Miss Bayliss, quickly developed into a full-fledged company of the first rank, distinguished by such names as Margot Fonteyn and Moira Shearer. You can also see periodic performances by such groups as the Marquis de Cuevas Ballet (formerly the Monte Carlo Ballet), the New York City Ballet, the American National Ballet Theatre, the Champs-Élysées Ballet, and various Parisian companies, but both Londoners and visitors still give first allegiance to Sadler's Wells.

The result of the insecure and migrant conditions of the London theatre, and of its purely commercial control, is that serious, thoughtful plays have to seek refuge in small repertory theatres, run on the basis of either subscription clubs or experimental stages (like the Arts Theatre off Charing Cross Road, the Irving Theatre, The "Q" Theatre, and a handful of others). These gallant efforts, however, can't possibly remedy the need for at least one representative national theatre. Even the Old Vic Company, dedicated as it is to the beauty of the English spoken word, cannot fill the void.

It would be useless to seek in London that typical Continental institution, the political cabaret that flourished in pre-Hitler Germany and prewar Eastern Europe, and survived the vicissitudes of two wars in Paris. Neither can one find in London an analogy to the Paris literary cabaret, to various *caves* and *oublettes*, housed preferably in the Latin Quarter, around Notre Dame, or high up on Montmartre. Political satire is not particularly popular in England, for there is less general interest

in politics than on the Continent, and people of this country take their statesmen more seriously than other Europeans. The only London venture that slightly resembles those of Paris—or rather a cross between old Berlin and the eternally young Paris of the *chansons*—is The Players Theatre in Villiers Street, Strand, where Leonard Sachs graciously presides with his revived Victorian songs and couplets.

But the situation runs deeper still. London is also different from Paris and other Continental cities in its preference for a type of music-hall amusement far removed from Continental revues. London's Palladium and Hippodrome mix circus acts, magicians, ventriloquists, pingpong matches, and other curious ingredients with sentimental songs, dialogues, and monologues stuffed with crude humour. The stress is not so much on the visual beauty of production, on the elegance of dresses, on the quality of scripts and patter songs, but on a broadly conceived kind of entertainment. Even in the sphere of the undiluted entertainment provided by the Paris Folies-Bergère, London can only produce a Windmill that seems to be deprived of glamour.

Films and Circuses

The cinema is regarded by many as being outside the pale of culture, as rather low mass entertainment. Nevertheless it has to be included in any survey of cultural activities as it is the most popular form of entertainment in this country, with some people visiting cinemas every day, and a good percentage of the population going as often as twice a week.

London shows all the new British films and is therefore a good place to watch the trends in the English cinema world. American films are in the front rank among imported pictures; French pictures come second, and Italian, third. Several London cinemas specialize in Continental films. There are also a number of film clubs showing outstanding foreign films of the past or pictures recently produced abroad.

At Christmas a four-week season of circus is presented at Olympia (with a funfair annex), and at Harringay Arena. American, British, European, and other international stars of the circus world are programmed. During the tenting season (Easter-October), the circus takes to the road, Lord George Sanger's Circus usually playing one-week engagements in London Parks and open spaces. Fairs are held at Blackheath, Hampstead Heath, Wormwood Scrubs, and other localities on

bank holidays (except Christmas), and in London parks and elsewhere at various times between Easter and October.

A typically British form of theatrical entertainment that appears at the Christmas season is the pantomime, which is not a pantomime at all but rather an elaborate musical show with fairytale ingredients.

Seats at circuses, theatres, and music-halls can be booked either at the theatre box office (by telephone or in person) or at ticket agencies. Agencies make a service charge but as they often book blocks of seats far in advance, they may sometimes have a better choice. Seats are not reserved at The Windmill Theatre (where a continuous performance is given) or at cinemas. If seats are not available at theatres because of a sellout or are too expensive, there are usually unreserved pits and galleries.

Exhibitions

Exhibitions are many and diverse in character; they range from the one-man artist's gallery—usually on the premises of a dealer in the vicinity of New Bond Street—to festivals. Olympia, Kensington, houses the majority of the large exhibitions such as Ideal Homes, British Industries Fair, Motor and Cycle Show, British Food Exhibition, etc., while at Earl's Court, Central Hall, Westminster, and other smaller halls, many periodical exhibitions are given. All details of these are publicized on posters and in the press.

The Chelsea Flower Show is usually held in June under the direction of the Royal Horticultural Society on the grounds of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, the home of the picturesque military pensioners seen in London. At Burlington House, Piccadilly, is held the Annual Exhibition (Royal Academy). The first (private) viewing of "The Academy" is on the first Monday in May, but on subsequent days the public is admitted at a charge. Artists submit their works (paintings and sculpture) to a committee. When the works for exhibition are chosen, those pictures hung near or on "the line" (visual) are considered by the choosers to be the best, but each year there is diversity of opinion as to the qualities of these and other accepted and rejected pictures. Such opinions are not, perhaps, without bias. A Fine Arts Exhibition is also held at Burlington House each year.

An open-air sculpture exhibition is held in Battersea Park from May to September. The exhibition contains the work of

leading British and other sculptors with a lecture each day on the pieces displayed and on art in general.

The world-renowned exhibition of waxworks is Madame Tussaud's, in Marylebone Road (near the Baker Street underground station).

The Royal Tournament (Navy, Army, and Air Force), is held at Olympia, usually during May or June, while a Society of British Aircraft Constructor's Display (at which craft still on the secret list are shown in the air) is held during September at Farnborough, Hants. This is one of the world's biggest outdoor shows, attended by more than half a million people annually.



DINING AND WINING IN LONDON

Accent On Style

by

K. WESTCOTT JONES

For countless years, Britain has had a bad name for food and cooking, and as far as the general population is concerned, it is unfortunately deserved. The whole trouble is that the Briton tends to regard eating as a mere bodily function, a chore, something that interrupts his gardening, his sport, or his work.

The average Britisher, whether he is quite a well paid office worker, or a labourer on a basic wage, will rarely consider paying more for his midday meal than the cost of a packet of cigarettes. In fact, he hopes to get away with a lot less. His lunch, taken en masse in town, is mostly unimaginative, and serves only to stop hunger.

This unhappy state of affairs results, of course, in a general lack of appreciation of cooking and good food. Housewives don't exert their imaginations, and so long as the meal provided in the morning and evening for their husbands or families is palatable and reasonably sustaining, they get by. London has some 13,000 restaurants and eating houses, of which at least 10,000 cater to this outlook—feed 'em for less than the price of 20 cigarettes, and so long as they're not poisoned, a good profit will result. In fact, another grim truth is that many—if not most—city dwellers in Britain spend twice as much on football pools, tobacco, and drinks as they do at restaurants, while at home, the cost of food causes moans from housewives who budget more for cinemas, cigarettes, and cosmetics than for meals.

The war made things even worse. Although Britain didn't suffer anything like the privations of European countries, the diet—due to lack of imagination and skill—became dreadfully dull. The French, with far less in the way of raw material, saw to it that their meals were palatable all through the dark days.

Today the bulk of British housewives have forgotten—or haven't learned—how to cook. Fourteen years of rationing reduced their ideas to almost zero, and now that food is plentiful again, they are either not sure how to use it, or else fear the high prices—high, that is, compared to prewar but quite

low compared to many Continental countries. And when the average Britisher does decide to go to town, be it London, Glasgow, Liverpool, or some other city, for a good meal in a first-class restaurant, he frequently confines his choice to conventional food with which he is more or less familiar. His gastronomic horizon is, unhappily, not widened by such visits, nor is that of his wife.

With all this, one may wonder if it is indeed possible to eat well in London. Fortunately, the answer is yes, and it is true to say that, apart from a dozen or so temples of gastronomy in Paris, London has several of the finest restaurants in the world. Some 3000 of London's cafés and restaurants cater for people who appreciate good food, while about 600 have high standards suitable for visitors with even most exacting tastes. The restaurants you'll find mentioned in this chapter are taken from this top 600.

First it is necessary to give some idea of the different categories of restaurants in London. Some are closed to the general public, for instance. It works like this. Certain hotel restaurants are available only for the use of guests resident in the hotel—you can always tell whether they're open to the public, for if they are, there's a menu outside. Some apparent restaurants are *lunch or dinner clubs*, and you have to be a member in order to eat there. Then, of course, there are the genuine nightclubs, where you must be a member before entering the premises. We'll get around to those later, because as visitors to London you can almost always obtain temporary membership by showing your passport if you come from abroad—if not, you may have to fill in an application form and wait 48 hours.

Restaurants themselves fall into several categories. They may be licenced to serve liquor on the premises (if not, they can usually send out for something). They may stay open into the small hours with dancing and floor shows, or they may concentrate on fine food alone and close up around 11 p.m. They may be *butteries* attached to big hotels, where drinks and snacks are the order of the day, or they may be *store restaurants* catering mainly for shoppers. If you're going to one of the better places, it's wise to ring up ahead and book a table, especially between May and September.

A word about attire. Before the war it was very much the thing to wear evening dress in London, not only to the theatre but to any good restaurant after 7 p.m. That pleasant custom slipped during and after the war, but it's beginning to make a comeback. The present custom is that if you're going to see a

first-rate show at a top theatre, men should wear a tuxedo and ladies a ballerina length evening dress if you plan on buying the best seats. This doesn't mean you'll be thrown out for appearing in ordinary clothes, but it has become fashionable again to dress for the first month after the opening of a hit show. For dining, most of the de luxe and international hotels hope that you'll dress after 7 p.m. A few nightclubs request it, and one or two restaurants expect it; where this is the case you'll find a note to that effect in the following round-up of eating and night spots. Large dances and balls, especially charity ones, to which you may be invited or may buy tickets, are invariably dress occasions during the London season ending in July. It is still correct to remember the old adage for these: if ladies are present, and dancing is going on after midnight, wear tails. And of course, the same applies to the opera. Covent Garden in season (winter to late spring) is a place where you should dress for all medium and top price seats. Otherwise, a dark suit will get by anywhere, especially in the restaurants existing just for gourmets.

No really respectable restaurant in London is cheap. At the same time 30s (\$4.20) plus the cost of wine or other beverage, will buy as good a meal as you are likely to find anywhere in the world, and that is surely modest enough. Most menus are divided into *table d'hôte* and *à la carte*. The former consist of a few selected dishes made up to present a three, four, or five-course meal at a standard price. The highest prices in London for *table d'hôte* meals do not exceed £1 (\$2.80), and average 12s 6d (\$1.75) at good restaurants. *A la carte* meals, of course, cost as much as you wish to pay.

Here is a classified selection of better restaurants in London where you can be sure of an excellent lunch or dinner. The top hotel grill rooms and restaurants are listed separately in the London hotels section. Places like the Savoy, the Ritz, and Claridges must be considered tops in fashionable lunching and dining, whether you're staying in the hotel or not. They have dancing in the evening, and quite often a floor show.

Tops In Elegance And Cuisine

CAFE DE PARIS. 3 Coventry Street, W.1 (Ger. 2036). Plush restaurant on two floors with dancing to two orchestras. Evening dress essential if you want to dance or have a table on the ground floor. Rich decor, brilliant cabaret with top inter-

national stars, fine food and wine.

CAPRICE. Arlington Street, W.1 (Hyd. 5154). Ranked as one of the world's finest restaurants, not only by Mario Gallati (who runs it) but by gourmets everywhere. It's small (always reserve well ahead), select,

and highly fashionable among a large and distinguished following. Perfect food and the best French cooking. Don't count the cost here. Closes at 12.30 a.m. No music.

CASCADE 1 Mayfair Place, W.1 (Cro. 1123). Opened in 1936 on the site of the old B. G. Hotel, this new restaurant offers elegant food at well, not unreasonable price, in quiet surroundings. A fountain plays at lunch and dinner, a violinist at dinner only. No dancing. Four special dishes are selected from the à la carte every day to tickle your palate. Tirroni runs this latest addition to London's best restaurants in an elegant way.

COLONY, Berkeley Square, W.1, (May. 1657). Distinguished Mayfair restaurant with a nightclub appearance (there is one upstairs—the Astor). Two bands and a lavish floor show, excellent French food, popular with foreign visitors. Open till 2.30 a.m. Worth dressing for.

COQ D'OR, Stratton Street, W.1 (May. 7807). Most inviting decor, and superb food. There's no music—all your concentration goes on the cuisine and wines. Very expensive, but if you feel rich you'll know it was worth it. Closes at midnight.

L'ECU DE FRANCE 111 Jermyn Street, S.W.1 (Whi. 2837). Gets into this category on account of its chic and Parisian style, coupled with excellent French food. M. Lehrian owns about the best set of glassware in London as well as this smart restaurant, possibly even better for lunch than dinner. No music.

MIRABELLE 56 Curzon Street, W.1 (Gro. 1940). Highly fashionable Mayfair lunch and dinner rendezvous. Some professional restaurateurs consider it the best in town. Dinner served in the garden on warm evenings. Luxury cuisine and

wines, with high prices. Closes at 11.30 p.m. and on Sundays.

PIGALLE, 190 Piccadilly, W.1 (Gro. 6423). Bright spot for dinner in gay surroundings. Two bands and lavish cabarets help it into the top category rather than the food and drink, which are just good. A near approach to the Hollywood nightclub.

PRUNIER'S St. James' Street, S.W.1. (Hyd. 1373). The London house of the famous Paris Prunier's, this wonderful restaurant is run by Mme Prunier herself. Specializes in seafoods, invitingly prepared. Mme Prunier presents an annual trophy to trawler fishermen and works nobly in the cause of fishing. But expressive dishes of all kinds are prepared here—try the chicken poached with grapes in the Degustation Room. Or the magnificent steaks. Most of the world's celebrities come to Prunier's when in London, including royalty. Such food cannot be inexpensive, but it's a gastronomic experience worth paying for. No music. Closed Sundays.

QUAGLINO'S, 16 Bury Street, S.W.1. (Whi. 6767). Cosy, intimate atmosphere attracts you to this dinner-dance spot. Good Italian cooking with remarkable personal service is another attraction—so are the bands, one modern, the other Hungarian gipsy. There's a floor show around midnight, and the place closes at 1 a.m. Worth dressing for.

SIMPSON'S IN THE STRAND, W.C.2. (Tem. 7131). Old English cooking at its best. A large restaurant with several rooms, one for men only. Joints carved at your table (give the carver a small tip). A really famous place for lunch while the ladies are out of town, or you can dine pleasantly with the women-folk in genuine English comfort.

Highly Regarded, Moderately Expensive

AU SAVARIN, 8 Charlotte Street, W.1. (Mus. 7134). Excellent Greek, French, and Italian food. Smart, intimate interior. Open till 11 p.m., closed Sundays.

BOULESTIN, 25 Southampton Street, Covent Garden, W.C.2. (Tem. 7061). Specializes in French dishes and à la carte meals; exclusive. Open till midnight; closed Sundays.

BOULOGNE. 27 Gerrard Street, W.1. (Ger. 3186). Good French and Italian cooking at modest prices (especially the *table d'hôte* lunch). Charming alcove tables if you book ahead. Closes at midnight and on Sundays.

BROMPTON GRILL. 243 Brompton Road, S.W. 7. (Ken. 8005). Elegant Kensington lunch and dinner rendezvous famous for French cuisine. Chicken dishes a specialty. Closes 11:30 p.m.

BRUSA'S FIFTY. 50 St. Martin's Lane, W.C.2. (Tem. 1913). Very popular with stage celebrities. Intimate, and the best of Continental food. Open till midnight, closed Sundays.

CAFE ROYAL. 68 Regent Street, W.1. (Reg. 8240). The grill is all that remains of the old decor when this famous haunt was patronized by late Victorian and Edwardian celebrities. Ornate and spacious. Closes at midnight.

CARLTON. Haymarket, S.W.1. (Whi. 7300). Old and established. A surviving part of the famous Carlton Hotel, now a grill. Ghosts of 19th century gourmets surround you. Closes at midnight and on Sundays.

CHESHIRE CHEESE. 145 Fleet Street, E.C.4. (Ele. 6170). Sawdust on the floor and abundant memories of Dr. Johnson are the key points of this character inn set in the heart of literary London. Old English cooking, well done, but atmosphere main attraction. Lunches all year round, dinners till 8:30 p.m. in summer.

CHEZ CICCIO. 38 Kensington Church Street, W.8. (Wes. 2005). Attractive little Italian restaurant, with closely supervised Italian cooking. Fine wines. Closes 11 p.m.

CHEZ HELENE CORDET SOCIETY RESTAURANT. 40 Jermyn Street, S.W.1. (Reg. 0565). Dine and dance by candlelight to Tzigany music and the singing of hostess Helene Cordet, star of French and British television. The food is good, the atmosphere elegant, and the bill mounts, but accountably.

CUNNINGHAM'S. 51 Curzon Street, W.1. (Gro. 3141). Charming early Georgian house. Restaurant in an

exquisite Adam room. Premises expanded recently. Continental cuisine, noted for oysters and other seafood. Closes 12:30 a.m.

CZECH. 61-69 Edgware Road, W.2. (Pad. 3710). Amusing spot specializing in Czech, Viennese, Hungarian, and Russian dishes. Open-air tables for warm weather. Closes 12:30 a.m.

DRIVERS. 46 Glasshouse Street, W.1. (Reg. 4646). A great place for lobster enthusiasts, also has oyster rooms. Closes 9 p.m.

ESCARGOT BIENVENU. 48 Greek Street, W.1. (Ger. 4460). Authentic Parisian restaurant in every respect, snails a specialty. Closes at 10:30 p.m. and on Sundays.

ETOILE. 30 Charlotte Street, W.1. (Mus. 7189). Reckoned to be the best French restaurant in Soho. Parisian cuisine. Smallish and exclusive. Closes at 9:30 p.m. and on Sundays.

GEORGE & DRAGON. 256 Brompton Road, S.W.3. (Ken. 7956). Exceptional Austrian restaurant with fine cuisine. Quite small. Visited by royalty on occasions. Tiny music boxes on the tables. In the higher price group. Closes midnight.

HATCHETTS. 67a Piccadilly, W.1. (Hyd. 1804). Plush restaurant with good French and English cuisine. Music and dancing to two orchestras. Closes at 2:30 a.m. and on Sundays.

HUNGARIAN CSARDA. 77 Dean Street, W.1. (Ger. 1281). Small dining spot with authentic Hungarian cuisine and original Tokay wines. High standards. Magyar decor—in fact, a Hungarian peasant inn in Soho. Closes 11 p.m.

JAMSHID. 6 Glendower Place, Brompton Road, S.W.7. (Ken. 8045). Very small Indian restaurant with attractive decor. Curry specialties, the best in London. Closes 11 p.m.

KETTNER'S. 29 Romilly Street, W.1. (Ger. 3437). About the best-known and most luxurious restaurant in Soho. Good French cuisine and noted wine list. Quite costly. Closes 12:30 a.m.

LA BELLE MEUNIÈRE. 5 Charlotte Street, W.1. (Mus. 1134). Comfortable, cosy little spot famed for

French cuisine. Closes at 11 30 p.m. and on Sundays.

L'APERITIF 102 Jermyn Street, S.W.1 (Wh. 5026). A charmingly redesigned grill with piano music and singing up to 9 30 p.m. Steak Dianne is the item on the menu. Closes at 11 p.m. and on Sundays.

LA SPEANZA 178-181 Drompton Road, S.W. 3 (Ken 9437). A fine Italian restaurant in the Kensington shopping district. Good for lunch and dinner, try the *caneloni*. Closes 11 30 p.m.

MAISON BASQUE 11 Dover Street, W.1 (Hyd. 2831). As its name implies, a restaurant specializing in Basque dishes with additional French and Spanish touches. Intimate, oak-panelled decor. Closes midnight and Sundays.

MANETTA'S Clarges Street, W.1 (Gro 2964). Luxurious and fashionable restaurant with French cuisine, music, and dancing till midnight.

MARTINEZ 17-25 Swallow Street, W.1. (Re 5066). The best Spanish food in London. Andalusian sherry lounge and a delightful Spanish patio upstairs. Good and inexpensive wine list. Open till 11:15 p.m. weekdays, 10 p.m. Sundays.

MONSIEUR 16-17 Jermyn Street, S.W.1 (Reg 6957). Popular luncheon spot near Piccadilly Circus. French cuisine. Marseilles Bouillabaisse a specialty on Fridays. Good after-the-show dinners. Closes midnight and on Sundays.

MOULIN D'OR 27 Romilly Street, W.1. (Ger. 2263). Small, intimate French restaurant with superlative cooking. Try the gin-based aperitifs. Open until midnight.

QUO VADIS 26 Dean Street, W.1. (Ger. 4089). Often known as "Leon's" after the proprietor who

has been running this delightful Italian restaurant for 30 years. Many Italian specialties washed down with Chianti. Closes 11 p.m.

RULES 35 Maiden Lane, W.C.2. (Tem 5314). Quiet, old-established theatrical haunt where long lunches are the order of the day. Dinner among celebrities, too. Old prints on the walls, old wines, old waiters. Closes 11 p.m.

SCOTTS 18-20 Coventry Street, W.1 (Ger 7175). Renowned for shellfish and seafoods, but chops and steaks are first class, too. Dignified and well-established. Closes midnight.

THREE VIKINGS 20 Glasshouse Street, W.1. (Reg 4849). Danish restaurant where you can sample Scandinavian delicacies and delectable *smørrebrød*. Fine Danish lager beer. Closes 11 30 p.m.

TROCADERO Shaftesbury Avenue, W.1 (Ger 6920). Huge palatial place near Piccadilly Circus. Lunch and pre-show dinner restaurant of repute. Continental cuisine. Music and dancing till midnight.

VEPREYS 233 Regent Street, W.1. (Reg. 4495). Looks like a wine lodge but there's an excellent restaurant downstairs. Good luncheon rendezvous. English food. Choose *à la carte*. Closes midnight.

WHEELER'S Old Compton Street, W.1 (Ger. 2708). Some of the best oysters in Soho are eaten here. Continental cuisine and imported fish specialties. Closes midnight. Five other Wheeler's in town, some open Sundays.

YE OLDE COCK 22 Fleet Street, E.C.4 (Fle. 8570). Charles Dickens' favourite tavern. Good English food and the press world until 9.30 p.m.

Modest But Good

ALBERT 53 Beak Street, W.1. (Ger. 1296). A gay Italian restaurant on the edge of Soho, popular with tennis celebrities. Excellent table-d'hôte menus. Open till midnight, closed on Sundays.

CAS PRADA 282 Euston Road,

N.W.1. (Eus. 3768). Quiet little Italian-French restaurant in an unfashionable district. Excellent, carefully prepared food for discerning people. Closes at 11 p.m. and on Sundays.

CHELSEA PENSIONER 10 Lincoln

Street, SW 1 (Ken 3793) Popular luncheon house in unusual surroundings. Quite good English fare, open till 11 p.m. for dinners except on Saturdays and Sundays.

CHOY'S Frith Street W 1 (Ger 7109) Said to be the best Chinese restaurant in Britain, authentic Oriental atmosphere. Light Chinese dishes as well as solid fare at low cost. Open till 11 p.m.

FLAMINGO, 2 Litchfield Street, WC 2 (Tem 8322) A small Cypriot restaurant. Many interesting specialties—for some you must give a day's notice. Unlicensed.

HELLENIQUE 51 Whitcombe Street, WC 2 (Tra 3709) Recommended Greek restaurant with authentic Greek and Oriental cooking. Closes 11.30 p.m. and Sundays.

HONG KONG 58-60 Shaftesbury Avenue, W 1 (Ger 6847) Quite a spacious Chinese restaurant with massive list of specialties. Low prices for table-d'hôte. Closes 11 p.m.

ISTANBUL 12 Frith Street, W 1 (Ger 6115) A Turkish restaurant, whose proprietor used to be chef at the Turkish Embassy. Limited menus offer really unusual dishes such as shashlik and shish kebab. A la carte but inexpensive. Open weekdays and Sundays till 10.30 p.m.

LAYTON'S 2a Duke Street, Manchester Square, W 1 (Wel 8808) Wines make this unpretentious eatery a popular lunch and dinner rendezvous. The meals are worth while, supporting the abundance of low priced wine, the cooking is English traditional. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

NEW BURMA 59 St Giles' High Street, WC 2 (Tem 4812). Small

authentic Burmese restaurant with true Oriental flavour. Used by many Burmese students and diplomats. First-class curries, and fried rice at its best. Unlicensed. Closes 11 p.m.

NOSH 42 Great Windmill Street, W 1 (Ger 9518) Modest bar and restaurant specializing in Jewish (Kosher) food. Attentive service. Closes 11 p.m.

SCHMIDT'S 41 Charlotte Street, W 1 (Mus 8932) Famous German restaurant, lively and quite large. All kinds of good German dishes supported by Rhine wines. Open till 10.30 p.m.

5 F GRILL 6 Denman Street, W 1 (Ger 2511) Informal restaurant run on American lines and specializing in American dishes—even to club sandwiches. Unlicensed. Closes at 10.30 p.m. and on Sundays.

SOLANGE The White House Albany St., London NW 1 (Eus 1200, ext 14) A new cosy place near Regent's Park with personal attention from the Rochons—who run it—and supervised cuisine. Fine French cooking at modest prices (tournedos steak 8s 6d). Closes 11 p.m.

VEGA 56-58 Whitcombe Street, WC 2 (Whi 9612) Vegetarian foods and new cooking ideas, no meat on the premises. Low prices, of course, but if you've a fad for food reform, this place will suit you. Closes at 8.30 p.m. and on Sundays.

WHITE BEAR INN Piccadilly Circus, W 1 (Whi 6611) Tucked away below ground in Piccadilly Circus tube station. Offers table d'hôte fare and music in the evenings at modest prices but so busy some evenings service is slow. Closes at midnight.

Food With A Gimmick

BLUE POOL Dolphin Square, SW 1 (Vic 3800) Large restaurant for dining and dancing with a swimming pool at your service. Gay and inexpensive, dancing and squash as well as well-cooked food. Open weekdays 7 p.m. to midnight (pool closes 8.30).

BLUE COCKATOO 35 Cheyne Walk, SW 3 (Fla 8643) Quaint 300-year-old house on the bank of the Thames. Courtyard for outdoor dining in warm weather. Candlelight dinners and traditional English cooking. There's a fountain in the courtyard, goldfish in the pool. Medium prices.

CHEF VICTOR 15 Warburton Street, W.1. They begin their night with music and a flourish of lights and exotic dancing. Entertainment and balls of jazz and pop at French, dance, and pop. Closes Saturday evenings. Starts 10 p.m. on other nights.

ELIZABETHAN. Gore Hotel, 189 Queen's Gate, S.W.7. (Kni. 4223). A remarkable room where authentic Elizabethan food is served by wenches in costume. Expect boar's head, lampreys, wild spinach, with bread to drink. Musicians play 16th-century music, too. Rather expensive, but quite unique and a gastro-romic experience. Closed Sundays.

JARDIN DES GOURMETS. 5 Greek Street, W.1. (Ger. 1816). Smart restaurant with French North African style garden; reminds one of Casablanca. Minute bar. Rather expensive but excellent cuisine. Closed on Sundays.

MATELOT. 49 Elizabeth Street, S.W.1. (Slo. 1038). A fantasy *à la Provençal*. Antiques for sale; decor in gloves left behind by clients. Food

is Provençal with a touch of South African. Moderately expensive.

OX ON THE ROOF. 353 King's Road, S.W.3. (Pla. 8947). Amusing French style bistro in Bohemian Chelsea. They suggest you bring your own wine, and the atmosphere's most informal. Delicious meals, you watch them being prepared. Closed on Mondays.

VEERASWAMY'S. Regent Street (entrance in Swallow Street), London, W.1. (Reg. 1401/3). London's best-known and largest Indian restaurant. Colourful Indian waiters in costume; Eastern decor. Modest prices. Closes at midnight.

VICTORIA TAVERN. Strathearn Place, Hyde Park, W.2. (Amb. 7474). Vivid spot for drinking and dining (cocktails 5s a dozen and succulent steaks 7s 6d). Outdoor forecourt with fountain, seating 40 people. Upstairs a room built as a scale model of the old Gaiety Theatre. Special Sportman's Bar. Closes 11 p.m. weekdays, 10 p.m. Sundays.

Department Store Restaurants

FORTNUM & MASON'S. Piccadilly, W.1. Better known simply as "Fortnum's," this store has a coffee lounge and a soda fountain which are the height of elegance. Meeting place for London society in morning and afternoon; excellent lunches. Very expensive (coffee 3/- for example) but the surroundings merit it.

HARRODS. Old Brompton Road, S.W.1. Everyone living in Kensington has lunch or tea in this huge store's lavish restaurant at least once a year.

LIBERTY'S. Regent Street, W.1. Classic store where many of Lon-

don's most chic matrons meet for tea.

SIMPSON'S. Piccadilly, W.1. A fairly large restaurant below the ground floor offers good English and Continental cooking; popular for business lunches. A roof garden lunch club also on the premises. Moderately expensive.

SELFRIDGES. Oxford Street, W.1. Largest store in the West End; has a top floor restaurant of vast size. Generally good meals at modest prices and a fine view. The best ice cream sundaes in London at the back bar-lounge.

London By Night

Let's turn to the dining clubs and night spots. Nowhere in London's West End can you legally drink after 2:30 a.m., so the purpose of joining a nightclub is not alone for drinking. Generally, it's for the exclusive atmosphere, and the special

floor shows. Also you can dance way into the small hours, and some of the clubs provide a free breakfast or a fruit cup after 2 a.m.—it cleans the palate. There's more emphasis on food and cuisine in London nightclubs than in similar places elsewhere.

Visitors who want to join nightclubs should telephone the secretary, then take a passport along to be shown at the door. In most cases, you'll be made a temporary member for a nominal subscription right away. British residents and Commonwealth or foreign visitors resident in London will have to join normally, and annual subscriptions vary from one to ten guineas.

Here are some authentic nightclubs that have floor shows and dancing, and stay open until 2 a.m. at least. Evening dress is optional in most, desirable in a few (see list). The average expenditure for parties of four is £16. At some clubs there's a special low-price dinner-dance arrangement available before midnight. No drinks can be ordered after 2 a.m., by the way, and if you haven't finished your last one by 2:30, the law says the waiter must clear it away.

ASTOR. Fitzmaurice Place, Berkeley Square, W.1. (Gro. 2366). Intimate; French cuisine; dancing to two bands from 10:30 p.m. to 4 a.m. Vaudeville-style floorshow at 1 a.m.

BLUE ANGEL. 14 Berkeley Street, W.1. (May 1443-0088). Montmartre in Mayfair. Shuffle dancing, dining, and cabaret. Claims to be a nightclub you can really afford. Open till the small hours.

CABARET. Beak Street, W.1. (Ger. 4623). London's oldest luxury club. Dine and dance 7:30 p.m. to 3 a.m. Two floor shows nightly, mostly girls. Special facilities for visitors.

CASANOVA & DON JUAN. 52 Grosvenor Street, W.1. (May. 1463). Intimate and exclusive. Rico Dajou runs the two rooms separately with floor show in the latter.

EDMUNDO ROS' CLUB. 177 Regent Street, W.1. (Reg. 7875). Gay, lavish, two orchestras and cabaret. Open 8:30 p.m. to 3 a.m., but you can dine and dance before 11 p.m. for 35/-. Suggest you dress.

EMBASSY. 6 Old Bond Street, W.1. (Hyd. 5275). Plush and roomy. All-star floor show, and often televised. Open till 4 a.m. with two bands for dancing. Suggest you dress.

EVE. 189 Regent Street, W.1. (Reg.

0557). The nearest approach to screen nightlife. Exotic floor shows. Open 8:30 p.m. to 3:30 a.m., but you can have a five-course dinner for 30s (\$4.25) up to 11 p.m.

FOUR HUNDRED. 28 Leicester Square, W.1. (Whl. 1813). Most exclusive, with waiting list for membership. Small and cosy. Open till 4 a.m. Many regulars dress for this one.

GARGOYLE. 69 Dean Street, Soho, W.1. (Ger. 6455). Roof gardens, a superb floor show and cabaret. There's a Nell Gwynne Room—she used to live on this site. And a Matisse Room, décor by Henri himself. Closes between 3:30 and 4 a.m.

NEW CHURCHILLS. 160 New Bond Street, W.1. (Hyd. 5834). Cosy spot with dim lights and hostesses. Waiters use torches to find your table. Star-studded floor shows. Open 8 p.m. to dawn, with free breakfast. Most people dress here.

FANAMA. 41 Great Windmill Street, W.1. (Ger. 6101). London's Bal Tabarin. Two big floor shows. Open till 3:30 a.m.

RIVER. 129 Grosvenor Road, Chelsea, S.W. 1. (Vic. 1621). A new spot beside the Thames. Roof garden and terrace dining in summer. Calypso bands. Open 5:30 p.m. to 3 a.m.

TWENTY ONE ROOM. 8 Chesterfield Gardens, W.1. (Gro. 2791). Intimate. Meals can be taken in rockery garden. Two bands and dancing. Floor show. Residential facilities.

WINSTON'S. 10 Clifford Street, Bond Street, W.1. (Gro. 7232). One of the latest, run by Bruce Brace. Floor-show. Plush but not exclusive. Open till 4 a.m.

Dining Clubs

Here are a few of the dining clubs that may interest you. They can be joined temporarily, as with nightclubs, but few stay open after midnight. The food is usually exceptional and selective.

AMBASSADEURS. 5 Hamilton Place, W.1. (Gro. 1230). The famous House of Rothschild converted into a tasteful restaurant with a nightclub (the Milroy) overhead. Summer dining in terraced garden with dim lights. Expensive, exclusive, and wonderful food.

EMPRESS CLUB. 15 Berkeley Street, W.1. (Hyd. 8100). Managed by Tommy Gale, this plush, exclusive club is devoted to the service of excellent, expensive food and wine. It abounds with international celebrities who pay five guineas a year to join. If, as an overseas visitor,

you know a member you can get temporary membership without charge. Light evening music, no dancing. Closes 12.30 a.m.

500 CLUB. (Reg. 0287). One of London's newer supper clubs with the emphasis on food. Run by John Mills and Dickie Attenborough.

SIEGI'S. 46 Charles Street, W.1. (Gro. 1360). Exclusive and plush. Sometimes patronized by royalty. Franco-Polish cuisine. Open till 3 a.m. No dancing.

WHITE ROOM. 19 Denman Street, W.1. (Ger. 2393). Haunt of theatrical celebrities. Open 3 p.m. to 11 p.m.

If you've a few hours to spare in London, you might like to pack an evening's entertainment into the period from 8.30 p.m. to 1 a.m. by taking a "London by Night" tour. If so, ring Whi. 5551, or call at 7 Haymarket, S.W.1, where the London by Night people have their headquarters. Cars pick you up at a central point, take you to Hennekies in High Holborn for a drink, then to Collins Music Hall at Islington to catch the best part of the show. After that, you're driven to Covent Garden for a drink at the Nag's Head—a pub full of theatrical people. Then follows dinner and cabaret at a popular dinner-dance spot. The whole trip costs £3, and informal dress is worn.

Public Houses

London has no less than 4,000 "pubs," usually open from 11.30 a.m. to 2.30 p.m., and from 6.30 p.m. to 10.30 or 11 p.m. They all have different characteristics, but the atmosphere is always informal and convivial. Most serve beer, spirits, wine and soft drinks—in that order of popularity. The typical pub has three bars, public, saloon, and private, the only difference being 1d a glass on beer prices (the private bar costs the most). Games of darts are usually played in the public bar.

SHOPPING IN LONDON

Best Buys—From Tweeds To Dogs

by

PATRICIA SHEPLEY-SMITH

(Patricia Shepley-Smith was born in London, daughter of one of the original Gibson Girls. She was educated in London and Paris, and worked as a free-lance journalist and a model. During the war, she was assigned to the Czechoslovak Government in Exile, and later became English Secretary to the Czech Prime Minister's Office. She is presently living in London.)

There has always been a magic touch about the trademark "Made in England." Indeed, so much so that it has become a virtual guarantee of high quality, and much money has been invested for many years by British manufacturers in unmasking counterfeit merchandise—whether from Central Europe or Japan—that has sometimes disguised itself under a borrowed Union Jack. Since the war, Great Britain has been obliged to keep—and even extend—the policy of austerity at home, and to increase production in order to replace the markets lost in the East by new markets in Western Europe, the Dominions, and the United States. The competition has been enormous, but British craftsmanship has maintained its high standards, and today the shops of Britain display a wealth of goods outstanding for their quality, variety, and design. For most visitors to England the chief interest is in British goods, and in London itself you are bound to find the genuine article.

There may be some who like to shop for shopping's sake, and to embark upon it in the spirit of a connoisseur or collector. They prefer to make their purchases with the local touch, and look for their woollens in Donegal or the Hebrides, china in Staffordshire, carpets in Axminster or tartans north of the Tweed. But all this takes a great deal of time and travelling, and practically everything can be found equally well in London if you know where to look.

As anywhere else, the prices vary from place to place, and you will often pay more for something bought in Bond Street than for a similar article acquired elsewhere. But visitors from abroad have a great advantage over the native Londoner in their ex-

emption from the purchase tax, which represents a tremendous saving on many types of goods and can even halve the price of those in the luxury class. Some large stores can deliver goods free of tax direct to an overseas address, and many other shops participate in a personal export scheme that enables purchases to be sent tax-free direct to your plane or boat (in order to ensure that the articles will actually be taken out of the country). The chief formality is the presentation of a passport, but—though usually simple in the extreme—the regulations concerned sometimes vary. Should the visitor, unaccustomed to red tape, become bothered or bewildered, many of the big stores, such as *Harrods* or *Fortnum and Mason*, have special information departments where they are delighted to give assistance and advice to the guest from abroad.

As you look around the smarter shopping districts of London, you'll see many small but distinguished shops displaying "By Appointment" signs. This is the highest honour a British shopkeeper can achieve. It means that he has been privileged to supply a royal household with goods and, over a reasonably lengthy period, has been declared satisfactory. If you look more closely at these signs, you'll note they say, "By Appointment to H. M. the Queen," or will name other royal personages to whom they have given satisfaction. These shops tend to be the most expensive, of course, but they also maintain the highest standards of quality, and you can rely on their integrity.

The Big Department Stores

Any guide to the London shops must begin with the great department stores, which are an outstanding feature of nearly every large city in Britain.

The most famous of these stores is undoubtedly *Harrods* in Knightsbridge, which celebrated its centenary some years ago. Opened first in 1849 as a small grocery shop in Knightsbridge village, it now covers a vast block in one of London's best shopping centres, and caters for every possible need of the customer. It is especially known for the high quality of its goods, and much patronized by dwellers in the surrounding districts for their day-to-day purchases. In fact, the time spent by their womenfolk in *Harrods* is a standing joke among many London husbands.

Another world-famous and even older store is *Fortnum and Mason* in Piccadilly, which, though smaller than *Harrods*, has a good selection of all the best quality goods. Their food depart-

ment is particularly well known, and here can be bought every conceivable tinned or bottled delicacy, all the more exotic adjuncts to the table or unusual and appetizing edibles for a cocktail party. But the other departments should not be neglected, as this is one of the best places for good and original fashions and accessories of all sorts, and their gift department has many possibilities for those who want to take home really luxurious presents.

For more everyday needs there is *Selfridges* in Oxford Street, another London landmark that is well known in many countries of the world, and where an excellent selection of all types of goods in a much wider price range can be found. This is one of the largest and most popular of London stores, and the focal point of the famous Oxford Street "Shopper's Mile." Also in this category comes *Barkers* in Kensington, a favourite haunt for shoppers from far and wide whose purses cannot be stretched too far, and the *Army and Navy Stores* in Victoria Street, which started life by dealing with the needs of the British serviceman and his family.

There are many other excellent department stores both in the West End and farther, such as *Harvey Nichols* in Knightsbridge, with everything of the best; *Peter Jones* in Sloane Square, stocking excellent clothing of all descriptions but especially renowned for household decoration and every possible requirement for the home; and their sister shop, *John Lewis* in Oxford Street, specializing in dress materials. *Liberty's* of Regent Street have an international reputation for their beautiful silks and other materials, and have long been a hunting ground for those in search of the exceptional—the name of "Liberty's" bears a special cachet. At *Marshall and Snelgrove* and *Dickens and Jones* can be found everything of the highest quality, and also at *Debenham and Freebody*, where there is one of the best departments in London for children's clothes.

To mention a few of those with a somewhat wider range of prices: there is *Swan and Edgar* in Piccadilly Circus, whose central doorstep, facing the famous statue of Eros, provides both Londoners and visitors from abroad with one of their most popular meeting places; *Peter Robinson* in Oxford Circus, with some excellent and inexpensive fashion departments; *Pontings* and *Derry and Toms* in Kensington, and *Bourne and Hollingworth* in Oxford Street. All of these have a wide selection to suit every purse.

The visitor from overseas, looking for some embellishments for her wardrobe, is generally in search of the country tweeds

and classic tailor-mades for which Britain is renowned, and for which our materials and workmanship are still unrivalled. But the newcomer to England who expects—according to the popular old Continental tradition—to find every Englishwoman clad in a tweed suit, cashmere jersey, and string of pearls (genuine or Woolworth's), plus a shapeless felt hat adorned with a regimental brooch, will receive a surprise. This reputation of ours was probably justly earned by a few of our Victorian great-aunts, who undoubtedly must have arrived on the Riviera suitably dressed and militantly equipped for dealing with anything from a horde of brigands to a typhoon or bugs in the bed. It may still be deserved by the inhabitants of certain county fastnesses, but the general standard of British fashions today is on a par with the world's best. The possibilities of buying beautiful clothes for any occasion and to suit every pocket are legion.

Haute Couture and Fashion Shops

The abodes of *haute couture* are mostly concentrated in the streets and squares between Park Lane and Bond Street, where discreet brass plates bear the illustrious names made world-famous in Paris, and those—now equally famous—of the many British designers who have gained ever-growing reputations before and since the last war. Here, or not far away, are to be found the salons of *Norman Hartnell*, who dresses the Queen and her family; *Peter Russell*, *Digby Morton and Creed*, all famed especially for tailored perfection of line and cut; *Victor Stiebel*, *Mattli*, and the more recently risen stars such as *Hardy Amies* and *Michael Sherard*.

But in London, as elsewhere, the creations from the great houses of dressmaking are beyond the reach of many, and most visitors have little time to spare for fittings and suchlike. However, there is still an infinity of variety and choice. Many of the great *couture* houses—such as *Creed* and *Mattli*, for instance—now have *boutiques* on their premises, with a one-fitting collection at lower prices as well as a quantity of lovely accessories. Really good model clothes can also be found at *Finnigans* in Bond Street and *Fortnum and Mason*, while *Lachasse* has one of the best reputations for tailored suits.

The quality and design of readymade clothes from the wholesale model houses have made tremendous strides since the war, and many of the biggest stores have excellent dress departments, especially *Harrods* and *Harvey Nichols*, and a most extensive choice can be found at *Jays* in Oxford Circus and *Fenwicks* of

Bond Street—the last named always has an exceptional collection of coats and suits, good accessories of all kinds, and a first-class made-to-measure department. The smaller dress shops also deserve investigation, and a walk down Bond Street, Regent Street or Knightsbridge can present many possibilities, as well as a glimpse of quantities of other lovely things such as handbags, jewellery, pictures, antiques, and objets d'art of all sorts.

For the more classical type of British clothes, *Jaeger* have their famous camel-hair coats, as well as sports clothes of all kinds and a wonderful line of inexpensive jersey dresses. *Burberrys* and *Aquascutum* keep their long-standing reputation for waterproofs and raincoats, and *Simpson* in Piccadilly—though catering mainly for masculine needs—have several excellent departments for women. *Lillywhites* can supply everything for clothing and equipping the sports-lover, while *Weatheralls* are another firm of sportswear specialists who have original interchangeable outfits and delightfully unconservative ideas about colours and patterns. The invaluable twin-sets by famous makers such as *Pringle*, *Ballantyne*, or *Braemar* can be bought in many London shops, while experts in handknitted model sweaters and cardigans are the *Stonehenge Co.*, which also has wonderful tweeds handwoven by disabled ex-servicemen.

But there are many who have decided ideas of their own and prefer to buy material by the yard to have made up in their own designs, and a great number of visitors from abroad take home lengths of British suiting etc., either for their own use or as presents for friends and relations. Here again, many of the big stores have excellent departments for fabrics of all descriptions: *Harvey Nichols* deserves special mention both for quality and choice, and *John Lewis* for perhaps the widest selection and price range. Everything of the best, from diaphanous chiffon to sturdy tweed, can be found at *Jacqmar* or *Gasmey*, and an exceptionally good small shop is *Allens* of Duke Street. However, by far the most usual quest for the visitor is for the traditional British tweeds and suitings, and in this matter the showrooms of *John G. Hardy* in New Burlington Street display a choice of the best woollens and worsteds obtainable. A wide selection can also be seen at several shops in Bond Street: *Hunt and Winterbottom*, for example, have an enormous range of beautiful fabrics—from tweed made in the remotest isles of Shetland to suitings from their own mills in western England. For all enthusiasts for tartan—and this no longer means only those with Scottish forbears—there is *Scott Adie* in Cork Street, or the *Scotch House* in Knightsbridge which will supply all the truly authentic Scot-

tish patterns of every colour and clan. Trimmings, such as an exact match in ribbon or veiling, can sometimes be a problem, but one that can often be solved in the excellent drapery departments of *Woollands*—the store adjoining Harvey Nichols in Knightsbridge. There are many London tailors and dressmakers who are delighted to make up customers' materials to their own designs, or to make alternative suggestions and sketches. The advertisements of the London *Vogue* magazine or an information bureau can usually offer some ideas in this direction, and an inquiry from an English friend will often bring forth the address of an expert small tailor or a "little-woman-round-the-corner" who can produce the equivalent of a model dress at a far below model price.

The millinery trade of London has undergone a tremendous renaissance since the hatless war years. Hats are now *de rigueur* with town clothes, and the need for something new is almost bound to arise for the visitor making a longer stay, either for a special occasion or to go with a new outfit. In this matter the magic of a Paris label is eternal, and French models can be found in some of the large stores as well as the more exclusive shops like *Edelles*, near *Claridges*. But there are also many London designers who can more than compete, such as *Erik* of Brook Street or *Aage Thaarup*, and you will find hats with a Parisian flavour at *Adèle's* in Grosvenor Street and *Pissot et Pavy*. The large stores often have both model and inexpensive departments, and a good selection at all prices is to be found at *Fenwicks*, where you can either walk out in your chosen hat or have it made to measure in a particular colour or material. *Scotts*, on the corner of Bond Street and Piccadilly, is the most famous maker of the indispensable classic felts for country clothes and, as for many generations past, purchases are still delivered to your door by the smartest of horse-drawn broughams and a top-hatted coachman.

Leather Goods and Accessories

British leatherwork has been renowned from medieval times, and in the question of accessories London has much to offer that is out of the ordinary. The leading shoe shops are mostly to be found in the region of Bond Street, such as *Pinet*, *Raynes*, *Delmans* or the *London Shoe Co.* All the better makes of shoe now come in American fittings—a matter of great relief to countless Englishwomen to whom the achievement of a correct size had long been more a matter of luck than good judgement

—but for those that demand the height of custom-made perfection there is *Box* in Grosvenor Street. *Gamba* in Soho, much patronized by the theatrical world, is an especially fascinating shop, and the large firms of *Dolcis* and *Lilley and Skinner*—both with their main branches in Oxford Street—can supply good shoes to suit all purses. London is the centre of the handbag industry, and the choice ranges from the classic crocodile, snake-skin, and calf, to the more transient fashions in less enduring materials. *Raynes* and *Delmans* have models to match some of their shoes; *Fortnum and Mason*, *Finnigans*, and *Aspreys* all have a selection of the finest quality, and many smaller shops can be found in the length of Bond Street with beautiful bags of every type.

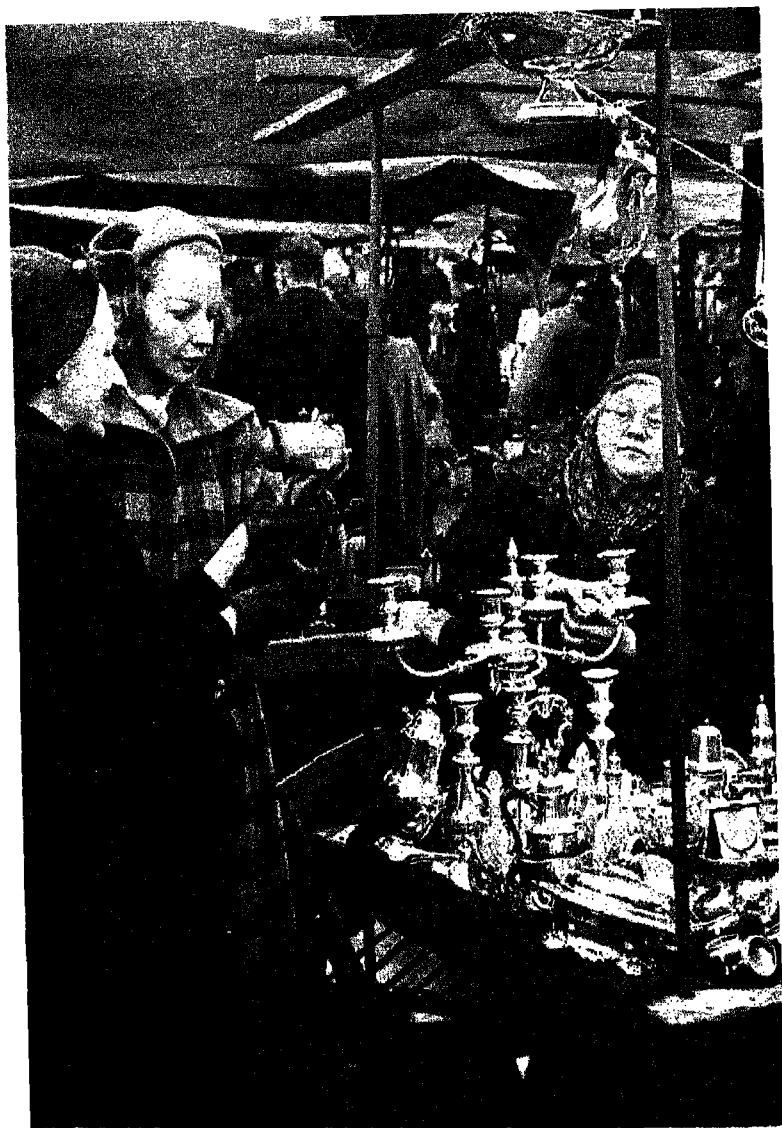
For those no less important but less visible garments that are literally the foundations of every wardrobe, *Illa Knina* in Bruton Street—who has built up a great reputation as a *corsetière* since her arrival in this country just before the war—has excellent models, original ideas about colours and materials, and an exceptional talent for dealing with the most difficult figure. Of the big stores, *Harvey Nichols* and *Jays* both keep a selection of well known makes. Exquisite handmade lingerie can be seen at *Lydia Moss* or *Honoré* in South Audley Street, and at *Elizabeth Arden*, while most department stores can show you wares ranging from the finest silk to the warm woollens that save so much shivering on winter visits to English country houses.

Furs are no longer the luxury they used to be, and the inexpensive beaver-lamb coats can prevent a multitude of ills. In fact, a pair of sheepskin overboots is almost a necessity for the winter visitor to Britain, and though not so glamorous in appearance as four-inch heels, there is nothing so unglamorous as a cold in the head... The best known makes are *Morlands* or *Glastonburys*, and these can now be found at most of the bigger shoe shops. As for more luxurious furs, *Bradleys* keep their long-standing reputation for quality and craftsmanship, the *National Fur Company* has a good selection of all types, and *Molho* or *Woolf* will show you all that is latest in fur fashions.

The subject of furs leads automatically to that of jewellery, and most of the great names in the world of jewellers, such as *Cartier*, *Boucheron*, *Benson and Drayson*, can be found in Bond Street. Much happy time can be expended gazing at the fabulous wares displayed in these windows, but it is the lucky few who get beyond the stage of window-gazing. Equally fascinating are the more crowded contents of the shops that deal also in the semi-precious, secondhand and antique, such as the lovely col-



The Burlington Arcade, sporting a distinctively dressed "beadle," is among London's best known and most fashionable shopping centers. Tradition decrees that you may not enter it carrying an opened umbrella.



The Caledonian market is also a famous shopping center, but of a different type. Here you may buy almost anything, even a set of antique silver.

lection of old paste and rings at the *Collector's Curio Corner* in Dover Street, and the windows of *Ogdens* in Duke Street, St. James's. Also in Duke Street, and round the corner by Princes Arcade, are the two favourite haunts of the collector of charm or seal bracelets—the *Golden Past* and the *Art Corner*—where many other beautiful things can also be seen such as miniature boxes of Dresden and old English porcelain, Wedgewood plaques, and ancient ivory or jade. Across Piccadilly, the length of the Burlington Arcade displays windows containing everything from a portion of the Russian crown jewels to a miniature gold toothpick. Incidentally, and apropos of the Burlington Arcade, male escorts prove much more amenable if allowed to linger before the shop fronts of the many hostels, where the most exclusive—and sometimes rather startling—etceteras for the male sex are shown. For the lover of antique jewellery, there are infinite possibilities of picking up old pieces at reasonable prices. The small and often grubby shops that exist in most districts should not be ignored, as many a find has been made in the fly-spotted windows of St. Martin's Lane or Kensington Church Street.

And lastly, for gilding the lily, the great names, such as *Ehuzabeth Aïden* or *Helena Rubenstein*, congregate mostly in the West End, together with the famous creators of new styles of hairdressing, such as *Raymond*, *Steiner*, or *Martin Douglas*. Moreover, the big stores and hotels usually contain excellent and reliable beauty salons and hairdressers, and there are many other first-class smaller establishments in most London districts. French perfumes are now on sale practically everywhere, but the prices are high and the discriminating shopper can find a wonderful British-made range of scents and eau-de-colognes, with matching bath essences and powders, at *Floris*, in Jermyn Street, or at the American firm of *Mary Chess*, which now has the most delightful small shop in the old-world Shepherd's Market.

Males' Shopping Mecca

The words "Savile Row" have been for generations synonymous the world over for all that is best in tailoring, and the name is still unrivalled. All the same, geographically, it is somewhat unjust as, though Savile Row itself is lined with famous creators of sartorial elegance, there are many others just as august to be found in Sackville Street and the immediate neighborhood. It is virtually impossible to single out one or two for personal mention, as nearly all these establishments preserve their famous tradition and atmosphere, and a suit from any one of them bears

the international *cachet* and guarantee of quality and cut as when the reputation of Savile Row was first founded.

There are many good tailors in London outside the traditional area, and in this matter the best thing is to acquire some advice from an English male—most of them have some ideas of their own on this subject which they would part with to the visitor, though would probably be most reluctant to reveal to one of their own compatriots! As regards the big stores, *Harrods Men's Shop* has a first-class reputation, and there, as at *Simpsons* in Piccadilly or *Austin Reeds* in Regent Street, you can be outfitted from top to toe and from a tail coat to a collar stud. In case of an unexpected invitation, *Moss Brothers* is a name to remember. Here can be hired at reasonable cost anything from a complete outfit for Ascot or a small wedding, correct to the last detail, to immaculate evening dress for a society ball.

Moss Brothers should not be forgotten either by the impecunious sportsman, as they are well known makers of riding clothes, while perhaps one of the most famous names for equestrian outfitting is that of *Tautz* of Grafton Street. In the all-important matter of riding boots, two of the foremost experts are *Peals* in Oxford Street or *Lobbs* in St. James's, either of which will produce a pair that belongs in the stirrups and not on a lion-tamer, as well as the best of custom-made shoes. While dealing with sporting matters, the world's most famous makers of equipment for hunting, shooting, and fishing are concentrated in London. Perhaps the most famous establishments for each are: *Swaine and Adeney* for saddlery and leatherwork of all sorts; *Purdey*, the most illustrious British gunsmith; and *Hardys*, the most renowned maker of all requirements for the fisherman.

A walk down Bond Street—inevitable for those accompanied by wives or female relations—can also hold a lot of interest for the mere male, as here are congregated many of the leading hosiers, such as *Sulka* or *Hummel*, while the equally inevitable stroll through the Burlington Arcade is even more fraught with possibility from the vista of all that is newest in masculine etceteras in the windows of *Lords*, *Noble Jones*, or *Peals*. Nearby, in Piccadilly, can be found that indispensable trademark of the successful business man—a Briggs umbrella, and not far away, the two most famous of men's hatters, *Locks* in St. James's Street and the Jermyn Street shop of *Walter Barnard*, still preserve their unique reputations and the atmosphere of a past generation.

But, sartorial matters apart, many male visitors to London gravitate eventually to *Dunhills* with one of the best and most

comprehensive collections of smoker's requisites in the world, as well as beautiful things in leather and other more valuable materials.

To say it with flowers, *Moyses Stevens* in Berkeley Square will provide a suitable tribute for any eventuality. They also make up and deliver any special requirement from a sheaf of orchids to a stage door, to a lace-frilled posy for a granddaughter's birthday. Their branch near Victoria Station runs a floral night service. *Constance Spry* of South Audley Street is a true artist in flower matters, and can produce the loveliest of sprays and bouquets as well as floral arrangements for weddings or parties.

Speaking of parties, the thirsty must not be overlooked, and—as the British licensing laws and times of pub-opening present an often insoluble problem to the stranger—the name of a first-class wine merchant is a useful addition to the address book. *Harvey and Sons* will be a name already familiar to many visitors from the U.S.A. as the exporters of the finest sherries—Bristol Milk and Bristol Cream—and their shop in King Street can also provide a wide choice of excellent wines, spirit, and liqueurs of all descriptions. The famous firm of *Berry Brothers* is one of the oldest and most picturesque of London shops. The site was first occupied in 1602 by a farmhouse—then the nearest neighbour to the new country Palace of St James's—and, from the sale of farm produce and home-brewed ale, have evolved in three and a half centuries the famous wine merchants of today. The ancient bow-windowed shop survives nearly intact, and one can test the old weighing machine, used originally for sacks of sugar and coffee but since 1765 for the customers themselves, and peruse the weight records of famous personalities from then to the present day including those of Lord Byron, Beau Brummel, the Duke of Wellington, and the last Kings of France. According to the licensing rules, the wine merchants can deliver their wares to your home at any time, but those seeking alcoholic refreshment should remember that it can only be taken away during licensed hours. These vary according to district, but are approximately 11.30 a.m. to 3 p.m. for shops and after 5.30 in the evening.

For the Children

London can produce really lovely clothes for children of all ages and at all prices. The *Treasure Cot* in Oxford Street will provide an entire first wardrobe and delightful nursery equipment, as well as some excellent clothes for mother before the

event. A christening is an occasion demanding something extra special, and the *White House* or *Givans* in Bond Street can supply those exquisite lace or lace-trimmed robes that are handed on from generation to generation as family heirlooms, while *Givans* also make beautifully handsmocked and embroidered dresses for small girls. *Harrods* have an exceptionally good department for children from birth to school age—strategically placed next to the zoo and toy departments. The vexing question of shoes can be solved scientifically at *Daniel Neals* in Portman Square, who also has a particularly good selection of practical clothes for small boys. But perhaps the most famous reputation for children's clothing belongs to *Debenhams* and *Freebody*, and generations of small Londoners have begun their social lives clad in party suits or dresses with the "Debenhams" mark.

In London, as elsewhere, it is a comparatively simple matter to assemble an entrancing wardrobe for a small girl, but the proud parents of sons and heirs are apt to resort despairingly to grey flannel and tweed long before it is inevitable. However, there are still many possibilities for the imaginative, such as a kilt from the *Scotch House*, complete with sporran and outsize safety pin, or—one of the most delightful party outfits for any little boy—an authentic miniature sailor suit from *Rowes* in Bond Street, complete to the hat marked "H.M.S. Victory," lanyard and whistle. For more everyday wear there are the royal blue or scarlet dungarees made of tough British corduroy velvet which are obtainable in many children's departments of the big stores and look most engaging topped with a small-size copy of the naval duffle coats from *Gaychild* in South Moulton Street. *Gaychild* have original and practical clothing suggestions for both sexes as well as many suggestions for gifts for the younger generation, and—while on the subject of gifts—*Hamleys* of Regent Street have a vast selection of toys to fascinate any child.

Teenage boys are easier to deal with, as they generally insist on strictly conventional garments. However, they grow at such an alarming rate that reasonable prices are the first consideration, and *Gamages* in Holborn will meet all requirements. Indeed, although rather outside the usual West End shopping centres, *Gamages* is well worth a visit for those in search of goods at bargain prices.

Unfortunately, it is possible to mention only a few suggestions for those in search of household needs or embellishments, whether for a temporary home in this country or as a memento

from the array of decorative and domestic wares for which Britain is famous. Not to be forgotten either are those objects—for which London provides the most prolific hunting ground—such as antique furniture, old books, rare glass, and china.

For the Home

Speaking first of the large stores, *Peter Jones* in Sloane Square must take priority. There you can find literally everything for the home. In all matters of decoration, *Mrs. Shields* is one of the foremost experts in London, and really beautiful furniture, as well as many other lovely things, can be seen at her showroom in Harriet Street.

Curtains and loose covers at reasonable prices are a need in practically every household, and a good maker for these and many other items is the smaller store of *Owles and Beaumonts* in the Brompton Road, often overlooked by those coming from farther afield. Nearby in Beauchamp Place are a mass of small shops to delight every home-lover, with antique clocks, old china and crystal, exquisite materials for upholstery such as Regency-striped or patterned chintzes, and the most luxurious of damasks and satins. Sloane Street also has several good shops for furnishings such as *Hammonds* or *Walpoles*. The latter also specialize in household linens. Perhaps the most famous name in this branch of domestic necessity is *Robinson and Cleaver* in Regent Street, who have enjoyed their unique reputation for several decades.

One of the most fascinating shops of London is *Thomas Goode and Sons* in South Audley Street, with their wonderful display of china and glass, pottery and objets d'art. Two popular places for Americans in London are *Lawley's* of Regent Street and *Chinacraft* of Oxford Street (near Marble Arch). Both have their own potteries in Staffordshire and specialize in fine bone china. The former display exquisite glassware as well. *Chinacraft* has a special export department to take care of all formalities; ask to see their dinner and tea services. The exotic wares of the *General Trading Co.*—artfully concealed in a turning off Park Lane—should not be neglected, while *Smythsons* in Bond Street—perhaps the most renowned makers of choice writing paper and suchlike—offer a wealth of original gifts from their beautiful sets of diaries, account books, and stationery needs.

The well-known shops for silver, both modern and antique, are mostly congregated in the region of St. James's or Regent Street, such as the famous establishments of *Goldsmiths* and

Silversmiths or *Mappin and Webb*. Many jewellers also deal in silver of all kinds, and a lovely collection of Georgian and other antique pieces can be seen, for instance, in the windows of *Lightons* in the Burlington Arcade. But nowadays, goods of this sort can be literally astronomical in price and the ardent collector should not overlook out-of-the-way sources such as auctions and the various outdoor markets. For the connoisseur of silver, as well as of works of art and antiques of every sort, the great auctions, such as *Sotheby's* or *Christie's*, can provide endless pleasure and opportunity, and those travelling farther afield should keep a lookout for the notices of sales in country districts, where the most astonishing bargains can often be acquired.

But hope springs eternal, and no hope so eternal as that of finding a Botticelli in a back room, or a piece of genuine Meissen or a first edition on one of those enchanting stalls marked, "Anything in this tray for 6d!" Prewar visitors to London will remember that happiest of all hunting-grounds, the *Caledonian Market*—now replaced by the *New Caledonian* in Tower Bridge Road, Bermondsey, where all the old stall-holders can be found every Friday. Another favourite haunt is Kensington Church Street, also Kings Road, Chelsea, which—though rather over-exploited in recent years—still contains some excellent shops as well as a few that cultivate layers of dust to deceive the unwary. For the true open-air market enthusiast, there are prospects of endless entertainment on nearly every day of the week: the *Berwick Market* in Soho on Mondays and Thursdays, *Tottenham Court Road* on Wednesdays and Fridays, and—the most recent discovery of bargain-hunters—the *Portobello Road*, near Notting Hill Gate, which functions on Fridays and Saturdays.

As for the booklover, *Bumpus* and *Hatchards* are both famous establishments, and can supply publications recent or rare as well as many beautifully bound editions. The *Times Book Club* in Wigmore Street keeps a comprehensive selection, and also houses the best lending library for books on all subjects. If you look for specialized literature, scientific and technical books should be sought in Bloomsbury, where the shops near the British Museum will provide textbooks on everything from astrology to obstetrics. Political and religious works are mainly to be found in the vicinity of Old Palace Yard and the Catholic Westminster Cathedral, while *Foyle's*, in Charing Cross Road, has a vast selection of volumes, old and new. Charing Cross Road is the centre of the London book trade and a veritable paradise for every collector and lover of old books.

Finally, there are a few items that defy all classification but may be useful, if not vital, to the visitor from abroad—in case he should have the misfortune to be stranded without visible means of transport or beset with a vicious headache in the middle of the night.

To deal first with the headache: a chemist's shop is to be found in practically every London street, and, as the English laws on this subject are extremely rigid, anyone who undertakes the making-up of prescriptions is fully qualified and reliable, apart from providing the usual requirements such as toothpaste etc. and cosmetics of all descriptions. (Unfortunately, the American drug store is still unknown here and cigarettes or ice-cream sodas must, meanwhile, be sought elsewhere.) Though many of these shops open for a short while on Sundays or in the evenings to dispense prescriptions, the need for some sort of medicine can arise at the most unorthodox times, and it may be useful to know that *Boots* in Piccadilly Circus maintains an all-night service to deal with this kind of emergency.

A Few Suggestions

Perhaps a few definite suggestions about gifts with a specially British touch may not come amiss.

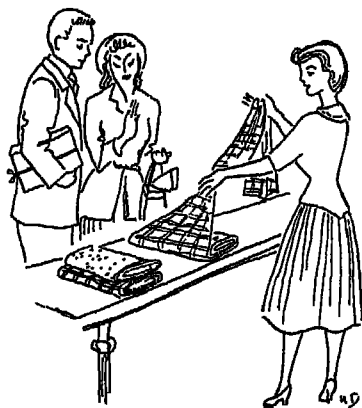
Let's start with the male sex—notoriously the most difficult present problem of all. Donations in the clothing line are a tricky matter, but even the most conservative of males would be delighted with a suit from *Hunt and Winterbottom*, a *Briggs* umbrella, or a Paisley dressing-gown, scarf, or tie from the Burlington Arcade. For the bolder spirit, there are such things as braces or suspenders of scarlet felt or embroidered with hunting scenes, brass-buttoned waistcoats of every hue, or a white silk monogrammed evening scarf. For the smoker, a pipe or lighter from *Dunhills*; for the fisherman, a set of flies from *Hardys*; for any sportsman, a combined shooting-stick and umbrella from *Briggs*, or a scarlet morocco-bound record book of bets, bags or catches from *Smythsons* in Bond Street; for the fastidious, *Floris* of Jermyn Street have exotic shaving soap in wooden bowls complete with refills. There are also many other presents for men that are always greatly appreciated but must be looked for with rather more perseverance, such as a leather-bound edition of the works of a favourite author from the Charing Cross Road, a set of old sporting prints from an antique dealer or auction, or—perhaps best of all but hardest to come by—one of those delightful musical jugs, embossed with the

scenes and words of traditional English airs like *John Peel* or *Widdicombe Fair*, which play the appropriate tune when lifted. Before the war these jugs used to come from many of the best china shops, but are now rather rare, and—failing a lucky find—an old Toby jug can give almost as much pleasure. A visit to *Century House* in Shaftesbury Avenue will help solve numerous gift problems. This is the London headquarters of Philips, the big electrical people, and you'll find double-headed electric shavers ideal for a quick morning shave, or battery operated ones so he can shave in his car. Wire recorders, record players, and health ray lamps will also catch your eye in these plush showrooms.

In the matter of gifts, women are not nearly so exacting, and infinite possibilities at all prices are to be found in the London shops. *Aspreys* have a really lovely selection, while *Finnigans* and *Fortnum and Mason* can make any number of suggestions from the most luxurious of handbags to a lace-ruffled baby pillow for the comfort-loving, the softest of cashmere twin-sets of cardigan and sweater to some novel ideas in gloves and belts. Any feminine friend or relative, from grandmother to débutante, would be delighted with lace-edged or embroidered handkerchiefs, a head scarf of cobwebby black lace and tulle, or any of the other exquisite things to be seen at *Givans* or the *White House*. A length of Donegal tweed or West of England suiting from *Hunt and Winterbottom* can be sure of the most enthusiastic of welcomes, as can any article of tartan or plaid from the *Scotch House*, so long as a colour-scheme suitable to the recipient is carefully considered. (The bright yellow Buchanan dress-tartan is not recommended for maiden aunts, though a teenager would probably be enchanted!) For the houseproud, nothing could be better than an offering of English china, such as a set of Crown Derby or Worcester coffee cups from *Thomas Goode and Sons*. The ardent housewife would appreciate a truly original but practical idea, such as a set of kitchen cloths printed with the celebrated "Cries of London" from *Robinson and Cleaver*. But for feminine fancy of every age and kind—with the possible exception of devoted disciples of ultra-modern *décor*—the antique market often supplies the best answer: for instance, a miniature gold compass or ancient seal for a bracelet, a minute box of old Dresden or English china, a Wedgwood vase, or any other item from the fascinating collections to be seen at the *Art Corner* and *Golden Past*; a pair of antique paste earrings or one of the beautiful china figures from the *Collector's Curio Corner* in Dover Street; a carved and gilded mirror or

piece of old silver from an auction or antique shop; or a set of the lovely old prints of flowers or birds that can often be found in the Charing Cross Road.

And, last of all, a few suggestions for presents for the young. Gifts in the clothing line please both children and their parents and, should currency be running short, a whole family can be most adequately dealt with by an out-of-the-ordinary addition to a junior wardrobe, such as a small but authentic copy of a sailor suit from *Rowe's* in Bond Street, a kilt from the *Scotch House*, a Fairisle pullover with beret to match, or gaily-coloured but tough corduroy trousers from *Debenham and Freebody*. Most of these elegancies are more suitable for the junior male, because enchanting additions to the wardrobe of a small girl can be seen in every London store, while a party dress from *Evans* or *Debenhams* is the best of all youthful feminine presents. *Gaychild* of South Moulton Street has many original suggestions to offer both in sartorial matters and other nursery furnishings, such as a bowl in which the owner's name is revealed as the porridge or pudding disappears—a great inducement to the temperamental eater! A visit to *Hamley* in Regent Street, or *Gamage* in High Holborn, will produce a gift for any child, from a set of electric trains or really indestructible tin soldiers to equipment for some slightly rude practical jokes. If all else fails and if you can face the journey home, there is always a poodle puppy or—from *Harrods* zoo department—a plump green lizard, complete with diet of mealworms, either of which would establish for all time—amongst the younger generation at least—your reputation as a truly reasonable adult.



ENVIRONS OF LONDON

Historic Sights And Rural Calm

by

Z. A. GRABOWSKI

London is one of the most fortunate cities in the world so far as the variety of its surroundings is concerned, for both rural peace and places of historic significance are within easy reach. The trouble with London is, however, that its abnormal size makes the problem of getting out of the place quite complicated, especially for the visitor with a car. It is therefore advisable to study carefully the main roads and by-passes leading out of the capital.

For those not having a car at their disposal the Green Line is a welcome alternative. This service opens the whole region round London, offering excursions to places of historic interest, to streams and farms, and to other rural pleasures. The underground system of London also reaches quite far into the surrounding country, and the electric suburban train services are excellent.

Practical Information for Environs of London



WHERE TO STAY. If you want to put up at an hotel in the quiet of London's Green Belt, or even further out yet not so far that you can't easily take a Green Line bus, tube, or electric train into the West End each day, here are some selected hotels in attractive districts. Prices are the minimum, including breakfast. Where no baths is indicated, this means no private bathrooms. Adequate numbers of public bathrooms will be provided for the use of the hotel guests.

ASCOT (Berkshire). It's no good trying to book a hotel here at short notice for Royal Ascot week (mid-June), but at other times you'll find it quite easy and the district delightful. *Berystede*, 40 rooms (11 with baths), 21/- and 42/-; *Royal Ascot*, 50 rooms (10 with baths), 30/- and 60/-; *Royal Foresters*, 10 rooms (no baths), 21/- and 42/-.

BLETCHINGLY (Surrey). *Whyte Hart*, 14 rooms (2 with baths), 17/6 and 35/-.

BOX HILL (Surrey). *Burford Bridge*,

18 rooms (3 with baths), 21/- and 42/-.

BUCKHURST HILL (Essex). *Roeback*, 10 rooms (no baths), 20/- and 40/-.

CHERTSEY (Surrey). *Bridge*, 10 rooms (no baths), 17/6 and 35/-.

CROYDON (Surrey). *Selsdon Park*, 161 rooms (90 with baths), 35/- and 66/6; *Shirley Park*, 50 rooms (14 with baths), 25/- and 45/-; *Waldronhyrst*, 40 rooms (3 with baths), 21/- and 42/-.

DORKING (Surrey). *White Horse*, 21 rooms (2 with baths), 20/- and 40/-.

Porlock, 14 rooms (no baths), 17/6 and 33/-

EGHAM (Surrey) *Great Fosters*, 20 suites (8 with baths) 35/- and 70/-

EPPIING (Essex) *Cock*, 8 rooms (no baths) 20/- and 40/- *Ye Olde Thatched House*, 8 rooms (no baths), 21/- and 42/-

EPSOM (Surrey) During Derby week, early in June, accommodation is at a premium, and you need to book a year ahead Otherwise it's easy *Drift Bridge*, 20 rooms (no baths) 21/- and 44/- *Old Manor House*, 21 rooms (no baths) 21/- and 42/-

GERRARDS CROSS (Bucks) *Elthorpe*, 40 rooms (12 with baths) 22/6 and 45/- *Bull*, 52 rooms (no baths), 34/6 and 69/-

GODSTONE (Surrey) *Wonham House*, 12 rooms (no baths), 17/- and 34/-

GRAVESEND (Kent) *Royal Clarendon*, 31 rooms (3 with baths), 24/- and 44/-

HADLEY WOOD (Herts) *West Lodge Park*, 34 rooms (3 with baths), 25/6 and 51/-

HAMPTON COURT (Middlesex) *Mitre*, 12 rooms (no baths), 25/- and 50/-

HARROW-ON-THE-HILL (Middlesex) *Kings Head*, 20 rooms (1 with bath), 25/- and 50/-

HATFIELD (Herts) *Red Lion*, 8 rooms (no baths), 18/6 and 35/- *Comet*, 14 rooms (1 with bath) 21/- and 42/-

HERTFORD (Herts) *Dimsdale Arms*, 7 rooms (no baths), 19/6 and 39/- *Mayflower*, 10 rooms (no baths) 16/6 and 33/- *Salisbury Arms*, 18 rooms (no baths) 19/6 and 39/-

INGATESTONE (Essex) *Chase*, 18 rooms (2 with baths) 21/- and 40/-

LEATHERHEAD (Surrey) *New Bull*, 9 rooms (2 with baths) 21/- and 42/-

OTFORD (Kent) *Old Oast Guest House*, 6 rooms (no bath) 17/6 and 35/-

OXTED (Surrey) *East Hill*, 14 rooms (no baths), 17/6 and 35/- *Hoskins Arms*, 18 rooms (2 with baths) 21/- and 40/-

RADLETT (Herts) *Aldenham Lodge*, 24 rooms (2 with baths), 22/6 and 45/-

REIGATE (Surrey) *Monks Court*, 33 rooms (2 with baths), 18/6 and 37/- *Reigate Hill*, 18 rooms (2 with baths), 25/- and 50/-

RICHMOND (Surrey) *Stuart*, 200 rooms (12 with baths), 20/- and 40/- *Richmond Hill*, 75 rooms (10 with baths) 31/6 and 60/- *Star & Garter*, 47 rooms (8 with baths) 31/6 and 60/-

ST ALBANS (Herts) The ancient Roman city of Verulam, 20 miles north of London *Noke*, 8 rooms (two with baths) 25/- and 50/- *Peahen*, 14 rooms (no baths), 21/- and 42/- *Red Lion*, 15 rooms (no baths) 18/6 and 37/-

SEVENOAKS (Kent) *Ormiston*, 19 rooms (no baths), 20/6 and 41/- *Royal Oak*, 22 rooms (3 with baths), 21/- and 42/-

SHEPPERTON (Middlesex) *Thames Court*, 22 rooms (no baths), 21/- and 42/-

SLOUGH (Bucks) *Royal*, 27 rooms (2 with baths) 20/- and 40/-

STAINES (Middlesex) *Angel*, 14 rooms (no baths), 18/6 and 37/- *Anne Boleyn*, 12 rooms (no baths), 15/- and 30/-

SUNNINGDALE (Berkshire) *Sunningdale*, 7 rooms (no baths) 25/- and 50/-

SURBITON (Surrey) *Ardmay*, 33 rooms (1 with bath) 17/6 and 35/-

VIRGINIA WATER (Surrey) *Wheat-sheaf*, 20 rooms (1 with bath), 25/- and 50/-

WALTON-ON-THAMES (Surrey) *Ashley Park*, 12 rooms (no baths), 22/6 and 43/-

WATFORD (Herts) *Rose & Crown*, 21 rooms (no baths), 23/6 and 47/-

WELWYN GARDEN CITY (Herts) *Gues-sens Court*, 32 rooms (2 with baths), 25/- and 50/- *Homestead Court*, 35 rooms (3 with baths), 25/- and 50/-

WESTERHAM (Kent) *Pitts Cottage*, 10 rooms (no baths), 17/6 and 35/-

WEYBRIDGE (Surrey) *Heath*, 17 rooms (no baths), 21/- and 42/- *Outlands Park*, 150 rooms (30 with baths), 30/- and 60/-

WINDSOR (Berkshire) *Old House*,

55 rooms (14 with baths), 25/- and rooms (no baths), 22/- and 44/-.
 50/-. *White Hart*, 50 rooms (6 with WOKING (Surrey). *Wheatshaf*, 12
 baths), 27/6 and 55/-. *Castle*, 21 rooms (no baths), 22/6 and 43/-.

Historic Houses Open to the Public

BEDFORDSHIRE. *Woburn Abbey* (5 miles from Bletchley Station). Home of the Duke of Bedford. Deer park and only herd of European bison. Open daily from March 31 to October 6, 12:30-5:30 p.m. Admission 2/6. *Luton Hoo*. Home of Sir H. Wernher. Open April 20 to October 6, daily except Tuesdays and Fridays, 11 a.m. to 6 p.m. Admission 2/6.

BERKSHIRE. *Windsor Castle*. Royal residence. Open daily except when the Court is in residence. Admission 1/-.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE. *Denham Place*, Denham. 17th-century, home of Lord Vansittart. Open Wednesday afternoons. Admission 2/6.

ESSEX. *Ingatesone Hall*. Dates from 1540. Open weekdays (except Mondays). Admission free.

HERTFORDSHIRE. *Hatfield House*. Home of the Marquis of Salisbury. Queen Elizabeth I lived here. Open daily in spring and summer. Admission 2/6.

KENT. *Knole*. Home of Lord Sackville. Built in 1456, one of the largest private houses in England. Open all year except January and February, Wednesday through Saturday. Admission 2/6 (5/- on Fridays). *Penshurst Place*. Home of Lord de L'Isle and Dudley. Dates from 1340. Open Wednesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays (April to October) from 2 to 5 p.m. Admission 2/6.

MIDDLESEX. *Hampton Court Palace*. Former residence of Cardinal Wolsey. Fantastic maze. Open all year. Admission 1/-. *Syon House* (Brentford). Home of the Duke of Northumberland. Open daily except Saturdays and Mondays in summer. Admission 2/6.

SURREY. *Kew Palace*. Built in Dutch style, 1631. Maintained by Ministry of Works. Open from April to end of September from 11 a.m. to 6 p.m. Admission 6d. *Albury Park House* (near Guildford). Home of Her Grace, Helen, Duchess of Northumberland. Open all year in afternoons. Admission 2/6.

The B.T.H.A. (May, 1911) can confirm current times of opening and closing of the great country houses.

Inns and Pubs

CHIGWELL (Essex). *The Kings Head*. Old world and full of atmosphere. Dickens lived here when he wrote "Barnaby Rudge," 25 minutes out.

NINE ELMS (London S.W.8.) *The Cider House*. Cider in a nautical atmosphere, 10 minutes from London.

OXFORD (Surrey). *The Old Bell*, Richly timbered real old country pub and restaurant, 40 minutes out.

SOUTH CROYDON (Surrey). *Swan and Sugar Loaf*. Typical large stage coach house on the Brighton Road, 18 minutes out.

PENSHURST (Kent). *The Leicester Arms*. Cosy old country inn, with Kentish beer amid the hopfields, 1

hour from London.

RICHMOND (Surrey). *The White Cross, St. Helena Terrace*. A village pub with outdoor tables where you can watch the river, 25 minutes from London.

ROTHERHITHE (London S.E.1.) *The Mayflower* is opposite Rotherhithe Church, near the river. It has a milestone in the bar (2 miles to London Bridge). In the churchyard are the graves of the Captain and Mate of the *Mayflower*.

HAMPSTEAD HEATH (London, N.W.3). *The Spaniards*. Country pub style, with old sporting prints abounding, 14 minutes from London.

Numerous modern roadhouses will be found beside main highways out of London, particularly on the Great West Road, the Southampton Road, the Portsmouth Road, and the Great North Road. Most of these establishments have several bars, plus facilities for drinking out of doors. Several have swimming pools.

Hours of drinking in London's environs vary, but are usually 11:30-2 30 and 5.30-10.30 from May to September 30. 10 p m closing is sometimes encountered during the winter.



ENTERTAINMENT. Every suburb of London has a cinema, often three or four, belonging to major groups. Film releases from the West End are shown as follows: first week, northwest London; second week, northeast London; third week, south London. All programs are double bill, and prices of admission range from 1/6 to 3/9. They are open on Sundays from 5 p m., weekdays 1:30 p.m.

Music halls and vaudeville will be found in the bigger suburban areas and major towns. Notable theaters are the *Grand*, Croydon; *Empire*, Chiswick; *Empress*, Brixton; *Palace*, Chelsea (burlesque), *Empire*, Woolwich (London's girlie show); *Lyric*, Hammersmith, *Collins*, Islington.

A suburban theater showing West End productions with West End casts is *Streatham Hill*, with nightly performances at 8 p.m. Trains to Streatham Hill Station, 15 minutes from Victoria. Telephone number is Tul. 1277. Music halls and theaters—in fact, all places with “live” stage shows—are closed on Sundays.

Exploring the Environs of London

In the immediate vicinity of London is Richmond with its famous view of the Thames from Richmond Hill. Its original name, Sheen, was changed by Henry VII to Richmond (he was Earl of Richmond in Yorkshire). The village grew into eminence and fame round the royal manor house, of which only the gateway remains. But the royal palace, remodelled and demolished on several occasions and now partly dismantled, still stands there. Richmond Park, covering an area of 2,500 acres, is an enchanting place. Deer wander around freely, and shrubs and bushes in flower are quite abundant in summer. The Kew Observatory was built within the park in 1769.

Hampton Court is one of the finest specimens of Tudor architecture and was formerly a royal residence. Cardinal Wolsey presented it to Henry VIII, who fell in love with that delightful place. He added the great hall and chapel to the five original quadrangles, of which only two remain (the third was erected by Sir Christopher Wren). There is elegance and gaiety in this light building which, however, does not come up to all expectations in its interior decorations. The gardens, laid out in the Dutch style, are extremely graceful, and the maze rounds off and heightens that atmosphere of lightheartedness so rare in English architecture, which tends to be much sterner and severer in mood.

Epsom should be seen as the most famous place in the racing world, and if you happen to stay in London at the end of May or at the beginning of June when the Derby is run, you should go to Epsom Downs and witness the race. It is one of the most boisterous and gay picnics England can offer. (The Wimbledon Tennis Tournament is a much more exclusive garden party.) In fact, it is the modern version of a fair, with all the ingredients that go into one, and you will be able to see for yourself how excitable and enthusiastic those quiet English people can be. Epsom's fame started not with the horses, however, but with a product that makes some old horses run—I mean, Epsom Salts! Mineral springs were discovered there about 1620, and the place sprang into fame and fashion in 1750. Later it was overshadowed by the races, already introduced there during the reign of James I but which assumed a permanent character from 1780, when the Derby and the Oaks were run, races named after the 12th Earl of Derby and his seat, the Oaks, in the neighbourhood of Epsom. The grandstand was erected in 1829 and subsequently enlarged. In the vicinity there are pleasant country clubs, especially the R.A.C. Country Club with a swimming pool, golf course, and tennis courts. Visitors to London are invited to enquire about their facilities and arrange a temporary membership, if desired.

Amersham, accessible by train and by the Green Line, is one of the most pleasant trips from London. A market town in south Buckinghamshire, it has preserved quite well its old character and memories of such famous families as the de Mandevilles, the Russells, the Drakes, and the Bedfords. A stroll along the quiet streets of the little town and a visit to one of the inns or tea rooms, would give a visitor an idea about the life, old and new, of a small English town. From Amersham it is only a short distance to the golf links near Chalfont, a delightful place with its four "branches" (Chalfont Latymer, Chalfont-St. Peter, Little Chalfont, and Chalfont-St. Giles), where one can see some exquisite country residences. Chenies is just a stone's throw from Chalfont-St. Giles, with its fine old church, peaceful cemetery, and a cottage that was inhabited by John Milton and where some Miltonian relics are on view.

Sevenoaks, in Kent, is a green, neat place that should be seen in May or early June, but Knole Park, nearby, may be (and, in fact, should be) seen by anybody interested in the old way of life in England. In the time of King John this glorious residence belonged to the Earl of Pembroke, and it has recently been opened to the public. There are few houses that can compare

with Knole Park and a visit will bring to anybody a closer and clearer vision of old England.

One of the most exquisite of the great houses of the undulating land of Bedfordshire is Woburn Abbey, near Bletchley, the home of the Dukes of Bedford. Its picture gallery, chosen with great taste, is rich in masterly works by Frans Hals, Holbein, Van Dyck, and Canatello, and in canvases by the greatest English artists. The park surrounding the residence is splendid.

Nearer London you will find Kenwood and Ham House, the latter near Richmond (where also Sion Lodge should be visited). Kenwood House presents "the artistic home of a gentleman of the 18th century," as the prospectus rightly says, and was bequeathed to the nation by the first Earl of Iveagh. Its main value, besides some truly great pictures, is the work done by the famous Robert Adam, one of the lights of English architecture. While the manor house in Kenwood is a pleasure to the eye, Ham House has been spoilt by the rather haphazard arrangement of furniture and mediocre pictures.

Harrow

Harrow will be a favourite with many visitors who would like to see more of the working of the English educational system. Harrow School was founded in 1571 and was granted a charter by Queen Elizabeth. The principal buildings are modern and only one dates from 1611. The school counts among its famous pupils Byron, Robert Peel and Winston Churchill. Sir Winston often comes to his old school to sing hymns with the boys and to talk to them. This attitude is typical of the strength of the links between old pupils and their schools. The principle of the "old school tie," with the fact that so many lifelong friendships originate within the precincts of boarding and public schools, forms an important factor in the English social scene.

To those interested in Roman remains and traces of Roman history a visit to the Roman Road, which crosses Surrey from west to east, will provide a welcome break in the bustle of London life. This great road used to lead from Salisbury Plain to Guildford, and near Guildford—where an old coaching yard can be seen—one can find some stones that bordered the Roman Road, as well as some sections of the road itself. Near the parish of Merstham you can trace the famous Pilgrim's Way to Canterbury, celebrated by Chaucer's robust poem.

Only 20 miles north of London the ancient Roman city of Verulam (now known as St. Albans) offers magnificent Roman

remains. Archaeologists still dig away on the site of the vast amphitheatre, and discoveries opening up new eras of Roman history are made from time to time. When you're in St. Albans, don't miss Verulamium Museum, the Norman cathedral, or the 15th-century clock tower.

Near Horsham lovely walks await you across oak woods crowded with primroses in the spring. Rural scenes full of peace and idyllic harmony are in store for you near Leatherhead, vividly reminiscent of pictures by Constable. Beechwoods are aflame in autumn round there, and the River Wey—near Weybridge and elsewhere—is an ideal waterway for lazy rowers.

For riding and walking, places like Hindhead (near Haslemere) are incomparable, especially in autumn when the leaves turn rusty. The Devil's Punchbowl near Hindhead and the villages down to Churt, once the residence of Lloyd George, are among the finest weekend retreats for a Londoner. Further afield, Petersfield (with excellent antique shops) is to be recommended, particularly as a jumping-off spot for places in Sussex, like Rogate and Midhurst. This whole region at the foot of the Sussex Downs is a horseman's paradise. Stables are plentiful, and a ride across the Sussex Downs, especially in springtime or autumn, would long dwell in your memory.

The writer is not a lover of slavery in any form, whether applied to human beings or to animals, but if you feel like going to a zoological garden, visit Whipsnade, the most humane and most pleasant of these rather depressing institutions. The grounds are delightful, and nearby Dunstable, with its gliding club, can be seen from a chalk escarpment.





Windsor Castle, summer residence of the royal family, is on the Thames, near enough London to be reached by city bus. However, the leisurely trip upstream by steamer is preferred by travelers who have more time.



Oxford is also in the Thames valley, but won't admit it. There the river is called the Isis. Above, a student wearing the traditional short-sleeved gown and mortarboard chats with visitors under Hertford Bridge.

IN THE COUNTRY

THE THAMES COUNTRY

Oxford, Windsor, Eton And Greenwich

by

Z A GRABOWSKI

It would require a bulky volume to describe the Thames Country in all its aspects, for the Thames, like the Seine, the Rhine, and the Danube, is a river flowing with history. To speak about the Thames is to recount a good deal of English history, to depict the counties the Thames passes through—Gloucestershire, Berkshire, Oxfordshire, Buckinghamshire, Surrey—would result in a dangerous swelling up of this chapter. We propose to keep to the river's own course and to swim with the current. In other words, remarks will be restricted to places situated near the banks of the Thames, with occasional jaunts inland.

Practical Information for the Thames Country

CIRENCESTER *Stratton House Hotel*, 20 rooms (4 with baths) 22/- and 45/- *Kings Head*, 36 rooms (7 with baths), 21/- and 42/- *Fleece*, 19 rooms (no baths), 21/- and 42/-

CHELTEMHAM Although not beside the Thames, this charming spa is a popular residential and holiday center on the edge of the Cotswolds. *Iruing*, 30 rooms (6 with baths) 21/- and 42/- *Queens*, 78 rooms (13 with baths), 25/- and 50/- *Savoy*, 45 rooms (2 with baths) 22/6 and 45/- *Lilley Brook*, 37 rooms (3 with baths), 22/6 and 45/- *Plough*, 45

rooms (4 with baths) 22/6 and 45/- *Majestic*, 60 rooms (6 with baths), 22/6 and 45/- *Rossley Manor Country Club*, 15 rooms (5 with baths), 23/6 and 60/-

GLOUCESTER Beside the River Severn not the Thames but geographically deserving of inclusion in this chapter. A city of 68,000 people. *Bell*, 50 rooms (6 with baths) 25/- and 50/- *New County*, 15 rooms (5 with baths) 22/6 and 45/- *New Inn*, 40 rooms (no baths) 25/- and 50/- *Fleece*, 37 rooms (no baths), 18/6 and 37/-

Cotswold Centers

BURFORD *The Lamb*, 14 rooms (2 with baths) 25/- and 50/- *The Bay Tree*, 19 rooms (4 with baths), 24/- and 48/-

CHIPPING NORTON *Crown & Cushion*, 14 rooms 20/- and 40/-

MORETON-IN-THE-MARSH *Manor House*, 19 rooms (1 with bath) 24/- and 48/-

SHIPTON-UNDER-WYCHWOOD *Shaven Crown*, 13 rooms 21/6 and 43/-

STOW-ON-THE-WOLD *Talbot*, 20

rooms (1 with bath), 17/6 and 35/- *Unicorn*, 10 rooms (2 with baths), 25/- and 50/-

WOODSTOCK *The Bear*, 16 rooms (1 with bath), 30/- and 65/- *King's Arms*, 10 rooms (no baths), 17/6 and 35/-

OXFORD A magnificent center, 64 miles from London (Paddington). *Original Swan*, 8 rooms (none with baths), 20/- and 40/- *Randolph*, 126 rooms (17 with baths), 30/- and 60/- *Mitre*, 44 rooms (7 with baths),

25/- and 50/- *Royal Oxford*, 26 rooms (7 with baths), 28/- and 52/- *Cotswold Lodge*, 20 rooms (5 with baths), 25/- and 50/-

ABINGDON *Crown & Thistle*, 20 rooms (1 with bath), 21/- and 42/-

READING AND CAVERSHAM Frequent trains from London (Paddington) do the 36 miles in 40 minutes *Caversham Bridge*, 27 rooms (none with baths), 20/- and 40/- *George*, 40 rooms (1 with bath), 21/- and 42/- *Great Western*, 30 rooms (none with baths), 22/6 and 45/-

HENLEY During the Royal Regatta held in late June-July, accommodation is impossible unless booked about six months ahead *Red Lion*, 25 rooms (3 with baths), 22/6 and 45/- *Catherine Wheel*, 28 rooms (none with baths), 21/- and 45/- *Old White Hart*, 10 rooms (none with baths), 20/- and 40/-

MARLOW *The Compleat Angler*, 40

rooms (16 with baths), 30/- and 50/- **MAIDENHEAD** *Skivvies*, one of Thames-side's most famous hotels with river terraces 16 rooms (13 with baths), 31/- and 63/- *Riviera*, 25 rooms (4 with baths), 21/- and 42/-

BRAY-ON-THAMES This is a riverside spot noted for good food and luxury *Hotel de Paris*, 12 rooms (all with baths), 52/6 and 73/6, not including breakfast *Hind's Head*, 7 rooms (5 with baths) 30/- and 60/-

LEIGH-ON-SEA (Thames Estuary) *Cliff*, 23 rooms (none with baths), 17/6 and 35/-

WESTCLIFF *Queens*, 70 rooms (8 with baths), 22/6 and 45/- *Overcliff*, 10 rooms (6 with baths), 20/- and 40/-

SOUTHEND-ON-SEA (Thames Mouth) *Palace*, 200 rooms (12 with baths), 25/- and 50/- *Royal*, 28 rooms (none with baths), 18/6 and 37/-



TRANSPORTATION Apart from the river buses that operate in the London area, steamers serve the upper and lower Thames throughout the summer. In the upstream direction, *Salter's Steamers* run services from mid-May to mid-September. Their vessels leave *Kingston* daily, one of them going right through to Oxford and taking three days on the cruise. Nights are spent at Windsor and Reading. Local trips are run periodically between Kingston and Windsor, Windsor and Marlow, Abingdon and Oxford. Teas and light refreshments can be obtained on board. Combined railway and steamer tickets are issued from many British Railways stations, but for details of the longer steamer trips, you should contact *Salter Bros Ltd*, 11 Folly Bridge, Oxford, or any office of *Thomas Cook's* or *American Express*.

Every day from mid-May to mid-September British Railways (Western Region) run a combined rail and steamer trip to Henley and Reading at a cost of approximately 10/-. The river cruise covers nine miles of the loveliest reaches. Ring Paddington Station (Pad 7000) for details.

Downstream, a daily service of large diesel ships (up to 2,500 tons) starts from Tower Pier, Pool of London. These are operated by *Eagle Steamers Ltd*, and run to Clacton (Essex), Margate (Kent), and Boulogne (France). All the trips leave in the morning around 8.30 a.m., returning the same night. Advance booking isn't necessary. The Margate and Clacton trips cost 11/- return, and the day trip to France 35/- (take your passport or three passport-size photos). Services operate from mid-June to mid-September.

You can make shorter trips to Southend and have several hours ashore for 10/-. Or you can go up the Medway River (which flows into the Thames near the Isle of Sheppey opposite Southend) as far as Chatham.

Historic Houses Open to the Public

WINDSOR *Windsor Castle* (see "Environs of London" section)

WOODSTOCK *Blenheim Palace*, home of the Duke of Marlborough. Open

March to October, most weekdays and peak summer Sundays, 1 p.m. to 6 p.m. Admission 2/6.

HENLEY. *Greys Court*, home of Sir Felix Brunner. 13th-century fortified manor house. Open weekdays, April to October, gardens and fortifications only. Admission 2/-.

MAIDENHEAD. *Civeden*, home of the Astor family. Open April 1 to September 30, usually Thursdays and Sundays. Admission 1/-.

ABINGDON. *Milton Manor*, home of Mrs. E. J. Mockler. 17th-century manor. Open Saturday afternoons, June to October. Admission 2/6.

MORETON-IN-THE-MARSH. *Chastleton House*, home of Mr. Alan Brock. Built 1603. Box garden said to be the oldest in England. Open all year daily except Tuesdays. Admission 2/-.

Exploring the Thames Country

There is controversy among the experts as to what actually should be considered the source of the Thames. It seems, however, that the Thames head is near Cirencester (locally pronounced "Sisister"), in Gloucestershire, and that the river's length down to London Bridge is 161 miles, and from there to the Nore, where it reaches the sea, 48 miles—altogether a course of 209 miles. It achieves its greatest dimensions near Sheerness, where it is nearly 6 miles broad.

The Thames rises among the Cotswold Hills or Cotswolds, and no more delightful cradle could be imagined for that historic river. For the Cotswolds are among the best preserved rural districts of England, and their quiet but touching greys and ambers are truly unsurpassed. The Cotswolds are a range of hills in the Western Midlands of England, embracing valleys like Eversham and Berkeley, with the eastern slopes of the hills descending to the Thames. The rivers Windrush, Churn, and Lech feed the Thames in that region, and the landscape is characterized by the rolling plateaux called wolds. The whole district is famous for breeding sheep, and in the 14th century, wool from the Cotswolds had already won a name for itself.

There are enchanting villages in the Cotswolds range, such as Chipping Campden, and round the Cleve Cloud hill, which rises to some 600 feet. One has to go to that region to taste fully the old glory of the English village with its thatched roofs, low-ceilinged rooms, and gardens meticulously built on a gentle slope. The Cotswolds are not only a preserve of the rural world that appears so idyllic to our neurotic age, but a rich and nourishing concentration of the old style of life. This old-world atmosphere is as thick there as honey, and as pleasant and sweet.

An exception must be made to these remarks, purposely restricted to the mainstream of the river, to advocate a trip to

Gloucester. Such an exception is well justified by the important standing of Gloucester in the history of England and by the great beauty of its buildings. Even in Roman times Gloucester was an important *colonia*, its name being Colonia Glevum, founded by Nerva in 96 A.D. Before the Norman conquest Gloucester was a borough with a royal residence and a mint, which was a sign of its highly privileged position. Its chief glory today is, of course, the cathedral, one of the most imposing structures in this country. It originated in the foundation of an abbey of old lineage (681 A.D.), and the present church was erected in the 11th century. Round the Norman nucleus of the cathedral there are Gothic additions, and the beautiful pinnacle tower (rising to 230 feet) was built in the 15th century. The crypt is of particularly graceful design, and the cathedral, viewed against its background of quaint streets and gabled and timbered houses, strikes any visitor as exceptionally impressive. None of the old public buildings is left, but some houses (especially the *New Inn* in Northgate Street) give us some idea of the charm of the old timber-built town.

Oxford

The upper course of the Thames leads through a broad valley; the river meanders among lovely rural scenery and then makes a sharp swing before Oxford. Near Oxford many branches are sent off and the river there is often called the Isis (historians insist that Caesar himself called this section of the river *Tamesis*). Whatever the rights and wrongs of the historical dispute, the river near Oxford is extremely pleasant both for swimming and boating. Punts are a popular English invention, and the lazy, slow motion of a punt reminds us of a Venetian gondola. The principle of navigation is obviously the same, but the Venetian vessel seems to be slightly quicker than the English version.

To a foreign visitor to England there are usually only two universities that appeal to his imagination and create an echo in his memory: Oxford and Cambridge, and this in spite of the fact that Britain possesses several other universities of great fame and scholarly accomplishment. Such a narrow view may be regrettable but, in the last analysis, the tourist, like the customer, is always right. For Oxford and Cambridge embody a certain principle that is part and parcel of the very foundation of the British scene; they have inherited the tradition of serious mental effort and intellectual integrity from the early Middle

Ages and remained faithful to it during all the turbulent eras of history.

With the Parisian Sorbonne heading the list of the oldest universities of Europe, Oxford comes second in that venerable procession of seniority. But the University of Oxford is not only an old and ancient institution, it is one of the greatest founts of culture and science ever created by man. It is also a mental atmosphere, an intellectual and moral climate; and it moulds and shapes human characters by a subtle infiltration of that atmosphere, by submitting young minds to a certain definite "conditioning," by stamping them with an indelible mark. This complicated mental and moral process is not achieved by violent means; it is, rather, the accumulation of other-world atmosphere, of age-long tradition, of well-established rules and customs, that does the trick. Oxford is a study in seriousness, in impartiality, and its very basis is monastic.

The city itself is older than the university; as early as the year 912 "Oxnaford" is mentioned in old chronicles, but it was the university that made the place famous. In ages past Oxford was a fortress, and its political history was rather chequered; parliaments were held there and allegiance changed. But since 1133, when the theologian Robert Pullen came from the University of Paris to lecture in the studium generale, Oxford's great history has developed. By about 1250 this seat of knowledge was already second to Paris, not only in its seniority but also in its standard of learning. Religious orders, such as the Dominicans, Benedictines, Carmelites, and Franciscans, helped to foster the cause of the rising university, and this mediaeval, monastic character has been preserved throughout the ages. This noble tradition regards the pursuit of knowledge as an aim in itself, as an obligation to our mind and to God; it recognizes the truth that science and knowledge must be pursued with mental intensity and honesty, and that a university should be set apart to constitute a realm of peace and solitude. All these values have been loyally kept in the grey walls and quadrangles of Oxonian colleges.

This magnificent centre of learning (which can boast of such illustrious names as Bacon, Duns Scotus, Wycliffe, and Cardinal Newman, where Erasmus and Sir Thomas More lectured and so many other great minds were nurtured), in the course of centuries served not only the purpose of educating scholars and scientists: with Cambridge, it became the nursery of future leaders of the country, of outstanding politicians and famous administrators. England perceived that the art of ruling is not

an inborn quality, that it would be safer both for the community and for the future rulers of the country if that art were properly taught and thoroughly mastered; and even if we admitted the existence of some human types who were born rulers, it was advisable to direct those propensities into proper channels. Thus Oxford became a training ground for the nation's élite, and even a superficial scanning of the list of great British figures would show how deeply many of them were indebted to Oxford's mellowing influence under which young minds mature much quicker than in the bustle of towns. Oxford inculcated in them a sense of harmony and of the rhythm of effort and repose; it also endowed them, as a legacy, with the realization that passions must be bridled in men who want to rule, that justice, fair play, and objectivity must be the supreme characteristics of leaders.

The earliest colleges founded in Oxford were the University College (1249), Balliol (1263), and Merton College (1264). From the 13th century onwards a succession of royal charters strengthened the position of the university at the expense of the city; in many instances it was the university that ruled the town and not the other way round. Oxford became a power in the kingdom, as Canterbury once was, and its splendour was enhanced by new colleges built during the reign of the Tudors and by magnificent buildings of the later era (Sheldonian Theatre, Radcliffe Camera, etc.). There was a good deal of reconstructing and rebuilding of the mediaeval and renaissance Oxford in the 18th century, which destroyed some of the old streets that used to run along the ancient city walls separating the fortified city itself from the "Latin Quarter" of the university. Many old almshouses, friaries, and houses inhabited in the Middle Ages by various religious bodies were sacrificed in the process, and the city that emerged from all those efforts was less compact, less uniform in its character than before. Nevertheless, even today a diligent visitor will find no difficulty in discovering the real Oxford after wading from the railway station across nondescript approaches of a rather commercial city towards the stern beauty of the colleges.

The less one is guided in a place like Oxford, the better. The main thing is to leave the visitor alone, hoping that the combined forces of history, of the lustre of college lawns, of the grace of quadrangles, spires, and bridges, will overwhelm any sensitive person and make him an enthusiast and admirer of Oxford. Let him see for himself St. John's College and All Souls and Magdalen; let him wander across the shining lawns and peep into the lecture halls whose windows are open to the green of

trees and grass; let him be immersed in the riches of the Bodleian Library, listen to the chimes of churches, walk on the banks of the Cherwell, enjoy the emerald or rusty tranquillity of University Park, proceed to the nearby inns, like *The Trout*—and there is little doubt that he will apply himself to a more thorough study of Oxford's topography and history. The best course is to leave him alone with Oxford; he will almost surely succumb to its magic charm. And through that voluntary submission to its spell he will be able to learn more about the power of its influence and its ability to shape men's minds and sentiments than by reading learned descriptions of a city that defies description.

By an unhindered, unplanned wandering through Oxford one can learn a good deal about the monastic basis of its approach to learning—small wonder that not until 1858 did the reform of the university statute admit married dons. But since then many changes have occurred. In 1920 women were allowed to enter the precincts of the university, though by a statute passed in 1927 their number was limited to one-fourth of that of the men. There are four women's colleges today; nevertheless, Oxford still remains essentially a man's affair and the nursery of those who may one day lead their country. The future may find it inadequate as a centre for educating the country's élite, but this cannot invalidate its claim to have done not only its duty to the nation in the past, but, what is much more important in this troubled world of ours, to have faithfully kept the tradition of mental integrity, uprightness, and seriousness of purpose. For the preservation of an atmosphere of harmony, fair judgement, impartiality, dispassionate balance, and calm is indispensable if our Western culture is to survive.

If during the hours spent on the river near Oxford you have any time on your hands, try to get to Blenheim Palace, the residence of the Marlborough family. Its name is derived from a place in Germany where the martial duke won one of his greatest victories. The palace is a rather pretentious building, and there is a lack of taste in its heavy gilding. But the grounds are among the finest to be found in England. Admirers of Sir Winston Churchill will be able to see some Churchill relics; he was born there in 1874.

The Best Scenery

The river now comes to another beautiful range of the hills, the Chilterns, and offers the grandest scenery of its whole course. The Chilterns stretch their arms across Oxfordshire,

Buckinghamshire, and Bedfordshire, and they provide a well-marked escarpment near Goring and Dunstable. The most famous hill in that range is, of course, the White Horse Hill in Berkshire, already revered, historians suggest, in Saxon times. During the late war this prominent landmark had to be camouflaged in order not to give too much guidance to German pilots, and recently work has been undertaken on the White Horse to save it from deterioration and corrosion. Wallington is the greatest elevation of that range, formerly profusely covered with beech. Unfortunately, little remains of the woods.

Boating on the Thames

If we were to advise anybody which section of the Thames should be traversed in a boat, we would suggest the part from Oxford through the woods of Nuneham and Goring and then through the Chilterns down to Henley and Windsor. Another section that may tempt a good rower will be the Cotswolds run, and the section from Henley downstream to Windsor comes third. From Richmond, the Thames loses much of its charm. It becomes a great waterway, crowded and unpleasant for a boat or canoe to navigate. The sea tide reaches as far as Richmond, which means that the river is subject to high and ebb tides, and that during the latter it offers a rather desolate view. The upper course is ideal for a canoe or kayak, the middle section for a sturdy boat or a motor boat. Boats go as far up as Cricklade and barges up to Lechlade. Since 1771 locks have been constructed on the river; there are nearly 50 of them, including four navigation weirs above Oxford. The highest lock is below Lechdale, the lowest in Richmond.

It is a pleasant experience to row the stretches of the Thames. There are no rapids to shoot, and the current is slow and majestic. Sailing boats use the Thames, but for them the lowest reaches, from Greenwich to the estuary, are the most suitable course. The river is the scene of two famous events, one of them of great interest to sportsmen all over the world (the Oxford-Cambridge boatrace from Putney to Mortlake), the other of more local interest (school races of Eton and Radley). The Thames Conservancy watches over the tidiness of the river, so no sewage and pollution are allowed. Consequently, the Thames, from the beginning down to Richmond, is one of the cleanest rivers in Europe. The Port of London Authority has jurisdiction over the river from Teddington Weir to the Nore lightship in its estuary.

The stretches near Marlow, Henley-on-Thames, Bray, and

Sonning are a holidaymaker's paradise. There are rowing clubs and piers all over that part of the river, excellent lawns, and well-built villas and cottages. This is the Thames's shop window, and any visitor who comes to London in summer and has a little time to spare would be well advised to spend his weekend on the river. Marlow is a pleasant place with good hotels and bars and is praised for its fine food. The same applies to Henley, famous for its regatta, which witnesses an international and exciting competition on one of the best courses in Europe. Bray is an enchanting village, once celebrated for its too clever "Vicar of Bray," who was an expert at changing sides, a sport he could have enjoyed to his heart's delight in our own days. Today Bray, accessible from Maidenhead, another pleasing place on the river, does not take any interest in complicated matters of the Court. It serves decent teas and homemade cakes, and one is grateful for that. Sonning, accessible from Reading by bus, is another charming little village graced with an old church and cemetery and a resplendent bishop's palace. It has preserved its old-world character to a great extent.

The entire region is distinguished by tidiness and cleanliness; the villages are neat and dainty, the hotels are among the best in the country, and there is a certain elegance and smartness about many places along the river that you can't find at the seaside.

And so we come to Windsor, with its 21,000 inhabitants, situated in a loop made by the Thames encircling the Eton playing fields—those fields mentioned in connection with the English victory at Waterloo.

The main interest is, of course, centred on the castle, standing on a chalk eminence heightened by an artificial mound. The north terrace commands a truly magnificent view across the river. The Great Park (or the Old Royal Forest) extends south of Windsor. The grounds surrounding the castle, as well as the parks, such as the Royal Mews, the Home Park, with the Long Walk and Queen Ann's Ride and adorned by constructions such as Cumberland Lodge (and an artificial lake called Virginia Water), are among the most grandiose to be found anywhere. Sadly, the famous elm avenue, attacked by blight, has had to be cut down. Other trees, mostly chestnuts, have replaced the elms.

Windsor Castle became quite early the chief residence of English kings. William the Conqueror recognized the beauty of the woods at Windsor and established a hunting lodge for himself. The first roundtowers were built in 1272 by Henry III,

and Edward III thought fit to make Windsor Castle a meeting place for his newly established Order of the Knights of the Garter. (In this he was prompted by the legend about King Arthur who, according to a mediaeval storyteller, sat in council on the castle hill). The building was reconstructed, and new portions and towers were added, during the reigns of Henry VII and Henry VIII. The latest building (a memorial to Prince Albert), was added in 1850.

In spite of all these additions Windsor Castle is an impressive structure, although it may lack grace and intrinsic unity of architectural shape. The best part seems to be the one housing St. George's Chapel, comparable in its beauty to King's College in Cambridge. Edward IV began the work on this church and it was finished in 1516. The chapel ranks next to Westminster Abbey as a royal mausoleum, and several kings are buried there (Henry VIII among them). The beauty of the church is matched by the exquisite chambers adjoining and containing reception rooms, guard room, and a picture gallery. The Gobelins tapestries in the reception room are splendid and so is the collection of pictures, with a Rubens and a Van Dyck room. The royal library contains a fine collection of Da Vinci's drawings and 87 portraits by Holbein.

Of the several towers of the castle (Garter, Salisbury, Henry II), the Garter Tower is the finest, and the "middle ward," with St. George's Chapel, has architecturally the most noble and at the same time most intimate appearance. The castle is a severe structure, saved from gloom by the splendour of its grounds and the green glimmer of lawns. Windsor Town is not what it used to be in the time of Sir John Falstaff and of the *Merry Wives of Windsor* when it was famous for its inns, of which, in 1650, it boasted about 70! The Garter and The White Hart were then the most celebrated. Today there is only a handful of them, and beer is not so strong, wit not so boisterous. But seekers of romantic history can peep into houses inhabited by royal favourites—Jane Seymour and Nell Gwynn.

Eton and What It Stands For

Some people may find it symbolic that almost opposite Windsor Castle, which embodies the continuity of the royal tradition, a school was established that for centuries was responsible—with public schools at Winchester, Harrow, Rugby, and others—for the upbringing of future leaders of the country. This is, of course, Eton, with its world-known public school facing

Windsor Castle across the river. The town itself is a small one, with slightly over 2,000 inhabitants, while the average complement of Eton College is about 1,100 pupils. The school is the largest, most expensive, and most exclusive of all the English public schools. Founded in 1440, it followed the model of New College, Oxford, and of Winchester. The present constitution of the college was established in 1868 with a Provost appointed by the Crown, a body of Fellows from Oxford and Cambridge and its scholarships open to British boys between the ages of 12 and 15. The college building is an architectural mixture with a fine tower and two imposing quadrangles; the chapel has some interesting details, and the library possesses a notable Oriental collection.

But the main interest for any visitor to Eton would be the system of education in that rather severe building, with simple and modest rooms, conspicuously deprived of some modern amenities that might make the boys too "soft." The first impression Eton gives is of its Spartan severity and discipline, intensified by such features as punishment by the birch. But one should keep in mind the fact that English public schools owe a good deal to old monastic schools and that in spite of all religious upheavals and dissensions they have inherited many ascetic rules. There is the principle of a school being a secluded entity existing far away from the bustle of life; there is the idea of mastery over the body prompted by the old monastic traditions and reinforced by Puritanism. This mastery over the body and over the emotions is achieved by dedication to ceremonial routine observed in everyday behaviour. In fact, this education is a study in behaviour and assumes that a boy's mind can be shaped or conditioned by permeating it with certain, almost imperceptible, influences; the accent is not, as with the Continental schools, on learning and on acquiring bookish knowledge—intellectual cleverness being regarded with suspicion—but on a boy's character as reflected in his attitude towards his schoolmates, and on the social element in human nature.

Eton College, like all English public schools, puts great stress on games, thus introducing what might be called a Greek element into the ascetic Christian ideal. For the visitor this emphasis on games and sports may seem exaggerated, but obviously it is an important part of the educational scheme, which aims at breeding men able to control their emotions, training them to become good losers and leaders of men. The English long ago discovered the truth that only men who have mastered themselves can rule others, and their public schools have been

for centuries incubators of the future leaders who learned quite early to understand the working of human nature. It is, of course, disputable whether those ideals, which aimed at creating harmony and balance between body and mind, and the turning out of the finest types of men known to human culture, can survive in the changed social conditions of England. Whatever their future may be, the fact remains that the English public schools have done their duty to the nation, and that this ascetic ideal, handed down from the Middle Ages has brought out what is most sublime in human nature in the way of humaneness, impartiality, and mastery over the vicissitudes of life.

The Cradle of Naval History

We skip by the London reaches of the river, and speed downstream towards the Thames estuary. But before we reach that broad expanse let us visit the town of Greenwich, famous for its meridian, its time, and its Royal Naval College. Greenwich is a metropolitan borough of London with a population of just over 100,000 people. In 1011 the invading Danish fleet was stationed there, so the naval tradition of Greenwich is of long standing. The manor house, called Greenwich House, became famous in American history, as its tenure of land from the Crown became a model, and the phrase, "tenure of land from the Crown as of the manor of East Greenwich," occurs in a succession of American colonial charters, from that of Virginia in 1606 to that of New Jersey in 1674.

The Naval Hospital for retired sailors became in 1873 the Royal Naval College, and in the adjoining Royal Naval Museum many relics of the British Navy are displayed. In 1957, the *Cutty Sark*, one of the most famous vessels ever to carry the British flag, was opened to the public after a dedicated task of reconstruction and restoration under the leadership of the Duke of Edinburgh. Built at Dumbarton on the Clyde in 1869, this three-master was intended for the tea trade between China and Britain. The opening of the Suez Canal (which could be used only by steam vessels) made it necessary to switch her to the Australian wool trade. On this later run she broke one speed record after another, once logging 363 nautical miles in a 24-hour period. On several occasions she outran the fastest steamers of her day. The teak deckhouses glisten with varnish again, the brass fittings gleam in the sun, and even the coal fireplace of the main salon has been reconstructed. The *Cutty Sark* is open 11 to 6 weekdays, 2:30 to 6 Sundays.

In Greenwich Park the Royal Observatory was built in 1675 for the advancement "of navigation and nautical astronomy." British, and the majority of foreign, geographers reckon longitude from its meridian. Greenwich is one of the most interesting places to be seen on the Thames as it gives an insight into the naval history of the country as a factor shaping the destiny and the mentality of the British.

The Thames sweeps on, crowded now with deep-sea shipping, past Woolwich, Dagenham (with its enormous Ford factory), and many industrial regions on both banks. Tilbury, on the north bank, and Gravesend on the south, mark the end of the grimy, smoky zone that is the true "London River." Green fields and low hills open on either side as the river widens. Canvey Island, with its boats and bungalows, lies to the left—a popular weekend spot for Londoners. A cluster of resorts spread along the left shore under the Essex Hills—Leigh, Westcliff, and bustling, noisy, gay Southend, the Cockney Coney Island.

Six miles wide now, the great river flows over mud and sand-banks into the chilly North Sea until the Essex shore is lost in mist and only the bracing resorts of Kent can be seen to the south. Our journey down the Thames from source to mouth has ended.



THE SOUTHERN COUNTIES

From "Bomb Alley" To Stonehenge

by

MARTIN THORNHILL

(Martin Thornhill is a well known author and journalist, a regular contributor to Coming Events and numerous other British and overseas publications, and the author of Explorer's England and Explorer's Scotland.)

"South for Sunshine" has been the slogan of south of England holiday resorts since most of us were youngsters. And, except for the unaccountable moods that mark English weather all the Island over, the area lives up to its watchword.

Of the five counties that make up this region, the county of Kent merits first mention for its distinction in the Second World War. For nearly five years it sustained a dubious honour as Bomb Alley—the lanes through which the Luftwaffe flew to drop their loads on London and, more often than even the brave folk of Kent found pleasant, to jettison the undelivered portion on Kentish dwellings as the aircraft scuttled home. From these coasts sailed the Expeditionary Force in 1939, and the following year clambered ashore again, worn out, helpless, and hopeless. Throughout, but more happily since the return of peace, the orchards and the hop fields, their quaint oasthouses a pleasing feature of the landscape, have blossomed richly to sustain that other of this smiling and fertile county's ancient reputes, the Garden of England.

People from the big lands, visiting England for the first time, take away an impression of rural perfection in miniature. For the portrait, once its grosser elements, the industrial blemishes, have been struck out, shows a land of little features, of particular hills. No one can deny the rare character and charm of England's little hills. The north Downs are one of these systems. The ridge that ends on the Hog's Back, with its expansive views over north and south Surrey, marks the western point of this chalky range, which begins on the cliffs of Dover. From here it meanders pleasantly through these southern counties, contributing distinctively to the trim but informal wildness of the English scene. And he who explores them adds also to his store

of knowledge of the Island's eventful history from the modest tones of signposts, stones, and local memory.

Practical Information for the Southern Counties



SEASIDE RESORTS. All around the coasts of Kent, Sussex, and Hampshire, resort towns stretch along beaches and bays, their hotels and guest houses cheek-by-jowl. Only a sprinkling of the hotels in each town remain open all year; most of them do seasonal business from Easter to the end of September.

Holiday hotels usually quote all-inclusive rates for a week's stay, a plan that works out a good deal cheaper than taking a room and meals by day. But the overseas visitor probably hasn't time or doesn't care to spend more than a day or so in each part of the country, so we've listed a selection of hotels at choice centers where you can put up for the night pretty comfortably. Some of the bigger, busier resorts have been omitted in favor of quieter spots close by. Rates are for bed and breakfast, and are the average; expect to pay slightly more in July and August.

CLIFTONVILLE (near Margate, Kent). *St. George's Hotel*, 125 rooms (17 with baths), 21/- and 42/-. *Grand*, 91 rooms (all with baths), 30/- and 60/-. *Ye Olde Charles*, 20 rooms (none with baths), 19/6 and 39/-.

BROADSTAIRS (between Margate and Ramsgate, Kent). *Royal Albion*, 29 rooms (none with baths), 19/6 and 39/-. *Links*, 14 rooms (none with baths), 17/6 and 35/-.

DEAL AND WALMER (Kent). *Royal (Deal)*, 36 rooms (7 with baths), 25/- and 50/-. *Turrets (Walmer)* 17 rooms (2 with baths), 18/6 and 37/-.

DOVER (Kent). *White Cliffs*, 75 rooms (16 with baths), 25/- and 50/-. *Maison Dieu Lodge*, 10 rooms (one with bath), 21/- and 37/-. *Dover Stage*, Britain's first (1957) hotel designed for bus passengers and motorists, 42 rooms (no private baths), 27/6 per person.

FOLKESTONE (Kent). *Grand*, 130 rooms (50 with baths), 30/6 and 75/-. *Burlington*, 55 rooms (17 with baths), 30/- and 60/-. *Princes*, 72 rooms (12 with baths), 21/- and 42/-.

HYTHE (Kent). *Imperial*, 100 rooms (75 with bath), 27/6 and 55/-.

ROMNEY MARSH. Between Hythe and the Sussex border lies desolate Romney Marsh, on which Silver City Airways have recently built a busy car air ferry terminal called *Ferryfield*. From here, aircraft leave for France every 15 minutes during the summer, and many times daily during the winter. An American-style motel will be built there, while another *Royal Oak*, has been opened at the nearby airport of *Lympne*, where air passengers are taken by *Skyways*, an air coach company, to France.

RYE (Sussex). *Mermaid*, 18 rooms (6 with baths), 21/- and 51/-.

HASTINGS AND ST. LEONARDS (Sussex). *Queens (Hastings)*, 120 rooms (30 with baths), 25/- and 50/-. *Royal Victoria (St. Leonards)*, 89 rooms (15 with baths), 21/- and 42/-.

COODEN BEACH (Sussex). *Gate House*, 22 rooms (5 with baths), 21/- and 35/-.

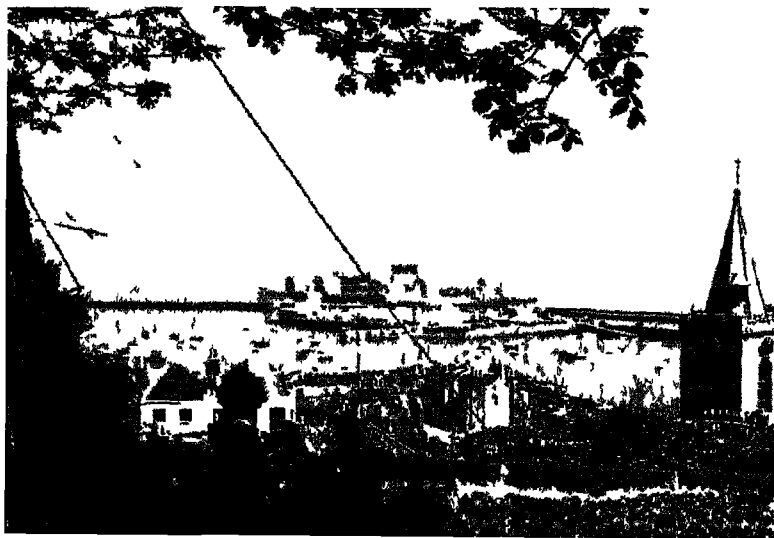
EASTBOURNE (Sussex). This well laid out resort is included in the

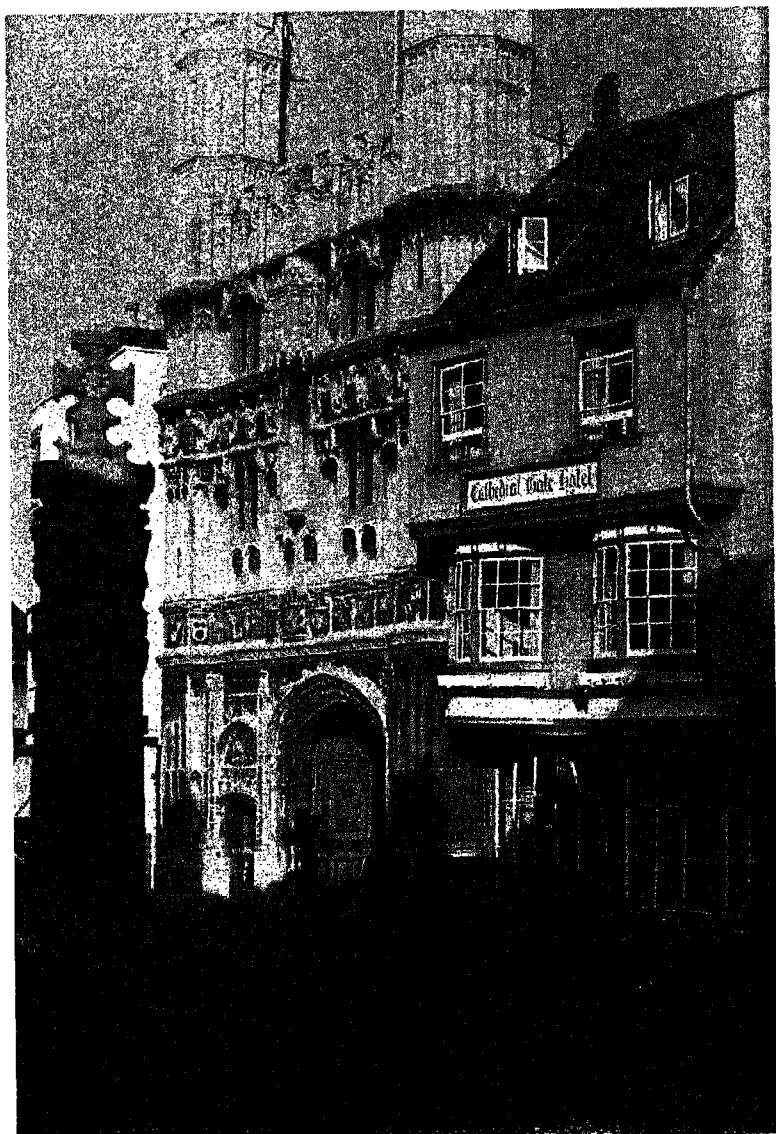
estates of the Duke of Devonshire. A town of 60,000 people, it retains a good deal of elegance, especially in the spring. *Burlington*, 153 rooms (54 with baths), 30/- and 60/-. *Cavendish*, 90 rooms (24 with baths), 25/- and 50/-. *Hydro*, 100 rooms (36 with baths), 24/- and 48/-. *Grand*, 225 rooms (80 with baths), 35/- and 70/-.

BRIGHTON AND HOVE (Sussex). *Grand*, 250 rooms (65 with baths), 30/- and



Among England's seaside resorts, Brighton is perhaps best known. Above, holiday crowds watch the sputtering finish of the Old Crook's Race. St Peter Port, below, on the isle of Guernsey, is a favorite of those who seek calmer diversions amid the tranquil beauty of the Channel Islands.





Among the manifold charms of the delightful English countryside are its many smaller cities and towns whose architecture reveals successive pages from a historic past. Above, the Cathedral Gate in Canterbury.

60/-. *Metropole*, 320 rooms (80 with baths), 30/- and 60/-. *Royal Crescent*, 65 rooms (20 with baths), 25/- and 50/-. *Old Ship*, 140 rooms (8 with baths), 21/6 and 37/-. *Courtlands* (Hove), 56 rooms (10 with baths), 27/6 and 45/-. *Dudley* (Hove), 75 rooms (50 with baths), 32/6 and 60/-. *New Imperial* (Hove), 55 rooms (34 with baths), 25/- and 50/-. *Sackville Court* (Hove), 50 rooms (20 with baths), 32/6 and 55/-.

WORTHING (Sussex). *Beach*, 90 rooms (26 with baths), 18/6 and 36/-. *Cavendish*, 50 rooms (6 with baths), 24/- and 42/-. *Warnes*, 120 rooms (13 with baths), 30/- and 60/-.

BOGNOR REGIS (Sussex). *Royal Norfolk Hotel*, 40 rooms (11 with baths), 25/- and 50/-. *Rock Gardens*, 45 rooms (none with baths), 22/6 and 45/-. *Russell*, 33 rooms (none with baths), 21/- and 42/-.

SOUTHSEA (near Portsmouth, Hamp-

shire). *Queens*, 100 rooms (25 with baths), 26/- and 50/-. *Royal Beach*, 150 rooms (56 with baths), 25/- and 50/-. *Sandringham*, 47 rooms (none with baths), 15/- and 30/-.

LEE-ON-SOLENT (Hampshire). *Inn by the Sea*, 8 rooms (none with baths), 17/6 and 35/-.

BOURNEMOUTH (Hampshire). An all-year resort, famous for its pines and clear air. 145,000 people live in the town. Many winter attractions, concerts, shows, ballets, etc. *Palace Court*, 130 rooms (all with baths), 37/6 and 75/-. *Branksome Tower*, 140 rooms (35 with baths), 35/- and 70/-. *Carlton*, 150 rooms (50 with baths), 27/6 and 55/-. *Highcliff*, 120 rooms (40 with baths), 30/- and 55/-. *Royal Bath*, 109 rooms (69 with baths), 25/- and 50/-. *Savoy*, 86 rooms (6 with baths), 25/- and 50/-. *Winter Gardens*, 40 rooms (9 with baths), 19/6 and 38/-.

Where to Stay in the Country

Here's a selection of attractive places in the south country, famed for scenery or historical associations, where you might want to put up for a night or two. Southampton is listed because so many overseas visitors arrive and depart from there and may want to stop over for a rest.

AMESBURY (Wiltshire). A center for tours of Salisbury Plain and Stonehenge. *George*, 35 rooms (2 with baths), 21/- and 42/-.

CANTERBURY (Kent). *Abbots Barton*, 37 rooms (16 with baths), 21/- and 42/- *County*, 40 rooms (3 with baths), 18/6 and 37/-.

GODALMING (Surrey). *Lake*, 19 rooms (none with baths), 21/- and 42/-.

GUILDFORD (Surrey). *Angel*, 20 rooms (2 with baths), 21/- and 42/- *Clavadel*, 20 rooms (none with baths), 19/6 and 39/-.

HINDHEAD (Surrey). *Moor House*, 10 rooms (1 with bath), 21/- and 40/-.

LIPHOOK (Hampshire). *Royal Anchor*, 23 rooms (1 with bath), 25/6 and 51/-.

LYNDHURST (Hampshire). In the heart of the New Forest. *Grand*, 60 rooms (15 with baths), 22/6 and 45/- *Crown*, 40 rooms (2 with baths), 25/- and 50/-.

SALISBURY (Wiltshire). *Old George*, 45 rooms (7 with baths), 22/6 and 43/- *County*, 34 rooms (1 with bath), 21/- and 42/-.

SOUTHAMPTON (Hampshire). *Polygon*, 130 rooms (54 with baths), 28/6 and 60/- *Royal*, 100 rooms (6 with baths), 22/- and 44/- *Dolphin*, 70 rooms (9 with baths), 21/- and 42/- *Court Royal*, 32 rooms (3 with baths), 21/- and 42/-.

WINCHESTER (Hampshire). *Royal*, 30 rooms (none with baths), 21/- and 42/- *Manor of God-Begot*, 11 rooms (none with baths), 18/6 and 37/-.

TRUST HOUSES

All over England, especially in the county and market towns, you'll find Trust Houses. These are good average hotels, comfortable but not luxurious.

They are licensed and have a reputation for steady hospitality. A point to note, if you're staying at these, is that you can go out for the day to another town and take lunch in the Trust House there without charge. A note from your hotel's porter covers you and it goes on your bill.

Historic Houses Open to the Public

SURREY *Sutton Place*, near Guildford. Home of the Duke of Sutherland. Open July 25 to September 30 daily including Sundays. Admission 2/6. *Clandon Park*, near Guildford. Home of the Earl of Onslow, now a National Trust Property. Open April to end of September, Mon, Wed, Sat, Sun 2-6 p.m. Admission 2/6.

SUSSEX *Arundel Castle*. Home of the Duke of Norfolk. Open from mid-May to mid-September, most weekdays, 12-4.30 p.m. Admission 2/- *Brede Place*, near Rye. A wonderful example of 14th-century manor house. Home of Mr R. M. Frewen. Open every Wednesday, 3-6 p.m. Admission 2/6. *Goodwood House*, near Chichester. Home of the Duke of Richmond. Open Thursday afternoons only, mid-April to September 30. Admission 2/-.

HAMPSHIRE *Beaulieu Abbey*, New Forest. Home of Lord Montagu of Beaulieu. Remarkable veteran car museum. Abbey open daily throughout the year 9-4.30 or 7 p.m. Admission 2/6. *Jane Austen's House*, Chawton. Open daily throughout the year by Memorial Trust 11 a.m. to 4.30 p.m. Admission 1/. *Cranbury Park*, near Winchester. Administered by trustees of Chamberlayne estate. Open mid-May to mid-September on Saturday only, 2.30-5.30 p.m. Admission 2/6.

WILTSHIRE *Longleat*, near Warminster. Home of the Marquess of Bath, built 1566. Open daily all year, 10-4 or 6 p.m. Admission 2/6. *Wilton House*, Salisbury. Home of the Earl of Pembroke. Noted for ancient lawns and Cedars of Lebanon. Open from April to mid-October daily 11-6, rest of year Wednesdays and Saturdays 10-4. Admission 2/6.

KENT *Bridge Castle*, near Tunbridge Wells. Home of the Marquis of Abergavenny. Has a costume museum. Open daily except Mondays, mid-April to mid-October. Admission 2/6. *Chilham Castle*, near Canterbury. Home of the Hon J. Skeffington. Norman Keep. Open Thurs, Sat, Sun, 2-7, August and September only, by appointment at other times. Admission 1/6. *Ightham Mote*, near Ightham. Home of Mr C. H. Robinson. Open on Fridays all year, 2.30-4.30 or 6 p.m. Admission 1/-. *Quebec House*, Westerham. The National Trust. Relics of Wolfe. Open all year except January and February. Tues, Thurs, Sat, 10-5. Admission free.



slow and difficult

Various bus companies keep to regional areas. There's the East Kent Car Company, giving excellent service to the region its name implies, the Maidstone and District, the Southdown, the Hants and Dorset Company, and the Hants and Wilts. Even the tiniest village tucked away in some valley will be reached by one, or a combination, of these companies.

TRANSPORTATION. Fast electric trains of British Railways' Southern Region provide excellent services throughout Surrey and Sussex. They also cover parts of Kent and Hampshire (to Portsmouth). Cross country electric links are efficient. Elsewhere, steam trains of the Southern Region based on London are fast and frequent, although cross-country journeys in Hampshire and Wiltshire can be

If you're driving a car, you'll find 24-hour filling stations at Tunbridge Wells, Dover, Portsmouth, Basingstoke (Hampshire), Southampton, and Bournemouth.



ENTERTAINMENT. Most of the south coast resorts stage bright shows on their piers throughout the summer. Traditional attractions are the Pierrots, a sort of costume vaudeville with a background of lapping waves. Summer stock theatre on the American pattern is almost unknown, except at Bournemouth. The Glyndebourne Opera Festival is held from June 1 to July 31. For tickets to Glyndebourne's Opera, apply well in advance to any ticket agency (Keith Prowse, for example) or enquire at your hotel. Evening dress is normally worn (however a tuxedo will do for men), and you should change in London early in the afternoon. Take a train from Victoria (most opera-goers ride down to Lewes Station on the 3.45 p.m.) and a special bus meets you. The return journey costs £1 first class and 14/- second class, including the bus trip.

Exploring the Southern Counties

In Kent there are many landmarks that have an international interest. First, prim Chartwell, home of Sir Winston Churchill. Chartwell is near Westerham, once the home of General Wolfe, who was born in the old vicarage and spent his early years in Quebec House. The district is rich with memories of the man who wrested Canada from the French. Quebec House itself was bought and presented to the National Trust by the Learmont family of Montreal.

At Hayes is the old home of William Pitt, for whom there is a transatlantic esteem because of his strong opposition to the taxation of the American Colonies. William Wilberforce used to sit on a seat under a tree near Pitt's house, both tree and seat now carefully preserved, and ponder over the ambition of his life—the abolition of slavery. Captain Bligh, of *Mutiny on the Bounty* repute, lived at Manor House, Farningham. There is a picture over the fireplace in the lounge that bears the hole of a bullet he is believed to have fired during one of his frightful tantrums. And not very far away—at Petts Wood, near Chislehurst—88 acres of wood and heath were purchased, mostly by public subscription, in 1927 as a memorial to William Willett, the founder of summer or daylight saving time.

Kent was Dickens' county, and not alone by reason of his long residence there. Appropriately enough, it is in some of the inns that associations with the world-read author are preserved. At the *Leather Bottle*, Cobham, is the armchair in which he penned the concluding chapters of *The Pickwick Papers*. Very naturally, mine host of the inn painstakingly watches over the precious item. Its "illustratious larder," as Dickens described it, still

stands off the hall of *The Bull*, at Rochester, and in the ballroom is the "elevated den" where the musicians played, as he listened.

Seeking always to save from the vampire of commerce anything of architectural charm, in 1939 the National Trust bought a village. It is one of many throughout England that have enjoyed a similar happy fate. The purchase included the greater part of the town, a row of Tudor cottages, the *Castle Inn*, and village store. Most counties of England cherish a "prettiest village," but Chiddingstone and another, Chilham, rank high in the English galaxy. Chilham is not far from Canterbury, the spiritual capital of England, and its cathedral (which Hitler tried to destroy from the air, fortunately without much success) one of the most beautiful. It was here that Archbishop Thomas à Becket was murdered by order of Henry II, who afterwards made a pilgrimage, travelling barefoot all the way, it is said, along the Pilgrim's Way, from Winchester to Harbledown (from which the pilgrims caught their first glimpse of Canterbury), and so to the tomb of his victim in the cathedral. Appropriately, near the city is the first English Christian church, St. Martin's, where the Christian wife of the Saxon King Ethelbert worshipped in the late 6th century.

Three hundred years ago the men who trimmed the yews in Brenchley churchyard, near Paddock Wood, received a quart of beer per tree. Nowadays, the cutters are paid by the hour, for it takes a man the better part of a day to trim one tree, so huge have they all grown meanwhile. Yews are inseparable from English county churchyards, just as the green was, and often still is, a part of the English village, with stocks, pillory, and whipping-post preserved. In a few of the older villages a relic of the ancient he-man sport of tilting the quintain is still to be seen, as on the village green at Offham, near West Malling.

As to seaside resorts, Kent boasts some of the brightest in England. Margate has been a favourite watering place for about 100 years. Both Margate and Ramsgate go to infinite bother to cater for visitors, and the other Kent resorts either way along the coast are hardly less painstaking. Dickens wrote glowingly of the bracing freshness of Broadstairs. Near Ramsgate lies a tiny place called Ebbsfleet, where St. Augustine first landed in Kent 1,600 years ago. Southward are Deal and Dover, which have a high place in history as well as in tourist esteem. Deal's soil echoed to the tramp of invading legions in 55 B.C., and to press gangs and the lighter tread of smugglers in years not so far past. Because Dover is the port nearest the Continent, it has often borne the brunt of invasion, attempted or realized, coming

or going. It is foremost among the ancient Cinque Ports, and above its white cliffs stands one of England's most venerable castles. A smart resort boasting everything that a fashionable seaside place can provide is Folkestone, seven miles west of Dover. An evening walk along its elegant leas above the cliffs used to be the best an English watering place could offer a stroller. Belonging to the Earl of Radnor, Folkestone is still well kept, but has begun to look a trifle shabby—in a discreet way.

Hythe is smaller and quieter, but its beaches are broad. In the parish church crypt is a gruesome collection of over 1,000 human skulls and bones, recovered after removal from the churchyard, for some unknown reason, five or six centuries ago. From Hythe to Dungeness runs the smallest passenger railway in the world, with a gauge of only 15 inches, and 14 miles of track.

Sussex

Just over the boundary into Sussex beyond the Romney Marsh is incomparable Rye, another Cinque Port. Rye has been abandoned by the sea, but the desertion is compensated by the old town's cobbled streets and timbered dwellings. The place is an artist's dream, and the *Mermaid Inn* a collector's piece with its oak panelling, beamed ceilings, huge fireplaces, curious staircases, and secret places which made of it a smugglers' strategic retreat. "The Duke of Normandy was attracted to Hastings," boasts this famous old resort, though he had his own reason when, on a date no English schoolboy will forget, he came there and defeated Harold at the Battle of Hastings. The actual site of the conflict is a few miles away, at Senlac, its Norman name since changed to Battle, which also is noted for the abbey the Conqueror erected here, taking nine years to build it. Hastings Castle is in ruins, but Bodiam, not far away, is a moated, curtain-walled fortress without equal in England.

Bexhill-on-Sea has a smart, clean charm of its own, and Eastbourne is the delight of both its residents and its many visitors from overseas. The bright cliffs of Dover are handsomely counterparted at this part of the coast, called Beachy Head, where the smooth slopes of the South Downs are born, which, in turn, introduce you to charming east Sussex hamlets like East and West Dean, still secluded and peaceful. Thence the grassy slopes rise gently past Lewes, a town of great age, brimful with historic romance. There are the relic-packed ruins of the castle, and one of Sussex' oldest churches; side streets are almost too steep for a car to travel up or down. They were equally a problem for coaches; when he was still the Prince of Wales,

George IV wagered that his coach and four, alone of any, could climb to the summit of Keere Street.

Most of these lead into the narrow but beautiful High Street, so well furnished with historic houses, among them a handsome Elizabethan residence built for Anne of Cleves, consort of the much-wived Henry VIII, and Bull House, once the home of Thomas Paine, who wrote *The Rights of Man*, and, although an Englishman, played an important part in the American struggle for independence.

Near Lewes is the famous Long Man, a gigantic figure 230 feet long, etched in the chalk of a Downland height against Wilmington. Thought to be either a prehistoric type of sun calendar or the personification of an ancient British deity within whose outlines human bodies were gathered and burned, the Long Man is easily the largest representation of a human figure in the world. He is, in fact, over twice the height of New York's Statue of Liberty, measured from head to heel. Ringmer-way is the opera house built by Mr. and Mrs. Christie in the grounds of their handsome home, "Glyndebourne," and delightfully girdled by sylvan beauty. And nearby rises Beacon, a South Downs peak that vies with the North Downs as a favourite starting point for gliders.

The *Star Inn*, at old-world Alfriston, was a rendezvous for smugglers who used the Cuckmere River and hid their contraband in the cellars and secret rooms still to be seen in many of the old timbered houses. In the square is one of the two old market crosses of Sussex, weatherworn and damaged, so it's said, by frequent attempts to climb it. The mellowed excellence of the Clergy House is watched over by the National Trust. It is close beside the church, and a mile or so away at Lullington is the smallest church in Sussex, well nigh the tiniest in England. Scarcely a dozen worshippers can get into it.

Brighton

Charming villages nestle in the quiet valleys made by the folds in these eastern Downs. Two of them, made even more visitable by their importance as harbouring the one-time homes of Rudyard Kipling, are Burwash and Rottingdean. From now on Downland rises more steeply still, pushing upwards to its highest point but one, Ditchling Beacon, from which the great open level plain of the once forest-clad Weald stretches interminably, beautifully, north, northeast, northwest. And southward is Brighton, the friendly, cosmopolitan old-new sprawl that has sprung from a tiny fishing village called Brighthelm-

stone, with no claim to fame until a certain Doctor Russel sent his patients there for its dry, bracing, crystal-clear air. The Prince Regent went, and ever since the place has prospered, as it should—few south coast resorts cater so well and variously as Brighton for its appreciative patronage from London and the world over. Westwards are Worthing, a pleasant seaside town which manages to lure its meed of visitors despite Brighton, only 10 miles distant; the golden sands of Littlehampton; and Bognor, which added *Regis* to its name when King George V used its virtues to recoup from his nearly fatal illness in 1929.

Inland, at Bramber, are the ruins of a Norman fortress and a museum of fearsome and mysterious relics. Hereabouts, our southern range of hills ascends more sheerly into west Sussex, its highest points crowned by the ancient landmarks Chanctonbury and Cissbury Rings, finest of all the prehistoric camps of the South Downs. A spur runs northwards towards Surrey, reaching its loftiest at Blackdown (800 feet), 592 acres of heather-clad beauty where Tennyson loved to roam, and amid which he built his last home, Aldworth, where he died.

Arundel, behind Littlehampton, has a splendid castle, the home of Britain's Earl Marshal, the Duke of Norfolk. And Chichester, an old city to the west, should captivate anyone, with its cathedral, described as a "poem in stone," its ancient market cross, and its still unchallenged distinction, "a gem in an incomparable setting unequalled in England." In a straight line north is another small town that has lost little of its own brand of old-world charm. England's quietest towns and villages shelter some of her oldest inns, and Midhurst's *Spread Eagle* is no exception. Here you may dine by candlelight, between tapestried walls, and surrounded by copper pans and steel engravings. At Pulborough, 12 miles east, is *Chequers*, another charming inn.

Surrey

Sussex has its forest, too—Ashdown, Balcomb, Tilgate, Worth, St. Leonards, and Charlton—but few moors and heaths. These, however, are a fine feature of Surrey, which is one long succession of heaths and commons that can now never be built on. Bookham, Witley, Milford and Chobham are the largest and wildest. Milford Common covers 137 acres, adjoining the 240 acres of Witley Common, which in turn adjoins Hindhead, providing a clear run of wild, free country for many miles.

The road to Portsmouth cuts the county in two. Parts of this highway are newish, built about 1937, but they now form one

of the finest, most pleasant stretches of arterial way in the south of England. The highway touches or bypasses some of the county's most interesting towns and villages. Richmond, with its kingly connections, was re-christened by Henry VIII, who rebuilt the royal palace and renamed it after his Yorkshire earldom. Henry II, Edward III, Henry VII, and Queen Elizabeth all died there, and Cardinal Wolsey was allowed to live in it after Henry VIII, in a manner now fashionable with governments, had requisitioned Hampton Court for his own use. The green, now a public pleasance, was then the tournament ground of the palace. A vast area adjoining was later enclosed by Charles I, and is now, as Richmond Park, the largest of the royal estates.

Epsom and Guildford

Lying slightly off this road is Epsom, of Derby and Epsom Salts fame. The highway is still inseparably bound by its hosteleries to the histories of famed sailors who travelled it to and from their ships at Portsmouth, using the seafarer's inns. The same old taverns still dot the route, still cherish the ships' bells, beams, lamps, and other mementoes the sailors bequeathed to their favourite houses. At Ripley are *The Talbot*, a fine example of an old posting-house, and *The Anchor*, which knew Nelson well. Liphook has *The Royal Anchor*, where men stayed whose names are well known in naval history, and which entertained royalty in the persons of Queen Anne and William IV. It was here, in this fascinating old inn behind an enormous chestnut tree now floodlit at night, that the Prince Regent feasted the victors of Waterloo and the Allied Sovereigns.

About the year 1281, Cistercian monks, established southeast of Guildford, began to build a travellers' rest-house; in doing so they laid the foundations of a 13th-century hostelry that is now the oldest inn in Surrey. The traveller with a taste for good fare and good company, and an eye for the mellow beauty of an English inn, should certainly make time to visit this, *The Crown*, at Chiddingfold.

Guildford, Surrey's county town, is also its most interesting. No other English town can claim such a brilliant succession of royal visits, from Alfred the Great down to present times. Aldermen still appear in royal scarlet, a privilege granted them by James II. Most valued of many treasures in the balconied, bell-turreted guildhall are the oldest silver mace in the kingdom, and one of the few surviving sets of bronze cornmeasures.

The staff was presented by Queen Elizabeth on her way to stay with friends at Loseley, a beautiful mansion, open to the public, the grounds of which form one of Surrey's finest parks. Charles Dodgson (Lewis Carroll) died in the house of his two sisters on Castle Hill, and was buried in The Mount Cemetery, up the hill from the bottom of the most delightful old High Street in the south of England. On a commanding sweep of the North Downs, above this town of old alleys, great associations, and ancient churches, is rising Britain's youngest cathedral, the third to be built since the Reformation.

Westwards along the county's main artery is Godalming, a charming old town that was the birthplace of James Oglethorpe, who founded Georgia, U.S.A., naming it after the English king. But we are on the borders of Hampshire, and Surrey is still far from covered. No county abounds with such impish place names: Christmas Pie, Normandy, Friday Street, (a delightful hamlet and environment which might have been uprooted from Switzerland), and Pennypot. Most of these odd names derive from folklore. The last is near Chobham—just an off-the-track hamlet, but withal a place of some importance, for it was in the inn, which is now the charming old Pennypot Cottage, that herb ale was retailed at the historic price of a penny the pot.

Along the Tillingbourne Valley, well served by buses, are hidden fascinating little places with histories of their own: Shere, Abinger, Westcott, Wotton. At Wotton House lived John Evelyn, 17th-century diarist, and nearby is Crossways Farm, a Jacobean house thought to have given George Meredith the title for his novel *Diana of the Crossways*. South of this are the wooded and heather-clothed slopes of Leith Hill, 965 feet, the highest in Surrey, with an expansive prospect over 13 counties, and to the south as far as the sea.

And so we come to the busy market town of Dorking, a pleasant neighbourhood that has inspired the pens of so many writers. Its wide High Street houses *The White Horse Inn*, or *The Marquis o' Granby*, as Dickens dubbed it for his *Pickwick Papers*. Betchworth Park boasts a triple avenue of limes, the finest in England. Along the south slope of Box Hill, a much loved beauty spot, parts of it owned by Lord Beaverbrook and Canada's one-time Premier, Lord Bennett, the Pilgrim's Way rambles on past Flint Cottage, where Meredith lived and R. L. Stevenson once called to see him. At *Burford Bridge Hotel* Keats wrote the last chapters of *Endymion*, and Nelson stayed there when travelling down to Portsmouth, and on to fame and death at Trafalgar.

Hampshire has been called the Cinderella County because it is just a county to be crossed in the feverish holiday migration from London to the familiar cliffs and coves of Devon and Cornwall, much as weekend London-to-Brighton-goers feel about the Thames, or as travellers to Winchester, when it was the capital, used to regard the counties between. To many others, Hampshire means the last sight of England from departing steamers, or a first solid acquaintance with her on stepping ashore at Southampton. For this seems but the gateway to England, through which to pass hurriedly. It is a pity; the sandwich shire is a seventh heaven for the perceptive visitor.

Highlights of Hampshire

Here history has highlights by the hundred, beginning when Alfred, teaching religion and letters, formed in due time the first kingdom of England; and, in laying plans for Britain's first navy, sowed the seeds of the Commonwealth of Nations. This seapower was sustained through the centuries largely by the craftsmen of Buckler's Hard, who built warships with New Forest oak, and bound them with iron from Sowley ironworks. The miracle of steel long ago displaced the old wooden walls, reducing the hum at the Hard to silence, turning its decaying slipways and ghostly memories into objects for retrospection by visitors, who usually travel on to the peaceful spot by road, after inspecting the romantic ruins of Beaulieu Abbey.

Winchester is an explorer's paradise, a town of great beauty and interest. Here King Alfred earned for himself a splendid memorial, impressive and lifelike. He stands high, in rallying pose, at the foot of the principal street, facing the best parts of his capital. Some of the oldest houses in England flank the steep and narrow High Street, in which are also two of this country's fascinating store of aging but undying inns—the *George*, which might well have been the first posting-house to be built in England, and the *Royal Oak*, with England's oldest ale bar.

Winchester's huge cathedral stands in the midst of a green, its Gothic roof supported by clusters of columns. Several English kings were crowned here, including Alfred. Interesting are the Norman baptismal font and the Gothic tombs of 15th-century bishops, lying peacefully behind grillwork, their marble hands crossed for eternity. Winchester's public school, opened in 1382, is England's oldest. Don't miss its charming Shakespearean corner, its ancient cloisters, or its chapel.

Winchester is a good centre from which to visit Hampshire's

quiet villages where came or lived or died so many of the great. Florence Nightingale lies under a simple stone in East Wellow (by Romsey) churchyard. Embley Park, nearby, was her early home, and the old house, with its gardens, lake, and fire rhododendra has at times been opened to the public to benefit charity. Recently Jane Austen's home at Chawton, with her writing desk and other furniture, was bought for £3,000 and dedicated as a Jane Austen museum. It was opened by the Duke of Wellington, who lives at Stratfield Saye, not far from his own recently-sold family estates of 6,000 acres at Ewhurst and Wolverton, purchased by the first duke from grants voted him by a grateful nation.

To anyone wishing to find the best in this country Edmund Blunden commended the English village. And the searcher need not go to Somerset, Devon, East Anglia, or Lakeland to discover them; the unscheming hand of time has scattered pretty villages over almost all of Hampshire. There is space to mention only a few. The splendid isolation of Newnham, near Basingstoke, with its little inn against the fields, cottages grouped about the green, as one feels they should be in every English village, since that is how most of them started, the green being originally a space cleared from the ubiquitous forests. Hamble, a quaint old place at the mouth of the river of the same name, with old dwellings and taverns that seem ready to topple over into the sea. Somerset's Selworthy has earned for its beauty the protection of the National Trust, but Hampshire's Wherwell is perhaps no less charming, a delightfully situated old-world village of thatched cottages. One may visit Tangle, pleasantly set amongst both hills and woods, and Popham, which combines height with scenery that is typical of much of Hampshire.

Pleasant features that help build up the Hampshire picture are its forests, prosperous farms, and rivers. More of the last than in most counties, and between them they make a dry-fly fisherman's paradise and a fascinating field for exploration, such as is found only in a territory of rivers and streams and bridges. Cricket has spread from its home to most parts of the world, and its first home was Hampshire. Several Hampshire places cherish early connections with the game, but the proudest claims are those of Hambledon—to the first game of county cricket, commemorated in a solid granite monument to the original match, played in silk stockings, knee breeches, and top hats.

Along the county's coastline the naval base of Portsmouth, Southampton Docks, where the world's largest liners berth, fascinating old Lymington (from which ferries run to the Isle

of Wight), and ecclesiastic excellence in Christchurch Priory. If, from a desire for perfection in seaside resorts, one is drawn to Bournemouth, it should be stressed that this is also an ideal centre from which to explore the New Forest.

A royal chase in the days of King Canute, the forest still sprawls greedily over a great part of the county. It is one of the largest unenclosed areas in England, a charming wilderness that has survived almost unspoiled right down to our times.

Wiltshire and Stonehenge

Lately Lord Nelson, great grand-nephew of the hero of Trafalgar, presented the National Trust with a pepperbox—the weird, red-brick structure that caps Pepperbox Hill, on his estate “Trafalgar,” five miles from Salisbury. This “folly” was built about 1806 by old Giles Eyre, a man with eccentric notions on architecture but admirable ones as to views. No doubt the rounded hills of Wiltshire were once largely covered with forest. Today they form a high breezy plateau called Salisbury Plain. The 404-foot stone spire of Salisbury Cathedral, often painted by Constable, dominates the entire valley. Inside are lancet windows, a 14th-century clock of wrought iron, tombs of Crusaders and of those who died at Agincourt. Don’t overlook the beautiful octagonal chapter house with sixty wonderfully carved 13th-century friezes upheld by a single pillar and a fan-span to the roof.

Close to Salisbury is Wilton House, the splendid home of the Earls of Pembroke with an incomparable art collection—including 16 Van Dyck canvases hung in the famous doublecube room where General Eisenhower and staff planned the Normandy invasion. Sarum is a fascinating iron-age town with Roman fortifications on a ledged green hillside.

At a point about 3 miles west of Amesbury on the Shrewton road where the plain starts to climb, stands the lone, eerie collection of boulders called Stonehenge. Stonehenge is the best example in Britain of that group of ancient stone remainders known as Druids’ circles, confidently thought to be the sun-worshipping temples of a people in whose lives sun and stones played the biggest parts. Despite its intense and ancient significance, Stonehenge disappoints many sightseers who arrive in coaches, expecting to see monoliths the height of factory chimneys. Believed to be even older than Stonehenge is a similar circle at Avebury, west of Marlborough. A mile from it is an ancient communal tomb called Silbury Hill, an example of the

tumuli that are scattered all over Wiltshire. Silbury, however, is unique in that it's the largest artificial mound in Europe, being 450 yards round at the base, and 120 feet high. It is thought to be associated in some way with Avebury.

South of Marlborough is Pewsey, sporting an annual national congress of Town Criers who, gorgeously garbed in robes that almost rival those of London's Lord Mayor, parade and compete for a prize awarded for the loudest and clearest voice. Circuiting the county west and southward, we come to Swindon, a busy rail centre, and not far away Wanborough and its 400-year-old *Harrow Inn*, in which is an ancient wooden pulley allegedly used to string up customers who miscondacted themselves. A more likely use was to hoist contraband to the attic. Exhibit No. 2 is an old "dog grate," a relic of days when the housewife put a dog in a cage in the chimney to drive a fan. Some venerable inns are linked with a past even older than themselves. *The Angel*, Chippenham, was built on part of the site of the ancient palace of King Alfred; it still exhibits a sentry lookout.

Four miles south of Chippenham is one of the most beautiful villages in southwest England—Lacock—where in 1839 Fox Talbot invented the photographic process named after him. Another dream village is Castle Combe, also near Chippenham. Bradford-on-Avon has an interesting example of a type of bridge that the mediaeval monasteries used to build, erecting a chapel at its end to remind wayfarers of the industry of these religious foundations. Like the Wilmington Long Man, the representation of a horse cut out of the chalk on a hillside near Westbury is of assured vintage. Measuring 180 feet from head to tail, this equestrian giant is thought to mark the spot where King Alfred scored one of his biggest successes against the Danes, historically pinpointed as Ethandune, or Edington—in 878.

A little farther on—beyond Warminster, itself lying astride a scattered miscellany of ancient battlegrounds—rises the noble outlines of Longleat House, home of the Marquis of Bath, with a name all to itself on the map. The house is the country's prize gem of Jacobean architecture and is approached by a long, leafy drive of towering rhododendrons. Started in 1368, it was completed during Elizabethan times. Its leather-lined library contains one of the largest private collections in Europe. Good Queen Bess was served in its banquet hall where a Sevres dining service stands ready for another royal visit. A costume museum displays breakfast bonnets, wedding garmets, and other rare period robes.

THE SOUTHWEST

Unspoiled England, Best Beaches

by

Z. A. GRABOWSKI

Somerset is certainly one of those English counties that deserve the attention of a connoisseur. Its beauties do not thrust themselves inescapably on insensitive observers. There is nothing obvious about them. Somerset does not offer spectacular vistas. No intense blue of the sea, no high mountains, no precipitous promontories. The accent is on nuances, on the delicate shades of green, on the perfect blending of the architecture of houses, both noble and humble, with the natural setting; on the richness of historic background and associations. In some English counties the landscape has been spoiled by the intrusion of vile and unimaginative architecture; not so in Somerset, which has admirably preserved its character and withstood the onslaught of industrial ugliness.

Somerset is a land where a great variety of landscapes can be found in its 1,600 square miles: the hilly undulations of the Mendips and the Gorge of Cheddar; windswept Exmoor, where wild deer are happily wandering about, and a special breed of hardy, small ponies canter around taking no notice of a planned agricultural economy; shapely semicircles of beaches near Porlock and Blue Anchor; the best planned and executed town in England, Bath; one of the most charming mediaeval remains, Dunster; Glastonbury, heavily loaded with Roman, pre-Roman, and English history; one of the noblest cathedrals in this country, Wells; charming villages preserving the peaceful old-world atmosphere and unpretentious beauty that was England of centuries past; stone-built houses planted in fruit-laden orchards; honest-to-goodness cider and a ready smile; ruins of cloisters like those of Old Cleve, which make you brood about the march of inexorable time; and the Quantock Hills near Taunton, especially lovely in autumn when the blackberries are ripe and their thorns catch you and hold you like memories. The time for touring Somerset is summer—the countryside is at its best in a cloak of summer heat. The tinge of the sea is then modestly blue, the orchards give ample shade, the bees are singing their humming song, and the old stone houses and inns of Somerset

welcome you with a breath of coolness. But the Quantocks should be seen in autumn when the ferns are all rusty and shining and when blackberry bushes laden with berries exhale a penetrating perfume. It is also a perfect time for riding those heights along narrow paths and wandering into quiet, discreet valleys where in old inns one can admire etchings and pictures of famous horses of yore.

If you want to take with you a well-balanced and enduring memory of Somerset, try to include in your tour towns like Bath, with a glimpse of history (Glastonbury and Wells), and a visit to Dunster and the coast near Porlock. Then stay in one of those villages near Bulleigh or Washford for a few days and finish your visit to Somerset by waving to the Quantocks.

Practical Information for the Southwest

COASTAL RESORTS. Below is a selection of hotels, many of them open only from May to October. Average rates are quoted for rooms without bath.

WESTON-SUPER-MARE (Somerset).

Royal Pier, 59 rooms (19 with baths), 25/- and 50/- *Grand Atlantic*, 68 rooms (9 with baths), 22/- and 48/-

MINEHEAD (Somerset). *Northfield*, 27 rooms (2 with baths), 30/- and 60/- *Beach*, 33 rooms (none with baths), 19/6 and 38/-

LYNTON & LYNMOUTH (North Devon)

Twin towns, at top and bottom of a lovely cleft *Tors (Lynmouth)*, 45 rooms (5 with baths), 25/- and 50/- *Valley of Rocks (Lynton)*, 60 rooms (8 with baths), 18/6 and 37/-

ILFRACOMBE (North Devon). *Runnicleave*, 120 rooms (4 with baths), 25/- and 50/- *Dilkhusa-Grand*, 120 rooms (5 with baths), 21/- and 42/- *Mount*, 70 rooms (6 with baths), 22/6 and 45/-

CLOVELLY (North Devon). *New Inn*, 20 rooms (none with baths), 17/6 and 35/-

BUDE (Cornwall). *Grenville*, 68 rooms (15 with baths), 22/6 and 55/- *Falcon*, 60 rooms (2 with baths), 22/6 and 45/-

NEWQUAY (Cornwall). A popular modern resort with nine spacious surf beaches. *Headland*, 120 rooms (30 with baths), 35/- and 70/- *Atlantic*, 65 rooms (13 with baths), 35/- and 70/- *St Rumon's*, 55 rooms (6 with baths), 21/- and 42/-

ST IVES (Cornwall). *Tregenna Castle*, 86 rooms (29 with baths), 28/6 and 55/- *Chy-An-Drea*, 40 rooms (none with baths), 21/- and 42/-

PENZANCE (Cornwall). *Queen's*, 65 rooms (7 with baths), 19/6 and 39/- *Union*, 30 rooms (none with baths), 22/6 and 45/-

FALMOUTH (Cornwall). Gyllyngvase beach sweeps away from the town and is studded with hotels, opposite the harbor lies the lush little resort of St. Mawes. Many palm trees fringe the town. *Falmouth*, 100 rooms (16 with baths), 27/6 and 50/- *Royal Duchy*, 40 rooms (4 with baths), 23/6 and 47/- *Ship & Castle (St Mawes)*, 66 rooms (35 with baths), 17/6 and 35/- *Idle Rocks (St Mawes)*, 42 rooms (16 with baths), 17/6 and 35/-

MEVAGISSEY (Cornwall). *Treloen*, 14 rooms (none with baths), 18/- and 38/-

LOOE (Cornwall). *Naizlee Point*, 60 rooms (8 with baths), 21/- and 42/- *Boscarn*, 25 rooms (1 with bath), 18/6 and 37/-

SALCOMBE (South Devon). *Salcombe*, 62 rooms (7 with baths), from £16 16 0 a week. *Gara Rock*, 35 rooms (16 with baths), 21/- and 42/-

DARTMOUTH (South Devon). *Royal Castle*, 23 rooms (none with baths),

20/- and 40/- *Yacht*, 18 rooms (none with baths) 21/- and 42/-.

TORQUAY (South Devon). "Queen of the Devon Riviera;" an all-year resort, with a resident population of 53,000. Its amenities are legion, and its appearance attractive to an extent that many visitors find appealing. The *Imperial*, 120 rooms and suites (all with private baths), rates from 32/6 up, is the finest resort hotel in Britain, with nearly half a mile of private cliffs and beaches. Also recommended: *Palace*, 160 rooms (82 with baths), 26/- and 52/- up. *Grand*, 186 rooms (44 with baths), 26/- and 52/- up. *Victoria*, 100 rooms (none with bath), 28/- and 56/- *Riviera*, 51 rooms (4 with baths), 25/- and 50/- *Forlands*, *Babba-combe*, 43 rooms (6 with baths), 25/- and 50/- *Shedden Hall*, 26 rooms (2 with baths), 18/6 and 37/-.

IN THE COUNTRY. Some choice spots in the southwest, mainly open all year.

BATH (Somerset). You must book well ahead for the May Festival. *Francis*, 84 rooms (26 with baths), 22/6 and 45/- *Lansdown Grove*, 50 rooms (7 with baths), 23/6 and 47/- *Royal York*, 55 rooms (8 with baths), 27/6 and 55/-.

BLANDFORD (Dorset). *Crown*, 28 rooms (no baths), 25/- and 50/-.

BODMIN (Cornwall). The county town of the "Delectable Duchy," on the edge of a wild moor. A town of great antiquity but little charm. *Cat & Fiddle Inn*, 5 rooms (none with baths), 15/- and 30/-.

DORCHESTER (Dorset). *Antelope*, 27 rooms (no baths), 17/6 and 35/-.

DUNSTER (Somerset). *Luttrell Arms*, 19 rooms (no baths), 20/- and 40/-.

EXETER (Devon). *Rougemont*, 70 rooms (9 with baths), 28/- and 56/- *Royal Clarence*, 50 rooms (2 with baths), 30/- and 60/-.

LANREATH (Cornwall). *Punch Bowl Inn*, 10 rooms (5 with baths), 17/6 and 35/-.

If you're going beyond Lands End to the enchanted Isles of Scilly, then you'll want to know there are two or three hotels on the island of St. Mary's. The *Atlantic*, with 32 rooms, charges 45/- for a double room, the *Star Castle* has 15 rooms, and charges 27/6 for bed and breakfast, while *Tregarthens* (30 rooms) charges 40/- a day for a single room and all meals.

SIDMOUTH (South Devon). *Victoria*, 60 rooms (12 with baths), 29/- and 58/- *Fortfield*, 61 rooms (9 with baths), 21/- and 42/-.

LYME REGIS (Dorset). An old Georgian town with a town crier who does a daily round. *High Cliff*, 15 rooms (2 with baths), 22/6 and 45/- *Three Cups*, 20 rooms (none with baths), 21/- and 42/-.

WEYMOUTH (Dorset). A big, popular resort, with 37,000 people; port for Jersey. *Gloucester*, 80 rooms (10 with baths), 27/6 and 55/- *Royal*, 85 rooms (4 with baths), 25/- and 50/-.

SWANAGE (Dorset). Charming little resort facing east on two bays. *Grosvenor*, 120 rooms (29 with baths), 27/6 and 55/- *Royal Victoria*, 55 rooms (7 with baths), 25/- and 50/- *Westbury*, 24 rooms (none with baths), 18/6 and 37/-.

MILTON DAMEREL (Devon). *Woodford Bridge*, 12 rooms (none with baths), 18/6 and 37/6.

SHAFTESBURY (Dorset). An ancient borough high among hills overlooking Blackmore Vale. Nearby is a huge U.S. Air Force rest and recreation center. Shaftesbury has been the gateway to and from Britain for U.S. military personnel since 1951. It is only 40 miles by road to Southampton. *Grosvenor*, 35 rooms (1 with bath), 20/- and 40/-.

TOTNES (Devon). *Ye Olde Cott Inn*, 14 rooms (no baths), 18/6 and 37/-.

TRURO (Cornwall). *Red Lion*, 33 rooms (1 with bath), 25/- and 50/-.

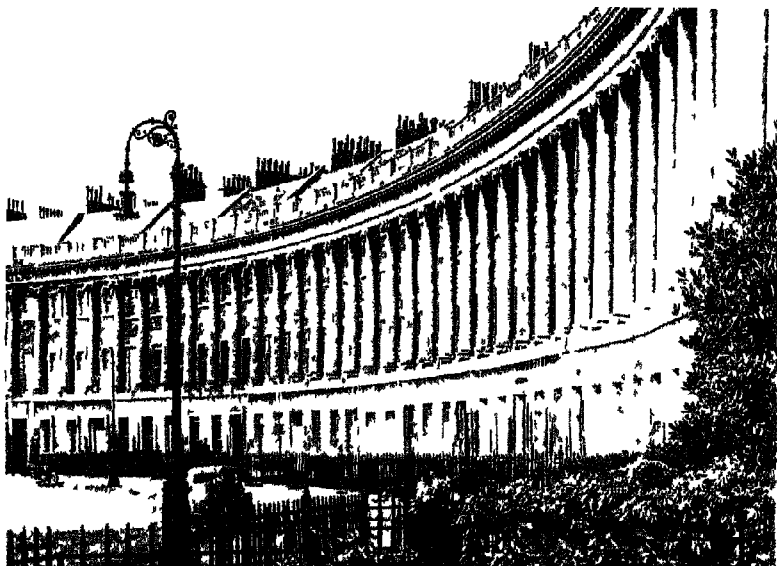
WELLS (Somerset). *Swan*, 25 rooms (2 with baths), 25/- and 50/- *Ancient Gate House*, 27 rooms (none with baths), 14/6 and 29/-.

WIMBORNE (Dorset). *Oakley House*, 11 rooms (1 with bath), 18/6 and 37/-.

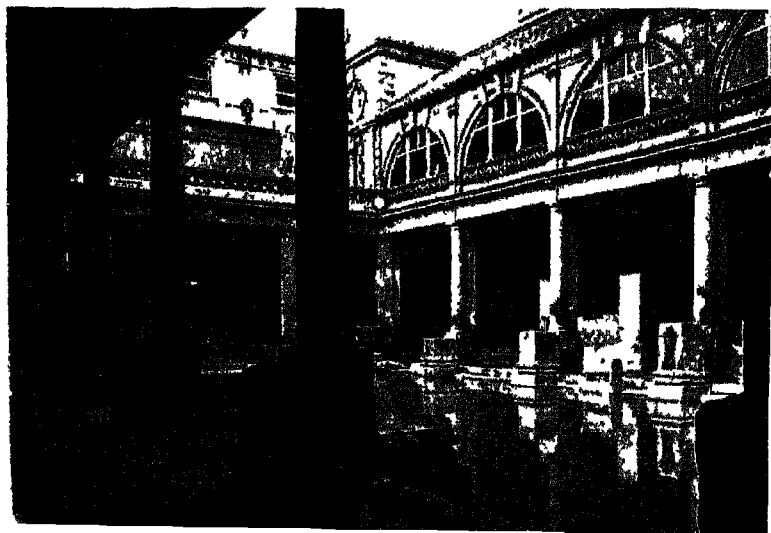


The Cotswold village of Broadway, above, affords the visitor a glimpse of the placid side of English life during Elizabethan times, whereas Arundel Castle in Sussex, below, speaks eloquently of sterner moments.





Bath, in Somerset, was noted as a spa centuries before Chaucer created his Good Wife in the Canterbury Tales. Although the stately facade of the Camden Crescent, above, suggests a more recent origin, about 44 A.D. the Romans built the first baths whose remains, below, may still be seen.



Then, if you are staying on business—or for city sightseeing—there's Bristol with 500,000 population. The *Royal* and the *Grand* hotels are good. At Clifton, only three miles away, the *Grand Spa*, 57 rooms (17 with baths), 30/- and 60/-, enjoys one of the finest locations of any British hotel. *Hot's* restaurant in Bristol is outstanding. Near Bath, at Colerne, is *The Vineyard*, a hostelry with highly recommended food and drink.



TRANSPORTATION. British Railways serve the area with fast and frequent steam trains from Waterloo (Southern Region) and Paddington (Western Region). Plymouth is 225 miles from Paddington, and 232 miles from Waterloo, the trains using completely different routes but both serving Exeter on the way. You can go one way and return the other by buying two single tickets. Penzance, the furthest point that can be reached by the Western Region, is 305 miles from Paddington. There's a night train with a sleeper, otherwise the famous "Cornish Riviera" does it in 6½ hours by day.

Local and regional bus services will be found throughout the southwest.

No air services exist to the southwest, although BEA has a base at St Just, near Penzance, from which services run daily to St. Mary's, Isles of Scilly, flight time 20 minutes (£3 6s return, or £2 15s for a day round trip).

Historic Houses Open to the Public

SOMERSET. *Dunster Castle*, Home of the Luttrells. Open from mid-June to late August, Wed. and Thurs., 10:15-4:45. Admission 2/6. *Montacute House*, Yeovil. The National Trust. Elizabethan house open daily, except Tues., all year. Admission 2/6.

DORSET. *Creech Grange*, Wareham. Home of the Bond family. Open mid-July to mid-September, Wed, Thurs., Sun., 2-5. Admission 2/6. *Wolfeaton Gate House*, Dorchester. Owned by Countess Zamoyska. Dates from Henry VII's reign. Fine drum towers. May be visited by appointment any afternoon except Saturday, from June 10 to August 31 (Phone Dorchester 535). Admission 1/-.

DEVON AND CORNWALL. *Buckland Abbey*, Tavistock. The National Trust. 13th-century Cistercian monastery. Open all year, daily in summer. Admission 1/-. *Torre Abbey*, Torquay. Monastic ruins dating from 1186. Opened by Torquay Corporation all year, daily 9-5. Admission 6d. *St. Michael's Mount*, Penzance. National Trust (1954) but home of Lord St. Aubyn. Open all year Wednesdays and Fridays, admission 1/-.

Exploring the Southwest

Bath should, I think, stand at the head of your list. Visitors to this country who have even a superficial knowledge of France, Italy, or Spain will notice that England is not as rich in towns blessed with architectural beauties as the three above-mentioned countries. Cathedral towns here have best preserved the old and noble shape of architecture, but even those citadels of one of the best periods of town architecture in this country, which was the Middle Ages (the second being the 18th century), have been subject in recent times to some cruel intrusions and infiltrations that have spoilt their integrity and unity of atmosphere. The blending of old and new, so successfully accomplished

in Mediterranean lands, has often been clumsy in this country.

Bath is a delight to the eye and it rightly boasts of being the best-planned town in England. The layout of the city is clear and noble, the River Avon being skilfully woven into the shape of the town. The green belts and margins enveloping Bath, and the hills around are at their loveliest in springtime when blooms weigh heavily on fruit trees. It is a town with a pedigree going back to pre-Roman times, but the Romans imparted glory to the place which was devoted to the little-known deity of Sul—a minor version of Minerva—and to the mineral springs they discovered. (The Roman name of the place was *Aquae Sulis*.) Romans, coming from a mild climate, suffered badly from rheumatism in all the northern countries, and so they treated their complaints at various springs and baths in old Gallia and other "barbarian" countries. To the Romans we owe the discovery of the numerous spas that in our own days bring comfort to the aching and the crippled. When in Bath you simply must see the Roman baths, still going strong, which are among the most striking Roman relics in Europe. The pool mirrors the solid and calm beauty of the Roman colonnade in its waters, and the old Roman heating system remains to remind us to be less boastful about the wonderful discoveries of our hygiene-minded age.

Bath is not merely a place for people groaning in the grip of rheumatism; in recent times it launched an appeal to the young by organizing a successful Bath Festival, where opera—especially of the Mozart kind—symphonic and chamber music, and drama (with 18th-century playwrights rather prominent in the repertoire) have been making a combined effort to revive the old tradition of Bath as an important cultural and social centre. This festival is a new plan, and the competition of the Edinburgh Festival is a serious one. But it is to be hoped that those two festivals, one in the spring, when Bath is in her best *toilette*, constitute an attraction for the foreign visitor.

The great city of Bristol is on the border of Somerset and Gloucester. Merchant venturers from Elizabethan times have left their mark on this historic port, but as ships have increased in size, so have they drawn farther away from Bristol. Avonmouth, ten miles to the west, has the Bristol docks today. If you visit Bristol, seek out the Church of St. Mary Redcliffe, described by Queen Elizabeth I as, "the fairest, goodliest, and most famous parish church in England."

Clifton Gorge, spanned by Britain's noblest suspension bridge, is a vista almost without parallel. A 3d bus ride from the centre of Bristol quickly brings you to the best observation point.

Glastonbury is a little and unimportant place today, but a visit to its antiquarian museum and a tour round its abbey (the Benedictine Abbey of St. Mary) and its queer Tor, a conical height of some 500 feet crowned by ruins of a chapel, would convince one that it wasn't always so. The very soil of Glastonbury is drenched with legends—Roman (the Romans placed nearby one of their versions of the afterworld), early Christian (St. Joseph of Arimathea), Saxon (King Arthur) and mediaeval (Grail). In prehistoric times the whole area round Glastonbury must have been swampy, and the curious "lake village," discovered in 1892, bears witness to the great antiquity of that settlement. The Tor, which can be seen from many places in Somerset as one of the most characteristic landmarks of the country, pointed the way for sailors in many storms. The abbey is today no more than an outline of chalk on a lush carpet of grass: but it is an outline of beauty and greatness of design.

Wells and Dunster

Wells provides in her glorious cathedral the body and bone-structure which Glastonbury's Abbey lacks, being only a dematerialized vision of a church. This once important Roman settlement, which later on played an outstanding part in the history of the western kingdom of Wessex, is rich in past events and past glory; fires and destruction have fortunately spared the cathedral, built about the same time as Glastonbury Abbey. While Glastonbury is haunted with the apparition of the destroyed church, Wells is a smiling, green and rural place of great leisurely charm. The cathedral derives its beauty from a perfect harmony of all its component parts, from the gamut of colours of its splendid stained-glass windows to the peaceful setting among aged trees and glistening lawns. Its great glory is the west front. Wells is one of those places where time seems to stand still and, what is more important to visitors, the eternal calm seems to permeate everybody who enters the precincts of its cathedral.

Dunster is a market town that has also lost much of its old importance, as English history shifted from both western and eastern counties towards the centre, to concentrate more and more on London. This slow retreat from the west towards London is a fascinating thing to study. Let us remember that once Cornwall, which seems today to live on a distant margin of developments, was also busy with commerce and great events. Mediaeval and Renaissance Dunster was no doubt important,

and what has remained is a thing of beauty. Only some 1,000 people live there, but visitors flock in and are fond of the place, for it has preserved in its lovely mellowed walls a warmth, and what the French call *intimité*, that some towns of south Germany and Provence have kept better than the more austere communities of northern Europe. In the market you are greeted by a picturesque octagonal building with a deep sloping roof built about 1600 that looks like a creation of Scandinavian architecture. The streets of the little town rise sharply towards the castle, built between the 13th and the 15th centuries. The castle, the residence and seat of the Luttrell family, gives Dunster a great house of rare distinction. The view from its ramparts is grand and the eye can play on the spacious polo field beneath the castle where deer are lazily wandering, upon the beige-sandy heights of the moor, and repose on the cornflower blue of the sea near Blue Anchor. The southern, sun-exposed wall of the castle is a shortened version of Sicily, with its lemon and orange trees, and the layout of the grounds and building has a generosity matched only by such magnificent residences as Warwick Castle, near Stratford-on-Avon.

Dunster Castle still belongs to the class of English residences that have been inhabited continuously for centuries. This is one of the charms of the noble houses of England; on the Continent this continuity of tradition was often broken, and houses used to pass from one proprietor to another, to remain empty and uninhabited for long spans of years. The number of inhabited stately homes of England with a continuous and living tradition is decreasing, but it seems to be larger than the number of such houses in Continental countries. Dunster Castle is beautiful in the soundness and gentle robustness of its shape and in the perfect choice of a site commanding a truly glorious view.

Old Cleve, near the charming village of Washford, is an example of a noble building becoming derelict after being ravaged by fires and the hostility of men. But even in its dilapidation this sunny skeleton of Cistercian cloisters, surrounded by ancient trees, bears witness to the enormous labours of old monks who settled here not only to praise God but also to teach the art of cultivating the land. Those zealous monks have left a legacy of patient love for the good earth, of pruning orchard trees, of an ingenious system of irrigation; and I am sure they had their fingers in the manufacture of decent cider, which, after two World Wars, unfortunately shows signs of becoming rather watery. Many visitors would remark with regret that the French variety of that fine beverage, *le cidre*, just across

the Channel in Normandy and Brittany, is of a much more potent and sharply defined character. But this must not deter you from entering hospitable country inns in Somerset and trying some. Somerset inns are friendly places, and local people are entertaining talkers.

The Coast

If after visiting Dunster, with its quaint old streets where lovely mediaeval and Renaissance houses mount guard, you feel like having a look at the English sea, go to Minehead or Blue Anchor (the latter unfortunately spoilt by the invasion of caravans and trailers, those strange contraptions of our nomadic age). The beaches are good there—and so is the beach near Porlock—and the sea refreshing. Natives don't mind its very doubtful temperature, but foreigners, pampered by the warm waves of the Mediterranean, are not so eager to brave the elements. The sea here—and even in Cornwall, where it seems to be warmer than anywhere else in the British Isles—is not to be enjoyed in a sensuous way: it is a bracing experience that sometimes leaves you rather breathless and shivering. But pleasures in this country—from food to bathing—must not be approached in a hedonistic manner; they exist to increase your well-being in a limited sense; but, primarily, to heighten your moral discipline and your physical or animal endurance.

The Somerset coast has stretches of calm beauty with rare instances of sheer drops of white cliffs, really white, not like the allegedly white cliffs of Dover, which badly need scrubbing. But on the whole the coast of Somerset is much more subdued and placid than that of adjoining North Devon, where it becomes precipitous. This placid, homely, and calm character is to be found both on the seashore and the plains and hills.

It is a green country around Washford and Butleigh and Bishops Lydeard, but its green is not as intense as that of the Lake District. One can safely say that England is the grandest country for studying innumerable shades of green; once you know England you become an expert on green. Every English county has its own shade, with the deep green of the Lake District—where it is helped by the continuous downpours—taking the lead. Somerset's green is distinct from either Dorset's or Devonshire's varieties. I shall not try to describe those elusive shades; I hope you will yourself be able to notice the nuances and changes. It is one of the most fruitful lines of discovery, this search for the shades of green in England. I think that, on

the whole, Somerset's kind of green shows a vast admixture of sandy patches of cornfields and of the rusty-brown baldness of the moors. Somerset's palette is, if I may say so, more vivid than that of Dorset, where a bronze beige, rather arid, tone seems to predominate.

If you want to catch the atmosphere of this lovely land and to retain memories, stay a few days in one of those Somerset villages in the full blaze of summer. I can vouch that even during the meagre war years I was able to find in Somerset some excellent houses where food was cherished as one of the major pleasures of life and where one did understand that the expression "good country fare" wasn't an empty phrase. Indeed, it seems to me that on the whole Somerset—together with Yorkshire and Devon—displays a greater care for food than most of the English counties. Of course, in this country no gastronomical map or chart can be drawn, as can be done in the case of France and to some extent Italy; but if we assume that the south coast places are probably at the very bottom of gastronomical despair, Yorkshire, Somerset, and Devon are rather at the top of that uninspiring ladder. In that respect any visitor is encouraged to make his own discoveries; I can assure him only that around Washford and Butleigh he can find some good houses with tasty and appreciated food. The same can be said of the district around the Quantocks; some country inns still serve decent fare, undeterred by the unholy disregard for food in which both Puritanism and industrial revolution have combined their forces, to the destruction of one of life's blessings.

Taunton is usually the starting point for a tour of Somerset or a finish of such a journey. It is a pleasant town with some good hotels that cater for travellers. People who come to Somerset in their cars will find that county's roads excellent: they are much more open and straight than those of either Devon or Cornwall. The loveliest roads are those that lead along the ridges of some mild heights: on both sides one can see the undulating land, with green and bronze striving in friendly competition for calm beauty. Those others, however, who come to Somerset by train will find no difficulty in reaching any of the above-mentioned places by train or bus. And if they happen to come to Somerset in autumn, when the beaches are deserted and the trees turning to trembling pale flames, they should go to Exmoor and ride the lonely paths, with glimpses of deer silhouetted on the crest against the timid blue of the sky; or go to the Quantocks and watch the sun setting towards the sea. Only by a stay in one of the old-world villages of Somerset,

preferably in one of those houses buried in roses and vine, can you absorb some of the robust atmosphere of that county; of that ancient, rich in history county that is so invigorating.

Dorset

Dorset is one of those English counties that have no sharply defined character of their own but contain nevertheless some of the most enchanting bits and corners of real English countryside. In its range of peaceful landscape, both on its seashore and inland, it offers a pleasant study. It does not present to the visitor abrupt promontories and precipitous shorelines like Cornwall or Devon; Dorset's coast is mostly tame, placidly carved out, green or beige, with some intrusions by the white chalk hills of Western Downs. Some parts of Dorset's coast are reminiscent of the Kentish coast, or stretches far north towards Skegness; but Dorset's sandy beaches are more favoured by sunshine and are lighter in colour. They resemble Danish beaches, and certain small places near Poole are much like resorts near Copenhagen; the colour of the sand (and of the skies, when blue) recalls vivid pictures of beaches on the island of Rügen.

To a visitor who would like to spend a few days on the Dorset coast, those little villages near Poole are worth exploring. If he knows how to use his map and his taste, he is likely to find what he is looking for. Those fishing villages in Dorset are perhaps less picturesque than similar places in Cornwall or Devon, and their architecture is not always graceful, but usually they are cosy, homely, and clean. Beaches are generous, the sea slightly warmer than on the Sussex, the Kentish, or probably the Somerset coast. The pernicious influence of the urban (or, rather, suburban) architecture that desecrates nearly all south coast resorts—as well as those of the east shore—seems to stop somewhere near the borders of Dorset.

But the main charm of Dorset seems to lie not so much in its coastline as in the interior. Dorchester is the centre of the 1,000-square-mile county and it is typical in its mixture of things old and new; the old being as a rule almost graceful, solid, and pleasant to look at, the new less solid, grimly functional and nondescript. But the modern intrusions are not as blatant as in other similar places; old inns, tea rooms and antique shops abound, and St. Peter's Church, built in the perpendicular style and possessing a fine tower, is worth seeing. Archeologists will tell you that Dorchester is situated at the intersection of a number of Roman roads and that its Roman name was Durno-

varia. To support that claim, remains of a Roman amphitheatre are shown near the little town of Dorchester (with less than 15,000 inhabitants); the place where the remains were excavated is known by the strange name of Maumbury Rings. But if you feel too lazy to go to those remains, don't make a special effort: the amphitheatre is in rather derelict state, the damp soil of England not being the best for preservation of ruins—in that respect the dry, rocky subsoil of Italy, Greece, Spain, and Dalmatia is kinder.

Dorchester and other little towns of Dorset have some excellent antique shops, and prospective buyers of good furniture are advised to make a tour of those places. The English countryside—as well as the Welsh and Scottish—is a happy hunting ground for people who are connoisseurs of furniture, ceramics, silver, carpets, rugs, etc. In many places, some quite near London, an expert can feast his eyes on lovely treasures stored in antique shops, and the further he goes (either west or north), the better chance he stands of finding inexpensive items. It is not a bad idea to combine a visit to the English countryside with a less idealistic motive—an extensive search for old bric-à-brac. One can learn a lot about the country by such an expedition, as the antique shops are still well-stocked and display a wealth of exquisite things that no Continental country (with the exception of France) can rival. But it seems that since the late war, Britain has greatly surpassed France in that respect, and that her lead in that sphere will be maintained.

Remaining faithful to the principle of discernment in travelling, of not cramming memories and impressions into one's head, I advise you not to visit too many places in Dorset. Dorchester, Blandford, Clouds Hills, Corfe Castle, and Wimborne Minster would be an adequate programme. Blandford is a somnolent village on a quiet little river, the Stour, whose sleepy current is hard to detect. In one of its farmhouses, remnants of a 14th-century mansion, Damory, can be seen. In the last few years a summer musical school was organized in Blandford, with some outstanding musicians teaching English and foreign pupils. The choice was certainly a fortunate one, as round the village some of the finest countryside in England can be found. The landscape is undulating, with a rich mixture of copper-brown and rusty beige; the green is less intense than in either Somerset or Kent, but you find it here and there, particularly that of the enchanting old trees in the parks of private residences with far-ranging views. One of the most charming is certainly the one near Clouds Hill where the famous writer and adventurer,

T. E. Lawrence, author of the *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, spent several busy years jotting down his memories of Arabia. Lawrence considered Clouds Hill one of the most "English" and most wonderful places in the country, and even a short visit to his cottage and a tour round Clouds Hill would confirm his good judgement. There is in the landscape round Lawrence's refuge a comforting peace, a rich gamut of delicately scaled colours, an unpretentious grandeur that appeals to the English soul.

Wimborne Minster, a market town with some 40,000 inhabitants, is situated on a gentle slope of the River Allen. It is a charming old-world place, almost unimpaired by the onslaught of urbanism and industrial ugliness. Known in Roman times as Vindagladia, Wimborne is mentioned in numerous Saxon chronicles as a place of importance. The old church, built in the Saxon era and ravaged by fires, and the school founded by Henry VII, are both living testimonies to the ancient glory of Wimborne before it sank into the quiet oblivion that has been the fate of many places in England—victims of the shifting of history's accent and of the centralized power of London.

Corfe Castle, situated in a district called the Isle of Purbeck, is a conspicuous mass of ruins dating from Norman times to the reign of Edward I. The proud castle withstood many fierce sieges before it collapsed and was neglected. Its lot is by no means an exception in this country; the passion for reconstruction of ruined castles has not infected Great Britain. They are allowed to rot peacefully.

Weymouth is another seaside resort built on the pattern of exported suburban architecture, with the addition of funfairs, sportslands, and other mechanized horrors. They are less conspicuous in Weymouth or Swanage than in Brighton, Southsea, or Margate, but sufficiently prominent to produce depression. So if you are in search of the inner self or soul of Dorset, go to the real country round Bovington and Blandford and to the genuine, unspoilt stretches of sand at Poole.

Devon

Geologists explain that Devon county is one of the most interesting regions of the British Isles because it gave its name to the so-called Devonian system, one of those yardsticks by means of which these learned gentlemen measure the age of the earth. They have complex charts showing how the slates, limestones, and grits of Devon offer testimony to their elaborate theory; how the Dartmoor area belongs to the granite formation, and

the hill range near High Willhays constitutes what is called a "hard core" with some volcanic traces; while the southern shore shows the presence of red soil near Exeter.

But you need not be a geologist to notice the distinctive qualities of the Devonshire landscape. Even a tourist on a short visit will notice that the colour of the soil and coast escarpment in north Devon is different from that of south Devon; while the former is grey and often sombre, the latter is either red or reddish. That is why some propagandists of south Devon speak of the "red cliffs of Devon" in contrast to the allegedly "white cliffs of Dover." This reddish soil is perhaps one of the reasons why the coast of Devon is sometimes referred to as the British Riviera; you meet the same hue in southern France.

Devonshire, bounded on its four sides by the Bristol Channel, Somerset, and Dorset, by the English Channel and by Cornwall, is one of the largest counties (2,600 square miles), exceeded in size only by counties like Yorkshire and Lincolnshire. In some respects it presents a continuation of the characteristics of adjacent districts and formations, as, for instance, of the Quantocks and Exmoor, which stretch from Somerset into Devon.

If you are out for bathing and the enjoyment of the sea go either to north Devon, where Ilfracombe, Lynton, and Combe Martin are probably the best, or make a beeline for Torquay, Brixham, and the coast near Salcombe, which offer, at least to my mind, the finest choice in south Devon. The north Devon beaches are half-rocky, half-sandy, and the promontories near Lynton and Ilfracombe are precipitous. The place least exposed to the stormy mood of the Atlantic is Combe Martin, situated in a sheltered nook. The surrounding vegetation is rich, with geraniums, myrtles, and heliotropes flowering abundantly. Ilfracombe is greatly spoilt by vile architecture, but is otherwise quite a good base, especially for excursions to various parts of the coast. Some stretches of coast near Lynton are quite impressive, but they need sunshine, as without it the grey colour of slate and limestone appears rather gloomy.

Torquay, in south Devon, became extremely popular during the last 20 years or so, with its branch, Babbacombe, as a runner-up. Although there are many features in Torquay that betray an attempt to ape the French Riviera, it may be called in all justice the nearest and the most successful approach to the Côte d'Azur. What distinguishes Torquay from many similar seaside resorts in this country is the much more careful architectural planning and building of the hotels and villas—some of them pleasantly modern and Riviera-like—on the slope. This particular feature

is one of the greatest assets of Mediterranean architecture, and it adds much beauty to towns of Italy, southern France, and Spain. Torquay's effort should be praised, and although Babbacombe did not solve its architectural problems in a satisfactory way, it is superior to many similar places on the English coast, and the rocks rising from the slightly bluish sea excellently imitate the Faraglioni, off Capri.

Brixham is a genuine bustling fishing port where *frutti del mare* can be bought in any quantity. Mackerel and herring are among the specialties of the Devon coast, but there are fine lobsters and crabs to be had, too. The beaches at Salcombe and Stoke Point seem to me to be the finest of the southern coast, but you are welcome to make personal investigations, and if you are lucky enough to have a car, you will be able to find a secluded beach, either near Salcombe or near Dawlish, that will delight your heart.

Dartmoor is definitely one of the most interesting parts of Devon. Tin has been worked in Dartmoor streams for centuries past, and silverlead was formerly mined near Combe Martin. Tin and copper are still among the products of Devonshire, but Dartmoor is worth seeing not for its ancient mines and stream works but for the fascinating, wind-swept wilderness and vast vistas of moor, where one can study the infinite variety of brown, yellow, beige, and rust. It is a fine region for rambling or riding, and camping on Dartmoor is a bracing experience. You will be astonished how wild this cultivated, industrialized, and overcrowded England can be.

There is one place you should pay a visit to while in Devon, and that is Clovelly. It is a village of old-world atmosphere and picturesqueness and can be compared with villages in the south of France, such as St. Tropez. Clovelly is lovely in its steep winding streets and quaint houses, and its little port is quite delightful.

Dartmouth and Exeter

The trip by steamer down the Dart River to Dartmouth is one of the most pleasant experiences for a tourist in Britain. It starts at Totnes, which boasts of a good hotel well stocked with French wines and swearing by French food. The Dart winds its way among hills of exquisite green, heavy with foliage and shrubs, and the sea tide comes quite a way upstream, leaving its deadly line on the trunks and leaves of trees bordering the river. Some of the finest small villages and hamlets in this

country can be seen from the boat as it meanders down the river. The whole district along the Dart seems to belong to the loveliest relics of old rural England. This vision of peace and timeless charm will stay long and green in your memory.

Dartmouth is a small port, but it is famous for its school, where cadets of the Royal Navy receive their education. It is worth while visiting the building of the Naval College, where tradition is still preserved and the walls breathe stories of the time when Britain "ruled the waves." Dartmouth itself is a cross between an English and a Dutch town, and this intrusion of Dutch architecture and of the black-white pattern of white-wash and black beams on the façades of the houses is extremely pleasant. The whole place is quiet in an almost Dutch way, and some of its tea rooms are the cosiest and best furnished in the country.

Devon, in contrast to Somerset and Cornwall, has comparatively few sites of historic interest, and monastic remains (with the exception of Tavistock Abbey) are rather scarce. Exeter undoubtedly holds the principal place as an historic city that has managed to preserve its mediaeval and Tudor character. Roman foundations can be found alongside fragments of Roman mosaics and pavements; and the city, situated on a broad ridge of land overlooking the River Exe, must have been tempting from time immemorial for those who wanted to build a fortress there. Exeter Castle was a valiant bastion for many generations and held a record in sieges, some of them prolonged and bloody. Today this menacing citadel, which was considered a key position for the south Devon coast, looks domesticated. The mound of the castle is laid out as a promenade lined with trees, and instead of martial knights exercising mounts, placid nannies push prams.

Exeter Grammar School (founded by Walter de Stapledon, Bishop of Exeter and founder of Exeter College, Oxford), is one of the chief showplaces of the city. The grammar school dates from 1332 and was re-founded 300 years later. Exeter has a university that is gaining ground and esteem in the academic world. Exeter Cathedral, built in the so-called decorative Gothic style, is an architectural rarity, as there is only one other church in this country that has a similar design, namely, the use of transeptal towers. This is a Norman addition to the realm of the Gothic; the cathedral took about 90 years to built (1280-1370), and its porch is covered with statues. There is no central tower, or lantern, in the long nave of the church. The window tracery is elaborate.

But more important to the layman than architectural detail is the general layout of the beautiful building (restored about 1870), which is dignified in appearance and has appropriate surroundings. Old Exeter still encircles the cathedral, and because of the preservation of the ancient character of the cathedral's environment—similar to the unspoilt settings in Canterbury, Salisbury, and York—the church itself can be better appreciated. For no mediaeval cathedral is complete without its surroundings grouped around it; it inevitably suffers, if exposed too much to inquisitive eyes, by the destruction of the maze of narrow contiguous streets and small houses.

Exeter's Guildhall is a noble Elizabethan building, housing some good portraits by Sir Peter Lely. Of the castle called Rougemont, only a part of the gatetower remains.

No observant visitor to south Devon would fail to perceive that the blue tinge of the sea is slightly more intense than in either Somerset or Dorset. The Devon Riviera, which was launched not long ago with rather modest acclaim, has many advantages over the east and southeast coast, the major one being its greater distance from the octopus of London, with a consequent smaller trickle of "trippers." Devon has been spared the mass invasion of weekend crowds, and it has well preserved its country-like character. And although Torquay and Paignton are swarming with holiday crowds, and the cliffs at Babbacombe are anything but examples of ideal solitude, there are stretches of wilderness on Dartmoor and along the River Dart; even along the red cliffs of south Devon any discriminating visitor is bound to find his own little paradise if he avoids modern amusement inventions.

Cornwall

One of the ingenious posters published by the British Railways advertises Cornwall as a land of "kings and knaves, saints and smugglers." Tourist posters do not always stick to truth; they are rather inclined to indulge in exaggeration. But it seems that in the case of Cornwall the British Railways poster can't be held guilty of that minor vice. The county is well known as the "Delectable Duchy." Prince Charles, Duke of Cornwall, is lord of his county.

Cornwall is a tourist country par excellence and tops the list of places that one should visit while on a tour of Britain. With the Lake District, Scotland's Highlands and lochs, Somerset, Devon, and the Thames Country, Cornwall is in a priority class.

It is a country of great and mostly unspoiled charm, a land of considerable antiquity, and although abandoned by history, it still impresses any observant visitor by the richness of its story, which seems to have percolated into its very subsoil. It used to lie in an important channel of culture, that from Ireland to England, when the former was a centre of learning and Christian faith, and saints, monks, and scholars used to cross the sea to bring zeal and knowledge to England. Cornwall still bears signs of that historic pilgrimage: witness the names of many places there, derived from saints like St. Piran, St. Erth, St. Hya, or Ia (from whom St. Ives took its name). From the 5th until the 8th century of the Christian era, Ireland radiated culture and faith to various countries, and Cornwall received many of those blessings. Cornwall was trodden by saints whose names are often forgotten today, and although monastic institutions founded by those men were engulfed in the vortex of time, the place names have faithfully preserved traces of the saintly work, not only on the Cornish mainland but also in the Scilly Isles, which belong to the county.

As the coast is a long one, the county being an elongated peninsula, it has been for centuries a favourite with smugglers and pirates. Many a cove in Cornwall could tell stories as colourful as any invented by historical writers, such as those told in Daphne du Maurier's *Frenchman's Creek*. The Cornish coastline is richly sculptured and provides many natural shelters and nooks; it can be compared to the coasts of Brittany or Normandy—it resembles the shores of both those French peninsulas not only in its configuration but also in the architecture of its buildings. There is a strong and happy affinity between the houses of Brittany or Normandy, in France, and those of Cornwall—the lovely grey colour of the granite gives the Cornish cottages an honest, sturdy look, which the lamentably poor tile-and-brick structures almost invariably lack. Cornish cottages are on the whole arranged with an artistic touch, and front gardens often display luxuriant vegetation. Fuchsias and camellias flourish in the mild Cornish climate, and the Scilly Isles surpass nearly all regions of Britain by their almost subtropical vegetation.

The political history of Cornwall is chequered, the country having often taken sides with this or that faction or trend. Battles were fought on its ancient soil by all sorts of armies, both native and foreign—Penzance, for instance, was destroyed towards the end of the 16th century by the Spaniards.

A well-known Cornish toast is "fish, tin and copper," and

rightly so, as the county has been living for centuries on these three products. Fisheries are based on such important points as St. Ives and Mount's Bay; pilchard, mackerel, herring, sole, whiting, and plaice being the principal catch. Tin was worked in Cornwall, we are assured by the geologists, from the Bronze Age. Copper is one of the major exports, with the St. Just region leading. So is granite, deposits of which are rich, especially in the moorland. Pitchblende is mined on a small scale.

Cornwall, covering an area of over 1,300 square miles, has a much more precipitous coastline than any other part of the British coast (with the exception of Scotland), and cliffs near Tintagel Head or Land's End are quite impressive. The might of the Atlantic is fully displayed on the northern coast, but although the climate is mild, the rainfall is heavy, and sea mists are rather frequent in both spring and autumn.

The population is extremely small: although in 1860 it was over 370,000, it does not today exceed 320,000, statistics showing a steady decline in the density of population. Recently, great interest has been taken in both the history of Cornwall and in its old Cornish language, which has managed to survive in a few words used in ancient crafts such as fishing. Experts tell us that there exist three mediaeval miracle plays in Cornish. It is a pity that no effort has been made to revive this lost folklore.

Cornwall has many reasons for boasting of its antiquity, as Iron Age earthworks, once used to defend the capricious coastline against invaders and pirates, have been discovered there, but nowadays visitors take little interest in the rich layers of Cornish history, preferring modern Cornwall as a vacationland. In that respect Cornwall need not be ashamed, as it offers a wide choice. In recent years Bude, St. Ives, Penzance, and Newquay have become favourite holiday resorts.

Penzance and Land's End

Penzance, with only 12,000 inhabitants, is more a jumping-off place for excursions along the Cornish coast than one to be recommended for a prolonged stay. It is a neatly arranged little town. St. Ives is definitely more picturesque and comes nearer to the ideal of a fishing village than Penzance does. St. Ives has lately become popular with holidaymakers, and its popularity is fully deserved. People who prefer vaster stretches of beach make a beeline for Bude and Newquay, where the surroundings are impressive. The beaches there offer a rich choice of interests, and the powerful impact of the Atlantic

requires vigorous effort by swimmers, who often use surfboards, Hawaiian style.

Land's End is a fascinating spot to visit. Practically nowhere else in this country (with the exception of some promontories on the Scottish coast) does one feel so powerfully, so closely, the presence, almost the omnipresence, of the sea. This applies generally to the whole of Cornwall, which is permeated by this influence to an extent unknown in other coastal counties. Seeing Land's End is quite an experience.

There is little doubt that the southern coast of Cornwall is more blessed by sunshine, and much more sheltered and warmer, than the northern promontories exposed to the unpredictable fluctuations of Atlantic weather. The loveliest beaches and coves of the south Cornish coast seem to cluster round places like Mousehole, St. Anthony, and Lizard Point. For all those beaches and villages surrounding Lizard Point, Falmouth seems to be the best starting point. One can spend a night there en route to one of the beaches towards Lizard Point. Truro is a more pleasant place, with traces of antiquity quite well preserved, and an atmosphere of the olden times that suits this country so admirably.

Another chain of excellent beaches can be found between Plymouth and Fowey. Plymouth is actually outside the scope of remarks mostly concerned with tourist attractions and holiday resorts. A tour of the Whitesand Bay towards Looe is a rewarding expedition. Here are the finest beaches in Britain, which—together with the sands at Bude—can bear comparison with the sands at Cannes and the Côte d'Azur. The sea is blue or near blue, and the water temperature kind to the skin, a statement that would amount to exaggeration in most cases when made about bathing on the British coast. There are lovely little fishing villages in this part of the world, and some like Mevagissey, whose stony simplicity has an air of grandeur, belong to the most enchanting remains of old England. It is a great county for yachting and sea fishing—and no visit would be complete without a trial of the hazards of the sea in a yacht or sailing boat. The best season for Cornwall is from the last part of June to mid-August. There are, however, some fine spells of sunshine in September and October; sea water temperatures are at their highest from mid-August until mid-September.

There is an exception to that generalization. It is provided by the Scilly Isles, which are at their loveliest by the end of April and at the beginning of May. These tiny islands—some

200 altogether, but only five inhabited—are a curious phenomenon they are a granite formation, and the contrast between the stern cliffs of the islands and the lush vegetation is an astounding sight. Spring comes to the Scilly Isles earlier than anywhere else in Britain. Unfortunately, it is a dangerous time for the fishermen, and the crossing by ship from Penzance to St Mary's (the largest of the islands) may be bumpy. Small wonder that the introduction of an air service between the Cornish mainland and the Scilly Isles was welcomed by many lovers of that fascinating place. The seas round the Scilly Isles are notorious for their nasty temper, and they have taken a great toll of life among the fishermen.

In the spring the fields of narcissi and daffodils spread all over the isles. Flowers are one of the chief exports, and they are well known on the London market, Covent Garden. The white, blue, purple, and saffron sheets of blossoms are a sheer delight to any traveller who happens to be here at this season. But this abode of flowers and vegetation should be seen not only in springtime but also in summer, or even in autumn, for the climate of some of the isles—especially that of St Mary's—is unusually mild and frost is almost unknown.

Geraniums and fuchsias attain enormous size on the Scilly Isles, and cactus and aloes flourish in the open. The gardens and grounds of the residence of the governor on Treco Island are truly subtropical and unique in Britain. Great flocks of sea birds haunt the remote parts of the isles, and that rarity, the golden oriole, is to be seen on some rocks.

The area of the 40 isles is only slightly over 4,000 acres. The names of the five inhabited ones are, St Mary's, Treco, St Martin's, St Agnes, and Bryher. Hugh Town is the capital (in St Mary's). The famous Bishop Light was constructed with tremendous difficulty in 1858, despite the constant battering of angry seas.

The isles are a delightful spot to visit, the people are friendly and the food plentiful (especially if one's visit is made during the asparagus season—asparagus is one of the best products of the isles). But one shouldn't venture there without having reserved accommodation, the hotels and boarding houses are not numerous, and the number of rooms available is limited.

Cornwall is worth exploring, the Cornish roads being among the most picturesque in Britain. If you are in need of solitude and rest, Cornwall would be a wise choice. It is a county of infinite charm, and the colour of the sea on a sunny day resembles that of the Mediterranean.

THE MIDLANDS

Shakespeareland, Cotswolds And The Hunting Shires

by

SYDNEY MOORHOUSE

(Sydney Moorhouse was brought up in the shadow of the Pennine Hills about which he writes. After five years with the R. A. F., he returned to live in the Morecambe Bay Area. He has written Walking Tour in England and Wales, and several other outdoor books.)

There is, of course, only one place where a tour of the English Midlands should be started, and that is Stratford-on-Avon, in Warwickshire, the very heart of England.

There have been times in other lands when I have been reminded of the English scene. In the mountain country of Ceylon I thought more than once of the Pennine hills; away on a hillside in China I looked across a lake to see range after range of mountains and thought of the English Lake Country. And even in the estuary off Freetown, in Sierra Leone, a companion and I saw mountains that reminded us of the Barmouth Estuary.

Nowhere else, however, could you see anything that reminded you of Stratford, with its lazy placid River Avon, its reflected church spire, and its big-bosomed trees. Did not that great English writer Hilaire Belloc call the Midlands "sodden and unkind?" I wish that someone would tell us whether he really did mean unkind or "unkinned," because the kindred of these Midland shires is like none other.

Indeed, one doesn't have to be in the English Midlands for long to understand the temperament and even the political outlook of their people. Granted there may be minor topographical differences between, say, the Cotswold Hills and the rolling pastures of Northamptonshire; there are certainly differences between the local speech of the folks of Leicestershire and Gloucestershire. But to study the area as a whole is to realize how much there is common to all parts and how the local ways of one area merge, without any visible form of demarcation, into those of the next and form a continuity that has to be experienced in its fullness to be appreciated and understood.

There is, indeed, a sense of permanency not only about the

natural landscape but about the works of man. The cottages, the country churches, the layout of the farms, these and other manmade components, seem to have been fashioned with one desire, that of fitting in so perfectly with their surroundings that time makes them essential features of the scene. And what more natural than that man, living in such harmony with nature, should inherit something from the countryside in which he dwells and pass on from one generation to another the same understanding and appreciation of the elemental things of life? Realize these things and you, too, begin to absorb something of the even tenor of life in these English Midland shires.

Practical Information for the Midlands



WHERE TO STAY. You'll almost certainly want to include a visit to Stratford-on-Avon during a trip to England. If you're touring the Midlands, it's a good idea to make Stratford a central headquarters. Some of the hotels are pretty busy, especially during the Shakespeare season of plays, which lasts from April until November at the famous Memorial Theatre. Prices shown are average, including breakfast. For Cotswold hotels and inns see pages 180-1

STRATFORD-ON-AVON (Warwickshire). 103 miles from London (Paddington), 93 miles by road. *Alveston Manor*, 52 rooms (44 with baths), 23/6 and 47/-; *Shakespeare*, 78 rooms (18 with baths), 22/6 and 45/-; *Welcombe*, 58 rooms (26 with baths), 38/- and 64/-; *Red Horse*, 70 rooms (24 with baths), 27/6 and 55/-; *Swan's Nest*, 36 rooms (2 with baths), 25/- and 50/-; *Falcon*, 30 rooms (6 with baths), 27/6 and 55/-; *Haytor*, 14 rooms (1 with bath), 19/6 and 47/-

Here's a selection of other spots you might want to stay in if you're touring the Midlands.

COVENTRY (Warwickshire). Almost destroyed by 1940 blitz, this important and historic (Lady Godiva) city is being impressively rebuilt, including a magnificent cathedral 94 miles from London. *Leofric*, 108 rooms (75 with baths), 37/6 and 65/-

DERBY (Derbyshire). Home of Rolls Royce 127 miles from London. Airport with daily flights to Glasgow. *Midland*, 48 rooms (4 with baths), 36/6 and 61/-

GREAT MALVERN (Worcestershire). 120 miles from London, 22,000 popula-

tion. Book well in advance for the August Drama Festival fortnight. *Abbey*, 70 rooms (18 with baths), 21/6 and 53/-; *Gold Hill*, 21 rooms (2 with baths), 21/- and 42/-; *Montrose*, 16 rooms (none with baths), 20/- and 40/-

HEREFORD (Herefordshire). On the River Wye, 133 miles from London. *Green Dragon*, 80 rooms (11 with baths), 21/- and 42/-; *City Arms*, 45 rooms (no baths), 21/- and 42/-

KETTERING (Northamptonshire). 35,500 population, 73 miles from London. *George*, 52 rooms (2 with baths), 20/6 and 40/6

LEAMINGTON SPA AND WARWICK (Warwickshire). 87 miles from London. *Regent*, 88 rooms (30 with baths), 30/- and 60/-; *Manor House*, 26 rooms (11 with baths), 27/6 and 60/-; *Lord Leicester* (in Warwick), 55 rooms (7 with baths), 21/- and 42/-

LEICESTER (Leicestershire). The county town, famous for hosiery 99 miles from London, 300,000 population. *Grand*, 150 rooms (12 with baths), 21/- and 42/-; *Midland*, 36 rooms (none with baths), 19/- and 38/-; *LICHFIELD* (Staffordshire). 117 miles from London. *Bowling Green*, 7

rooms (1 with bath), 19/6 and 39/-. *George*, 35 rooms (none with bath), 22/6 and 45/-.

LUDLOW (Shropshire). 143 miles from London. Sometimes you'll see this county written as "Salop." *Angel*, 19 rooms (4 baths), 25/- and 50/-.

MARKET HARBOROUGH (Leicestershire). 85 miles from London. Heart of the hunting country. Population 10,340. *Peacock*, 10 rooms (none with baths), 17/6 and 35/-. *Three Swans*, 11 rooms (5 with baths), 22/6 and 45/-.

NORTHAMPTON (Northamptonshire). The county town, famous for boots and shoes, 68 miles from London. Population 104,000. *Plough*, 25 rooms (2 with baths), 21/- and 42/-. *Angel*, 43 rooms (none with bath), 22/- and 44/-.

NOTTINGHAM (Nottinghamshire). The county town. Famous for lace and pretty girls; 124 miles from London. Population 311,000. *Black Boy*, 95 rooms (2 with baths), 25/- and 50/-. *Victoria Station*, 120 rooms (16 with baths), 32/6 and 67/-. *County*, 40

rooms (10 with baths), 30/- and 52/6. *Flying Horse*, 64 rooms (none with bath), 24/- and 48/-.

OSKHAM (Rutlandshire). County town of England's smallest county, 103 miles from London; population only 4,000. *Crown*, 28 rooms (1 with bath), 21/- and 42/6.

SHREWSBURY (Shropshire or Salop). The county town, 156 miles from London. Population 46,000. *Raven*, 52 rooms (6 with baths), 24/6 and 49/-. *Crown*, 50 rooms (2 with baths), 21/- and 42/-.

BIRMINGHAM. Midland city of 1¼ million population and 15,000 factories. *Grand*, Colmore Row, 188 rooms (40 with baths), 37/6 and 73/6. *Queens*, Stephenson Place, 174 rooms (32 with baths), 45/- and 80/-. *Midland*, New Street, 150 rooms (28 with baths), 37/6 and 73/6. *Airport Hotel* (Edmond), 12 rooms (1 with bath), 19/6 and 39/-.

Recommended restaurants: *Small-woods*, 22 Lower Priory; *Exchange*, Stephenson Place, a noted city grill house; *Burlington*, New Street.

Historic Houses Open to the Public

The entire Midland plain, especially the "shire" country and the "Duke-ries," is liberally dotted with magnificent mansions, some still lived in, some derelict. Here are a few, according to the name of the nearest town:

GRANTHAM (Lincolnshire). *Belvoir Castle*, home of the Duke of Rutland. Open Thurs., Fri., Sat., Sun., from April to October, 11-6 (except 2-6 Sun.) Admission 2/6. The castle itself, incidentally, is in Leicestershire.

NORTHAMPTON. *Althorp*, home of the Earl Spencer. Open Tues, Wed. and Thurs., April to late September, 2:30-6 p.m. Admission 2/6. *Castle Ashby*, home of the Marquis of Northampton. Open Thurs. and Sat. 2-6 p.m., from April to September 29, and Sun., June through August. Admission 2/6.

NOTTINGHAM. *Newstead Abbey*, maintained by corporation. April to September viewing, daily, 2-5 p.m. Admission 1/-.

CRAVEN ARMS (Shropshire). *Stokesay Castle*, Home of Lady Magnus Allcroft. Open daily, all year (except Tues.) 9-6. Admission 1/-.

WARWICK. *Warwick Castle*, home of the Earl of Warwick. Open weekdays, all year, 10:30-4, or 5:30. Admission 2/6.

MELTON MOWBRAY (Leicestershire). *Stapleford Park*, home of Lord Grettton. Open May to September, Thurs. and Sun. 2:30-6:30 p.m. Admission 2/6.

KEETERING (Northamptonshire). *Rockingham Castle*, home of Sir Michael Culme-Seymour, Bt. Open Thursday afternoons, Easter to late September. Admission 2/6.

WOLVERHAMPTON. *Wightwick Manor*, owned by the National Trust. Open Thurs. and Sat. all year, 10:30-5:30. Admission 2/6.

THE SHAKESPEARE BIRTHPLACE TRUST PROPERTIES, STRATFORD-ON-AVON

Inclusive ticket admitting you to all five properties costs 4/6 Each of these properties can be visited for 1/6 (child 6d) *Anne Hathaway's Cottage* Open weekdays 9-4 or 6 all year *Hall's Croft* Open weekdays 9-4 or 6 Sundays 2-6, from April to October, weekdays only rest of year *Mary Arden's House* Same opening times as Hall's Croft *New Place* Same opening times as Hall's Croft *Shakespeare's Birthplace*, Henley Street Same opening times as Hall's Croft

Seats for performances at *Shakespeare Memorial Theatre* on the banks of the Avon can be reserved in advance at any office of *Keith Prowse*, London, or by writing to the box office at Stratford Upper Circle and reservable seats cost 5/- to 16/6

Exploring the Midlands

Stratford-on-Avon is, of course, Shakespeare's own town, and we should remember that he was a country lad, well versed in the ways and habits of his native Midland countryside. Stratford today thrives on Shakespeare You will see his house in Henley Street, his grave in the Holy Trinity Church, and Anne Hathaway's Cottage a mile away at Shottery You will, of course, but be following in the wake of countless other pilgrims who come to see these many memorials to the Elizabethan bard. Yet these Shakespearean pilgrimages have not a time-honoured past. It takes time to build up such a tradition, and it was not until the 300th anniversary of the poet's death in 1864 that the present cult really arose.

Even without these Shakespearean links, there is much in Stratford that would attract visitors. Those black-and-white half-timbered houses have an appeal of their own. One feels near the heart of history. In actual fact, you are near the geographical centre of England There are links, too, with the United States at Stratford Harvard House, in the High Street, was built by Thomas Rogers in 1596, and some 40 years later his grandson, John Harvard, founded the famous college that bears his name. At the Red Horse Inn is preserved the chair in which Washington Irving penned part of his *Sketch Book*.

South from Stratford, across the entrance to the wide Vale of Evesham, the long line of the Cotswold Hills beckons, but the traveller who would saturate himself in the true spirit of the lower regions would do well to turn his back on them for the time being and follow the Avon as it wends its sleepy way through meadows and villages that have caught up something of somnolent charm, to Warwick, capital of a county that has long born evidence of its tranquillity in its designation, "Leafy Warwick."

History is certainly written over the face of the city, and even a great fire in 1694 failed to erase many of the mediaeval buildings. Its east and west gates piercing sections of the 12th-century walls, its fine collection of black-and-white houses, including Lord Leicester's Hospital, formerly a guildhouse and changed to a hospital for people maimed in the wars of the latter part of the 16th century, and its grand castle, perched conspicuously on a ledge of rock above the Avon, all speak of a city with a past. The castle has been besieged by hostile armies; kings and great men have been imprisoned within its walls. Like so much in the Midlands, Warwick Castle is a piece of mediaeval architecture that is now moulded permanently into the landscape.

There is much to be seen around Warwick. Near at hand is Kenilworth, with the fine castle referred to in Sir Walter Scott's novel of the same name. On a tributary of the Avon is Leamington Spa, formerly a possession of the Priory of Kenilworth and noted for its mineral springs, which were discovered in the Middle Ages.

Northamptonshire

We continue eastward from Warwick and beyond Rugby, with its famous public school and large engineering works, cross the county boundary and so enter Northamptonshire, one of the loveliest of English counties and one whose charms are all too little known, even to discerning Britons.

It is a land of great farms, a land whose pattern has been determined by the needs of cultivation, and so unobtrusive is the entry from Warwickshire that one wonders just how the county boundary was ever fixed at all. It is only after the heart of the county has been reached that its own peculiar charm can be discerned. Its hills are but minor affairs, and the whole atmosphere is one of unhurried charm. Northamptonshire's delights have to be gathered rather than sought for, but after a while comes a reflection of the green beauty of the early summer scene, of the golden glory of the later weeks when the harvest is ripening or the shocks of corn lie around on every hand. Even winter brings something of delight to a landscape that might, at first hand, have been written off as somewhat featureless.

Industry has made its presence felt in certain parts of the county, especially around Corby, where the Romans early took advantage of the presence of iron ore. After the departure of these early settlers, the earth reclaimed its own, but just over

100 years ago man again discovered the wealth that lay beneath the surface, and since then iron-working has brought a wealth besides that of agriculture to the county.

Northampton and Kettering

Northampton is the county town. Its history goes back to Roman times. The Angles and Danes in turn made it an important centre in the old kingdom of Mercia, and it was in those far-off times that what is still the county boundary seems to have been determined through the various smaller estates that owed allegiance to the community established alongside the Nene River. Like Warwick, it suffered the disasters of a fire in the second part of the 17th century but, unlike Warwick, much of mediaeval interest perished. Its castle, famous in Norman times and notorious as being the scene of the trial of Thomas à Becket, Primate of England at the time of Henry II, managed to survive the conflagration, but the arrival of the railway brought the end of its glory.

Around the county town, however, there has been more of the permanence usually associated with the Midlands. Althorp House, a few miles to the east, was remodelled in the late 19th century, but renovations were done so successfully as to make it one of the most imposing mansions in these parts. Even lovelier is the Elizabethan facade of Castle Ashby, west of Northampton, the home of the Earls of Northampton. Even older are the Saxon churches at Earls, Barton, and Brixworth, the latter containing Roman masonry in its fabric.

Northwards the road goes through Kettering, a market town that boasts a charter dating from 1227, in Rockingham Forest, once one of the largest forests in the Midlands and still with trees in plenty scattered about the wide valley of the Welland. The castle that William the Conqueror himself built at Rockingham was demolished after the great civil wars between Royalist and Cromwellian, but the Dukes of Buccleuch still have their mansion at Boughton House, which has been described as one of the finest specimens of a 17th-century house in the country.

Mention of the Dukes of Buccleuch naturally brings thoughts of hunting, for few families have done more to grace the great sport that is so indelibly associated with the English countryside. Here, as nowhere else, the pink-coated huntsmen, the sleek horses, and the finest foxhounds in the whole world infuse something into the life and scene that must be witnessed to be believed. To follow hounds across country, to hear the sound

of the horn and the baying of the hounds making their music across the low undulations of a wintry countryside, is to bring about an understanding, far deeper than any words can ever hope to convey, of the outlook of the Midland countryman.

Adjoining Northamptonshire to the north is England's smallest county, Rutland, and once more the change is but a map-made and not a geographical one.

Uppingham, across the county boundary from Rockingham, is famed for its public school, founded in 1584, and then the road continues through a land of waving corn and pasturage for sheep to Oakham, capital of the county and every bit as unpretentious as its surroundings. We would be wrong to imagine that an unobtrusive place is naturally one devoid of interest. Oakham possessed a castle in the 12th century and, if much of this has disappeared, the remaining great hall still serves a useful purpose in the affairs of the neighbourhood, for it houses the assizes and sessions. An interesting feature is that its interior walls are almost entirely covered with horseshoes, a survival of the ancient right whereby the Ferrers family, who are descended from the *ferrarius* (chief of the shoemiths) in the invading army of William the Conqueror, have the right to claim toll of a horseshoe from every peer passing through Oakham for the first time. The collection contains a shoe presented by Queen Elizabeth I, as well as those from later occupants of the English throne, including the late king.

Cottesmore, a little way to the northeast, is the headquarters of the kennels of the Cottesmore Hunt, whose hunting territories stretch west into the adjoining county of Leicestershire. If you would seek a truer determination of areas than those presented by mere county boundaries, study the territories of the north Midland packs of foxhounds!

Leicestershire

Now we turn west and enter Leicestershire. Once again we are not conscious of any great change. Agriculture still holds sway, and the talk in country inns during the appropriate season is of hounds and horsemen. Market Harborough stands on the border of Leicestershire and Northamptonshire, and its atmosphere is that of both. Its 8,000-odd souls may find employment in agriculture or the making of footwear and hosiery; its weekly market may still bring in the folk from the neighbouring countryside, but one feels that such things are subservient to the real business of fox hunting. It has been said that there is better

stabling at Market Harborough's inns than anywhere else in England—and you may even find it difficult to get accommodation there during the hunting season, which lasts from October to March.

These things in themselves provide sufficient evidence of the standing of fox hunting, but there is something else that shows just how deep the roots extend into the lives of its people. Follow the Coventry road for but a short way from the centre of the town and at a spot known as Willow Bank there is a gatepost inscribed thus: "Who! Whoop! This stone marks a spot where a fox, found at Cransley old course, was killed by the Pytchley Hounds, February 16th, 1920. Sir Charles Frederick, Bart., M.F.H. Frank Freeman, Huntsman." Could anything be more convincing than that? Elsewhere in England can be found monuments and inscribed stones relating to battles, to the memory of great people, even to murders and murderers, but here, in the heart of the rural Midlands, man chooses to commemorate the death of a fox.

Let us pause in our wanderings to look at the map of Leicestershire, noting especially the layout of the principal roadways. We see them radiating from the centre of the county and in that centre, appropriately enough, is the city of Leicester itself. Going right through the heart of the city is one of the oldest of all British roads, the Fosse Way, older even than the Roman derivation of its name suggests.

Historians generally have failed to agree on the original purpose of this Fosse Way, which can still be traced diagonally across England from Lincoln to Bath, but which at one time continued beyond Lincoln to the Humber and well beyond Bath to the estuary of the Axe, in south Devon. It has been suggested that as long ago as 483 B.C., Dunwallon, King of Britain, ordered four main roads to be constructed throughout his kingdom for the purpose of improving trade and also keeping the roving bands of thieves and robbers under control. One of these is now known as the Fosse Way.

Now, although the Romans were responsible for giving Britain a road system without parallel, they did not select rough country for constructing their great highways. If an existing track could be used, so much the better, and there is no doubt that they would welcome the presence of such a readymade track as that running right through the centre of their newly-conquered territory. Most certainly they lost little time in adapting it for their own purposes, and before long the Fosse Way, as they rechristened it, was one of the great roads of the Roman era.

Along that road they built their stations. Lincoln was one of them, Leicester another. Leicester was known as Ratae Coritanorium, a city the Romans built on the site of an ancient British settlement founded by Ostorius Scapula in 52 A.D. Records of the year 1722 show that a great deal of the Roman camp was still above the ground, but much obliteration has taken place, although within the last decade the excavators have been at work and uncovered the remains of the Roman forum. Many of the things found can be seen in the city museum. The same museum also contains a Roman milestone, dating from 120 A.D. and the oldest in the country.

After the Romans departed, Leicester, like the majority of the old cities, suffered a period of neglect, but the Romans were nothing if not thorough in their building exploits. The foundations of their camp served a similar use when the Saxons established themselves in Leicester towards the close of the 6th century. Four hundred years later came the Normans, and although stone was to replace wood and thatch in the principal buildings, the Roman foundations still remained intact.

Just as the Saxon buildings gave way to the more permanent erections of the Normans, so have later and more utilitarian buildings tended to replace those of earlier years, with the result that old Leicester has to be searched for. In so pleasant a place, however, such a search is no penance. Only the Norman hall of the castle remains—rather a pity, because it was from Leicester Castle that the great Simon de Montfort summoned the forerunner of the present British Parliament, the organization that gave birth to democratic government in the mid-13th century. In the vicinity can be seen Trinity Hospital (which dates from the time of Edward III and was formerly part of the castle), the Newarke gateway, the Church of St. Mary de Castro (built on the site of a Saxon erection and where Chaucer is claimed to have been married), and some surviving specimens of 17th-century domestic architecture.

Charnwood Forest and Bradgate Park

A few miles to the northwest is Charnwood Forest, a miniature mountain district, with its remnants of primeval forest and strange outcrops of the oldest rocks in the land. Newton Linford, loveliest of all Leicestershire villages, where thatched roofs and half-timbered cottages line the sides of the road, is easily reached from Leicester, and bordering the village is Bradgate Park, once the estate of the Grey family. Bradgate Park is certainly unlike

the average Midlands park of green pastures and close-cropped lawns. Rather it is a true remnant of ancient forest, abounding with rocky sloped miniature dales and clumps of hoary old oaks. The herds of deer that roam unfettered through the craggy valleys add to the appearance of an old-time hunting chase.

Of special interest to those in search of the historic are the ruins of Bradgate Hall, where the tragic Lady Jane Grey, the "Tudor Rose," was born in 1537 and lived until her ill-fated marriage to Lord Dudley, son of Warwick, the haughty king-maker, 16 years later. Only a few weeks afterwards the girl had finished her nine days' reign as Queen of England by being brought to the scaffold by the vengeful hate of "Bloody" Mary Tudor. On her execution day the oaks around the hall were lopped, and evidence of this treatment can be seen on the old trees to this day.

Bradgate Park is typical of the rest of Charnwood, and go where you will in that compact area, which is wholly contained in a triangle with its points at Leicester, Ashby-de-la-Zouch, and Loughborough, you will find the same areas of fine heathlands and enchanting woods that seem so different from any so far visited in the Midlands. Now, indeed, is the topographical character of the scene changing. The minor undulations of Northamptonshire and Rutlandshire have given place to something a little sterner, something a little more dramatic, yet so gradual has it all been that not until we are reminded of the fact do we realize just what has happened.

At the northwestern edge of the forest is Ashby-de-la-Zouch, where the Earls of Huntingdon once had their castle. East is Loughborough, mainly an engineering town and the home of one of the largest bell foundries in England, which has produced bells and carillons that grace the most famous churches and cathedrals in the world.

Hitherto we have been in the country of the Quorn Hunt since leaving Leicester—we are, of course, still in that part of England where hunting boundaries mean far more than any other—and from Loughborough it is worth making an easterly extension to tour the Vale of Belvoir (pronounced "beaver"), the country of the equally famous Belvoir Hunt. The road goes to Six Hills, the last section being along the course of the Fosse Way itself, and from Six Hills there is a beautiful road along the edge of the Leicestershire Wolds which gives exquisite views across the Vale of Belvoir. Everyone is thrilled with the sight of Belvoir Castle, one of the seats of the Duke of Rutland and described as "the lordliest place in England after Windsor." It

was founded by one Robert de Toden in Norman times, and has an unbroken descent from its founder.

From Loughborough one can go north to Nottingham, apparently founded by the Danes in the second part of the 9th century. There is much to be seen in the city, which contains a truly magnificent council house, a castle perched on the top of a great crag above the city—built by the Duke of Newcastle in 1679 on the site of an earlier erection and now housing the municipal art collection—and an ancient inn, Ye Trip to Jerusalem, which claims to have enjoyed the patronage of the Crusaders towards the close of the 12th century.

Some ten miles to the northeast is Southwell, raised to the seat of a bishopric in 1884 when its truly grand parish church was given the title of a minster, yet in spite of this ecclesiastical distinction Southwell itself has never received rank as a city. Here Charles I stayed at the Saracen's Head Inn immediately prior to surrendering himself to the Scottish army.

North of Nottingham is Sherwood Forest, indelibly associated with Robin Hood and his exploits. The road from Nottingham passes the grounds of Newstead Abbey (open to the public), which was once a priory of the Black Canons and for many years the home of Lord Byron, who seems to have done everything within his power to ruin the estate he had inherited, cutting down trees, killing the deer, and allowing the hall itself to fall into a terrible state of neglect. Yet Byron's name is still treasured in the vicinity. Nottingham is proud of its association with so great a poet.

Mansfield is a strange mixture of old and new. The civic authorities have done much to eradicate some of the less savoury remains of past years, but there are many old buildings still to be seen, as well as some dwellings cut out of the living rock, said to have been used by British refugees at the time of the Roman occupation of the Midlands.

Sherwood Forest and the almost legendary Robin Hood are inseparable. Naturally enough, doubts have been expressed as to the existence of such an outlaw, but although history is largely silent, authentic references are not lacking, and it would seem that the stories are based on something rather more substantial than mere legend. Robin Hood, we are told, died in 1247 at the age of 87—you can see his grave at Kirklees, in the Calder Valley, Yorkshire. That was a time when the Normans imposed harsh laws to govern their forests, and many a Saxon defied them and took his share of venison. Naturally, such men assumed the status of local heroes; stories of their exploits were

handed down from one generation to another, and it might well be that Robin Hood is but a composite of all who defied the laws of the Norman overlords and endeavoured to preserve the freedom of the forest.

So far as Sherwood Forest is concerned, there is a record of a trial for offences and trespass being held so long ago as 1160—about the time when Robin Hood seems to have been in action—and it remained a possession of the Crown until the 18th century, when various sections were sold to local landowners. Today, there are still some fine woodland glades and outstanding individual trees, of which the Queen, or Major, Oak, near Edwinstowe, is worth a special visit. Although its top was blown off in a terrific storm some 50 or 60 years ago, its trunk still has a girth of 30 feet and the whole forms a canopy covering a circle of some 250 yards round.

The northern part of the old forest is now given over to various ducal estates and well merits its name of the Dukeries. Here are the parklands of Rufford, Clumber, Thoresby, and Welbeck, with their grand stretches of woodland, ornamental waters, and spacious areas of turf. Clumber, with its magnificent Lime Tree Avenue, is always worth a visit, and tourists visiting Welbeck, built on the site of a 12th-century abbey and incorporating some of the original masonry in the structure, pass through an interesting tunnel that forms part of an elaborate underground system of roadways constructed by one of the former owners.

Derbyshire

We can travel westward through part of Derbyshire, passing through Chesterfield, with its strange crooked spire, to Matlock, where the Derwent River flows through a spectacular gorge, and so by Wirksworth to Ashbourne. Here the scenery is vastly different from any we have so far encountered. Gone are the rolling pastures and expanses of woodland. Here are moors and crags. We are in the southern Pennine country, a region that falls more appropriately into the North Country section of this book than the Midlands.

South of Ashbourne there are gentler scenes. The Dove can be followed to its junction with the Trent on the outskirts of Derby, or a westward route can be taken through the quiet countryside featured by George Eliot in her novels, and so approach the Churnet Valley in Staffordshire.

Staffordshire, it's true, contains much that is unlovely. No

one would visit the Potteries for the sake of beauty. The literary pilgrim, however, may care to see something of the "Five Towns" so well described by the late Arnold Bennett. If scenery is your aim, you will find it in Needwood Forest, once a royal hunting ground and still containing many tracts of ancient woodland, and in nearby Cannock Chase, some 30,000 acres of moorland and bracken-covered slopes. Lichfield makes a good centre from which to explore these areas, and Lichfield itself contains much of interest. Its cathedral, dedicated to St. Chad, has been well described as the "Lady of English Cathedrals," with its three lofty spires, and in the market place the Johnson Museum is the place where the celebrated Dr. Johnson was born in 1709.

Shropshire and Shrewsbury

South of Staffordshire is Shropshire, or Salop, in the old style, one of England's fairest counties. Shrewsbury (or "Shrosebry" as the Salopians call it), stands within a great loop of the Severn River, and few towns in the country can show a greater wealth of magpie-coloured houses. Grape Street, Fish Street, and Butcher Row, which, appropriately enough, was once occupied by the butchers of Shrewsbury, are packed with treasures in this beautiful form of early domestic architecture.

Shrewsbury, however, has sterner things to show. Near the railway station the red sandstone castle built by Robert de Montgomery and added to by Edward I, stands on a mound dominating the town, and in the Wyle Cop, up which the coaches clattered on their way from London to Holyhead, is the house where Henry Richmond, soon to become Henry VIII, stayed in 1486 before the decisive Battle of Bosworth. Shrewsbury also has its associations with Mary Webb, the novelist, for she and her husband came each market day and maintained a stall for the produce grown in their gardens at Pontesbury and Lyth Hill.

The uplands that culminate in the wild ridges of Stiperstones and Long Mynd to the southwest, however, are the most poignant links with Mary Webb. At Pontesbury we reach the village where she lived for many years, and on the opposite side of Pontesbury Hill is Minsterley, a bonny little spot where the church contains relics of the maidens' garlands at one time carried on the coffins of young unmarried girls and, after the funeral, placed over their pews. These consist of thin wooden poles with paper garlands hanging from them. The end of each is carved in the shape of a heart, inscribed with the initials of some girl and the year of her burial.

Minsterley lies near the foot of the narrow ridge of the Stiperstones, which Mary Webb invests with so much awe in *The Golden Arrow*. From the crest one looks eastward into the heart of England; westward to the purple heights that mark the borderland of England and Wales.

Eastward, too, one often sees a solitary hill rising above the plains. This is the Wrekin, a hill that geologists claim to be the oldest in the land. That may mean little to the average visitor. Far better to record that Housman and others have invested it with some of their poetic charm. Whatever other hill in England is climbed, the Wrekin should not be missed. To stand on its isolated summit and look around is to see what makes up so much of the Midland scene.

Keeping to the west of the country, however, we are within a few leagues of Wales. This was the turbulent Marcher Country, the land where fights and raids and all the turmoil of mediaeval years made their presence felt and contributed to the local forms of architecture. See Ludlow, with perhaps a greater display of black-and-white buildings than Shrewsbury itself, and then visit the great castle.

There are great hills on either side of Ludlow and its dale. Westward is the heathery mound of Long Mynd, with the ancient track of the Port Way running along its crest; westward are the higher Clee Hills and, to the south, the wooded ridge of Wenlock Edge.

Down the valley the road leads to Craven Arms, with the lovely house of Stokesay Castle half a mile away; and west there is a road stretching out towards Wales and to that moorish corner of Salop where one may find the four villages of Clunton, Clunbury, Clungunford, and Clun, claimed by the poet as "the quietest places under the sun." But that quietness did not come until after the border uproars had died down. There are castles and fortified houses to show the former state of the land.

Worcestershire and Herefordshire

From Ludlow the Teme Valley can be followed through Tenbury and Lindbridge, with the great hills rising on either hand, into Worcester, that ever-lovely city with its cathedral that still embraces part of the monastery founded in the 7th century by monks from the Yorkshire Abbey of Whitby, and a whole host of ancient buildings, including the Hospital of St. Wulfstan, known as the Commandery, with its latticed windows and black-and-white walls.

South of the outline of the Malvern Hills, running almost due north and south for a length of nine miles and rising to 1,395 feet at the highest point, the Worcestershire Beacon. The views from the top are glorious and expansive, and centuries ago early man knew those views, for on the summit of Herefordshire Beacon are remains of one of the best specimens of a fortified British camp in the country. The Malvern towns are at the foot, and at Great Malvern a drama festival held each August brings visitors from all parts of the world.

Herefordshire lies to the west, a beautiful parkland between the Malvern Hills and the uplands of the Welsh Border. Go there to see the loveliest villages in England, matchless gems in black and white, and the rich farmlands with the comfortable-looking native breed of cattle, their white faces looking like masks and contrasting with their brown coats. Go to Hereford itself, still sleeping beside the River Wye and with its magnificent cathedral containing the *Mappe Mundi*, one of the oldest maps of the world, the work of a monk of the early 12th century, one Richard de Waldingham. Here, too, are black-and-white buildings. Indeed, Hereford, more than any other cathedral city, seems to reflect the unsullied spirit of its surrounding countryside.

The Cotswolds (Gloucester)

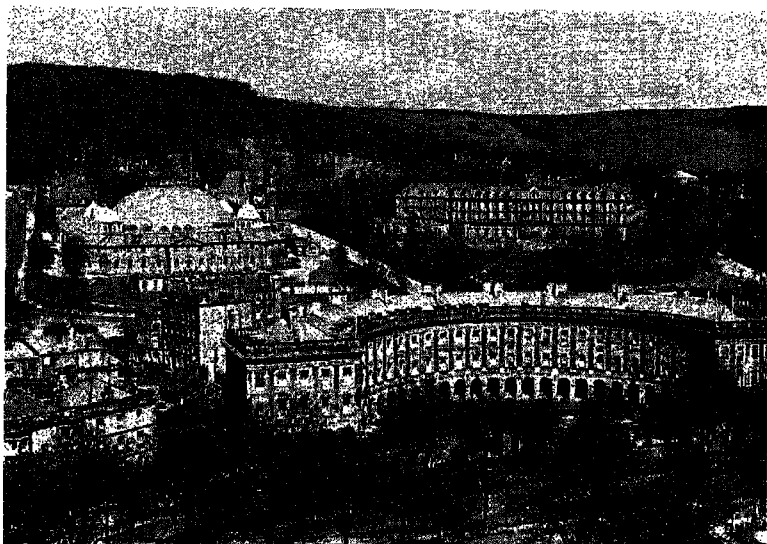
We have wandered through the plains; we have seen the remnants of old forests; we have touched the fringes of the hill country. Such is the diversity of the Midland scene. And all the time we have seen how one type of scenery merges softly into the other, making a contribution to the picture of the whole. Now we turn to a part of the Midlands that is different from all else—the Cotswold Hills.

Glance at a geological map of England, and you will see an elevated ridge of chalk running diagonally across the country from Dorset to Lincolnshire, following almost the same line as the Fosse Way. Sometimes, as in Northamptonshire and the Trent basin, the elevation is slight and forms but minor undulations. These we saw when in the east Midlands. In the Cotswold country, however, it thrusts itself upwards to make a much broken plateau, with steep escarpments precipitating away into the valleys round the outer edges.

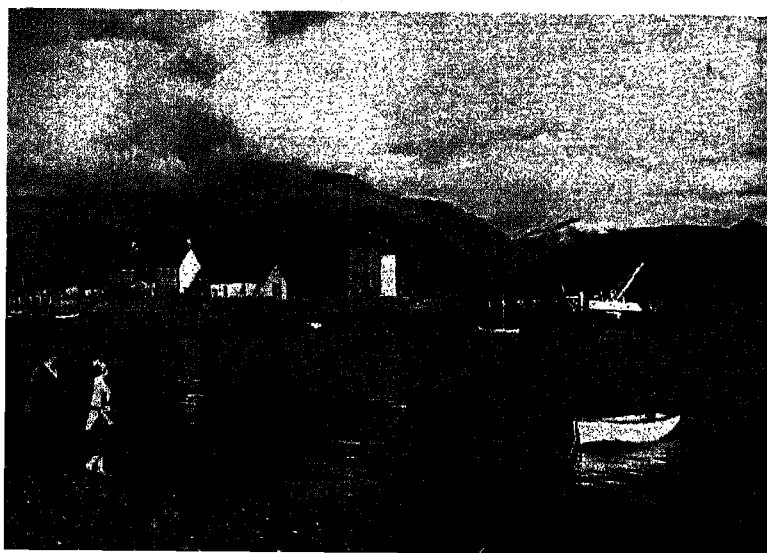
Climb these escarpments, and what appears to be a different world is entered. Gone are the lazy meadows, the woodlands, the meandering meadows. Instead, we have windswept down-



The cathedral at Chester in Cheshire contains representative work of all Gothic periods from the 11th to the 15th centuries Here it is seen from St Werburgh Street, lined with half-timbered, intricately carved houses



Buxton in Derbyshire, above, is another spa whose medicinal waters were first discovered by the Romans. Its gentle, wooded countryside contrasts vividly with the barren hills and stark mountains of Ben Nevis, Scotland.



lands, and we notice that instead of the hedge-patterned fields, walls crisscross the uplands and contribute a design of their own. Examine these walls more closely, and the entire absence of lime or mortar is noticed. They are built from blocks of stone, that lovely grey to honey-coloured stone that is found among the Cotswold Hills.

There is an evasive spirit about the Cotswolds, so make Bourton on the Water, or Chipping Campden, or Stow-on-the-Wold your headquarters for a few days, and wander aimlessly about for a while, going hither and thither, wandering through this valley and along that byroad, and all the time absorbing something of this Cotswold atmosphere. Then ask yourself what it is all about.

The secret seems shared by two things—sheep and stone. And if such a combination seems strange, perhaps some further explanation is necessary. Time was when the Cotswold Hills were the great sheep rearing areas of England, and Cotswold wool was in demand the world over. During the 13th century so many Flemish merchants were visiting these Midland hills for wool that Edward III placed a ban on its export, but even that did not stop the demand. Indeed, two centuries afterwards, in 1437, Henry VI granted the then King of Portugal leave to obtain 60 sacks of Cotswold wool to make special cloth for his court.

All this prosperity meant that the Cotswold merchants were thriving rich, but many were men of magnanimous disposition. They gave back to the Cotswolds something to replace that taken away, and for wool they gave stone. John Fortey and Will Midwinter carried out restoration work in Northleach Church; Thomas Dutton presented a row of almshouses to the same town; William Gravel, "the flower of English wool merchants," did much to enhance the glories of Chipping Campden, and so it went. The Cotswold wool trade has long since declined, but the work of the merchants has remained, adding a beauty of architecture and workmanship in the native Cotswold stone to the loveliness of the landscape.

A great deal has been written about these upland Cotswold towns and villages, which age has mellowed rather than withered, and perhaps, when one considers the matter deeply, one realizes that there is very little difference in the architecture of the individual places. Rather it is in the character of their surroundings. The valleys are deep and sheltered and one finds cosy hamlets that appear to drip in foliage from high church tower to garden gate. Then one returns to the heights, "the high wild hills and rough uneven ways" that Shakespeare talked

about, and journeys along the western edge, along the Roman-old Buckle Street, with the sun setting over the Welsh mountains and gilding the long line of the Severn, to drop down through quaint Broadway into the Vale of Evesham.

Americans may want to detour to Sulgrave Manor, built about 1560 by Lawrence Washington, a direct ancestor of the first president of the United States. It's a modest Tudor house with a slate roof, about 8 miles northeast of Banbury on a secondary road. Besides various mementoes of the family, there's a portrait of George Washington by Gilbert Stuart over the fireplace in the great hall. The manor was purchased on British initiative, restored, and has been endowed by the Colonial Dames of America. It is open to the public daily except Fridays all year.

If it is spring, one is conscious of the rare beauty of fruit blossom all around; if it is autumn, then the reds and golds and brown have taken possession. And long after the Cotswold uplands have receded into the darkness, and the lights of Stratford-on-Avon have welcomed you back to Shakespeare's own town, you retain memories, memories of so much that was different and yet never showed signs of any variance, any discordant note of design, throughout the tour of the English Midlands.



EAST ANGLIA

Cambridge, The Fens, Broads And Rural Beauty

by

K. WESTCOTT JONES

In the 9th century, East Anglia was a name given to a Saxon kingdom on the east coast of England, where the Danelaw first came into being. Today it is a convenient term by which to refer to the counties of Essex, Suffolk, Norfolk, Cambridgeshire, Lincolnshire, and Hertfordshire in the area bounded by the Thames, the Wash, the North Sea, and the main line of British Railways from London to York.

But the true East Anglia begins in North Essex, where gentle hills roll down to the Stour Valley. It stretches through the unspoiled counties of Suffolk and Norfolk to the North Sea, and inland to Cambridge, Ely, and perhaps Peterborough. It may be politically convenient to include Lincoln and Rutland; geographically and spiritually it is wrong.

Time has less effect upon East Anglia and its people than anywhere else in the British Isles. Naturally the parishes and hamlets, cathedral cities and harbours are steeped in history. Colchester, in northeastern Essex, is known as the oldest town in England; the Romans founded it in 49 A.D. with the intention of proving that their northern colony could be lived in with comfort, provided that organized city life was established. But although history has left a marked tracery upon the fair face of these eastern counties, it is in the immediate past that the countrymen dwell.

In political affrays, for example, the fight is often between Conservatives and Liberals, with the Labour candidate trailing at the bottom of the poll. Transport is rather inadequate in many parts of Suffolk and Norfolk, while British Railways have even taken up some non-paying branch lines partly because many locals "haven't got accustomed to these new fangled trains." Needless to say, in matters of air transport, East Anglia has barely begun. It is quite true to say that the open, sparsely populated country districts of Suffolk and Norfolk present the appearance and tempo of England in the more spacious days of 1912. There are people from the cities who become annoyed by this quiet pastoral outlook; they call it "silly Suffolk," and

refer to the countrymen of neighbouring Norfolk as "Norfolk Dumplings." These names have stuck. In the troubled times we now live in, they tend to be complimentary. America has a parallel in Vermont and other parts of New England which, as a matter of interest, were largely colonized by East Anglians.

Practical Information for East Anglia

ESSEX

CHELMSFORD. The county town. An industrial centre 38 miles from London. Population 38,000. *County*, 30 rooms (none with bath), 22/6 and 40/-.

BRAINTREE. 47 miles from London. Population 17,700. *White Hart*, 18 rooms (none with bath), 19/6 and 39/-.

COLCHESTER. 52 miles from London. Book well ahead if you want to attend the "Oyster Feast" in October at the ancient Moot Hall. Centre for Constable Country. Population 59,000. *Cups*, 36 rooms (none with bath), 20/- and 40/-; *George*, 30 rooms (2 with baths), 21/- and 42/-.

CLACTON. Highly popular watering place with mass amusements, 70 miles from London. Population 25,000. *Beaumont Hall*, 112 rooms (none with bath), 25/- and 50/-; *Grosvenor Court*, 80 rooms (1 with bath), 30/- and 60/-, including lunch and dinner.

FRINTON. Select and fashionable seaside resort, haunt of film and theatre people, 89 miles from London. *Grand*, 50 rooms (5 with baths), 25/- and 50/-; *Frinton Lodge*, 27 rooms (2 with baths), 22/6 and 45/-.

HARWICH & PARKESTON. Continental harbor and ancient seaport (traces of Nelson). Nearby is Dovercourt Bay, a watering place. Population 13,500. *Great Eastern*, 21 rooms (2 with baths), 21/- and 38/-; *Cliff* (Dovercourt), 26 rooms (none with bath), 20/- and 40/-.

SUFFOLK

IPSWICH. The county town, 69 miles from London. Population

108,000. *Crown & Anchor*, 49 rooms (none with bath), 20/- and 40/-; *Great White Horse*, 59 rooms (none with bath), 22/6 and 45/-.

BURY ST. EDMUNDS. Chief town of west Suffolk, 93 miles from London. Population 20,050. *Angel*, 36 rooms (2 with baths), 22/6 and 45/-; *Suffolk*, 22 rooms (none with bath), 19/6 and 39/-.

FELIXSTOWE. Popular Suffolk seaside resort, 82 miles from London. Population 15,250. *Orwell*, 35 rooms (none with bath), 22/6 and 45/-; *Felix Court*, 30 rooms (none with baths), 17/6 and 35/-.

ALDEBURGH. About the most delightful Suffolk resort, 101 miles from London. Population 2,700. *Wentworth*, 36 rooms (2 with baths), 25/- and 50/-.

SOUTHWOLD. A charming north Suffolk seaside resort, 112 miles from London (no railway line). Population 2,475. *Swan*, 40 rooms (6 with baths), 25/6 and 51/-.

LOWESTOFT. Trawler fishing port and big resort, 116 miles from London. Population 43,000. *Hatfield*, 43 rooms (6 with baths), 25/- and 50/-; *Victoria*, 48 rooms (4 with baths), 22/6 and 45/-.

NEWMARKET. Racing centre, all accommodation is booked solid for big race meetings many months ahead. Population 10,200. *Rutland Arms*, 36 rooms (2 with baths), 26/- and 51/-; *Bedford Lodge*, 10 rooms (3 with baths), 25/- and 50/-.

WOODBIDGE. Lovely old town on Deben River; haunt of artists, yachting center, 81 miles from London. Population 5,300. *Crown*, 13 rooms (none with bath), 19/6 and 39/-; *Seckford Hall*, 7 rooms (1 with bath), 24/- and 40/-.

NORFOLK

NORWICH. The county town, 115 miles from London. Population 121,250. *Castle*, 85 rooms (12 with baths), 27/6 and 52/6. *Royal*, 95 rooms (6 with baths), 25/6 and 51/-. *Lansdowne*, 21 rooms (6 with baths), 22/6 and 42/-.

CROMER. Popular north coast sea-side resort, 138 miles from London. *Grand*, 75 rooms (9 with baths), 28/6 and 57/-. *Hotel de Paris*, 68 rooms (none with bath), 25/- and 50/-. *Regency*, 24 rooms (4 with baths), 22/6 and 45/-. *Cliff House*, 27 rooms (2 with baths), 25/- and 50/-.

FAKENHAM. A delightful market town. Population 3,000. *Red Lion*, 12 rooms (few baths), 18/- and 32/-.

GREAT YARMOUTH. Large and popular east coast resort with 6 miles of sands, 121 miles from London. Population 51,000. *Queens*, 80 rooms (5 with baths), 21/6 and 43/-. *Victoria*, 60 rooms (6 with baths), 25/- and 50/-.

HUNTSTANTON. Norfolk west coast resort, lavender distilling industry, 124 miles from London. Population 3,500. *Le Strange Arms*, 40 rooms (4 with baths), 20/- and 40/-. *Golden Lion*, 30 rooms (1 with bath), 21/6 and 43/-.

KING'S LYNN. Ancient town on the Great Ouse near the Wash, 107 miles from London. Population 26,175. *Globe*, 50 rooms (2 with baths), 23/- and 45/-. *Duke's Head*,

43 rooms (none with bath), 21/- and 42/-.

THETFORD. Typical market town with ancient lock-up and stocks, 94 miles from London. Population 4,500. *Bell*, 15 rooms (none with bath), 19/6 and 39/-.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE

ELY. Cathedral city on the Isle of Ely. Population 10,000. *Bell*, 18 rooms (none with bath), 19/6 and 38/-. *Lamb*, 18 rooms (none with bath), 19/6 and 38/-.

CAMBRIDGE. University city, 55 miles from London. Population 91,000. *University Arms*, 94 rooms (37 with baths), 30/- and 60/-. *Royal*, 50 rooms (2 with baths), 19/6 and 39/-. *Garden House*, 70 rooms (4 with baths), 25/- and 50/-. *Blue Boar*, 22 rooms (1 with bath), 23/- and 46/-.

LINCOLNSHIRE

BOSTON. Ancient port and fresh water angling centre, 117 miles from London. Population 24,400. *Peacock & Royal*, 30 rooms (2 with baths), 22/6 and 45/-. *White Hart*, 30 rooms (1 with bath), 19/6 and 39/-.

LINCOLN. The county town and cathedral city, 138 miles from London. Population 70,000. *Saracen's Head*, 60 rooms (7 with baths), 22/6 and 45/-. *White Hart*, 45 rooms (16 with baths), 32/6 and 65/- *Great Northern*, 29 rooms (none with bath), 20/- and 40/-.

Historic Houses Open to the Public

ESSEX. *Bradwell Lodge*, near mouth of Blackwater River. Home of Mr. Tom Driberg, ex-M.P. Open Wed. and Sat., 3-6 p.m. from April to October. Admission 2/- (children 1/-).

CASTLE HEDINGHAM (Essex). *Hedingham Castle*, home of Miss Musette Majendie, C.B.E. Open May to end of September, Tues., Thurs and Sat., 2-6 p.m. Admission 1/6.

SUFFOLK. *Somerleyton Hall*, 6 miles northwest of Lowestoft. Home of Lord Somerleyton. Open Thursdays 2-30 to 5-30 p.m. from May to end of September, and Sundays from June to August. Admission 2/6 (gardens only, 1/-).

AYLSHAM (Norfolk). *Bluckling Hall*, property of the National Trust. Open May to end of September, Thurs. and Sun., 2-5. Admission 1/6.

WELLS (Norfolk). *Holkham Hall*, home of the Earl of Leicester. Open June to September, Thursday only, 2-5 p.m. Admission 2/6.

NORFOLK. *Sandringham House*, home of H. M. the Queen. Gardens only; June to September, Wed. and Thurs. Admission 1/6 (for charities).

NORWICH. *Norwich Castle*, now a museum of painting and local antiquities. Open daily all year 10-6, on Sundays 2:30-5. Admission 3d or 6d.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE. *Sawston Hall*, 7 miles south of Cambridge. Home of Captain R. F. E. Huddleston. Open April to early October, Saturday and Sunday, 2:30-6 p.m. Admission 2/-.

LINCOLNSHIRE. *Aubourn Hall*, 7 miles south of Lincoln. Home of Mr. H. N. Neville. Open Thursdays 2-6, May to September. Admission 2/-.

Tattershall Castle, near Woodhall Spa. Property of National Trust. Open daily all year. Admission 1/-.



TRANSPORTATION. All parts of Essex, Suffolk, Norfolk, and Cambridge are served from Liverpool Street Station, London. A number of branch lines have been closed recently, but bus connections with surviving railheads are fairly good. Express trains take three main routes: London-Chelmsford-Colchester-Ipswich-Norwich-Cromer, Ipswich-Woodbridge-Lowestoft-Great Yarmouth, and London-Cambridge-Ely-Kings Lynn. Inter city links are being improved with diesel units. Ipswich and Norwich 42 minutes apart by express. Lincoln and places west of Cambridge are served from London, Kings Cross.

Long distance buses operate throughout East Anglia. The Grey-Green works from London to Ipswich; Green Line coaches of London Transport penetrate deep into Essex, where the Eastern National also maintains widespread routes. The Eastern Counties bus company covers much of Suffolk and Norfolk, also Cambridgeshire.

A small airport at Ipswich (Nacton) has regular flights to the Continent, and to Southend, Shoreham, and the Isle of Wight. There are no inter-city air services in East Anglia.

Steamers operate in the summer months from London to Clacton; other pleasure steamers ply between Clacton and Felixstowe, and between piers on the north coast of Norfolk. There are trips up the Orwell.

From Harwich, regular channel packets serve the Hook of Holland (twice daily); Antwerp (twice weekly); Esbjerg, Denmark (twice to six times weekly); and Zeebrugge, Belgium (daily). Boat trains with limited accommodation run from Liverpool Street to Harwich, Parkeston Quay.



ENTERTAINMENT. At the pier pavilions and at Esplanade theaters during the summer, bright vaudeville shows take place nightly. Ipswich, Norwich, and Cambridge have notable repertory theaters. During the summer months, Royal Agricultural Shows are held in the Eastern Counties, where fine pedigree cattle is on view. Being primarily agricultural, East Anglia specializes in these functions, which attract enormous crowds, and are often attended by royalty. They reveal a little-known aspect of English life seldom seen by visitors from abroad.

Exploring East Anglia

One of the green-belt lungs of Greater London, Essex is now the third most populous county in the British Isles. To most Londoners, and to all-too-many visitors, it is merely a flat, rather marshy land through which the train hurries on its way

to the brawling madhouse of lights and gaiety that is Southend-on-Sea, or to the Continental packet station at Harwich. But Essex is big, bigger than most people realize. And it has some hills, low and rolling, that inspired one of the greatest landscape painters of all time. Constable was his name, and his masterpieces depict the valley of the Stour around Manningtree, Dedham, and Flatford Mill under the lovely pale skies that are such a notable and delicate feature of the district.

Rainfall in Essex is remarkable low, and if Britain were in a lower latitude, parts of the county would become desert. As it is, places on the Essex estuaries such as Burnham-on-Crouch (a popular yachting centre), Great Wakering and Maldon, receive only 18 or 19 inches of rain annually. This results in thousands of acres of cornfields and rich farming land being occasionally threatened with drought. Mostly, however, they produce enormous yields, due to the cool bracing air and absence of fast evaporation that would soak up the small amount of moisture in hotter lands.

It also results in thousands of holidaymakers rushing to the Essex coast throughout the summer, filling such resorts as Clacton and Walton-on-the-Naze. The North Sea is always cool, and its breezes have a tonic effect during the height of summer. Sometimes the temperature is 20 degrees lower on the coast than in the towns ten miles inland.

Mid-Essex has numerous delightful villages with thatched cottages predominating. Timber-framed buildings range the village streets, and the horse still has his place in local transport. Thaxted, whose very name conjures up an old-world picture, is perhaps the best example, and its 15th-century church is the finest in Essex. Once a centre of the wool trade, Thaxted has a guildhall and a recorder's house, both dating from 1370.

Other villages clustered in the quiet pastoral region of mid-Essex are Castle Hedingham, Takeley, Leaden Roding, Dunmow, and Coggleshall. Once this extensive area was all uncleared forest, but farming has swept away the trees until only Epping Forest remains, a preserve less than 15 miles from the heart of London and belonging more to the capital than to East Anglia.

Essex has always received immigration on a large scale; from Denmark, weavers from Holland, the Huguenots, and more recently, from Poland. It also sends out emigrants, many of whom played a large part in early American history. From Braintree, the market centre of mid-Essex and a growing industrial town, the Braintree Company went to the New World

and founded Cambridge and Braintree, Massachusetts—their departure in the *Lion* is one of the scenes depicted on the walls of the town hall. There are other New England names immortalizing Essex and Suffolk pilgrims who crossed the Atlantic 300 years ago—the Ipswich River, with its towns of Essex and Haverhill, and the village of Sudbury.

Suffolk

Essex blends into Suffolk without any marked physical distinction. Villages and towns become farther apart, and rivers increase, but it's the same delightful rolling landscape, quiet farms, hedges, and trees. The county town is Ipswich, quite a big, bustling spot standing on the River Orwell, 12 miles from the sea. Large ships of up to 10,000 tons dock here, and the power station at Cliff Quay, in the dock area, is one of the most modern in Britain. Ipswich is, in fact, an oasis of modernity and industry in a spacious county living in the agricultural equilibrium of half a century ago.

But Ipswich has many relics of the past. It was the home for a while of Cardinal Wolsey (you can visit the Wolsey Art Gallery); its Great White Horse hotel dates from 1528; the Ancient House is probably Britain's oldest and most picturesque bookshop; Christchurch Mansion is a museum of Suffolk folk art and antiques.

The county of Suffolk seems to divide at Ipswich, just as the main railway lines do. To the west we find Bury St. Edmunds, so named because the body of the martyr-king Edmund, England's official saint, was interred here in 903 in the abbey church, now a ruin. At the latter's high altar, a group of men took solemn oath in 1214 that they would compel King John to sign a document later named the Magna Carta. And he did, the following summer. In Bury St. Mary's Church lies Mary Tudor, Henry VIII's sister. The town itself stands on rising ground on the west side of the Lark Valley. Its Norman tower, built 24 years after the Battle of Hastings, is one of the finest in existence. To stroll through Bury at any time is pleasant; to do so on an autumn afternoon when the surrounding trees are gold and there's a keen nip in the bright air, is one of the greatest delights to be experienced on a tour of East Anglia, and one you definitely should not omit.

In the extreme west of Suffolk, right on the Cambridgeshire border, we find that remarkable racing town called Newmarket, living in a world of its own. Innumerable race horses are trained

on its outskirts; great houses with massive stables stand in spacious grounds outside the town. The only industry is the turf; inhabitants think, dream, and live horses. Great race meetings are held from April to late October; many of them, such as the 1,000 and 2,000 guineas, Ccsarewitch, and Cambridgeshire, are world famous. On these days, twenty times as many people come to Newmarket as there are residents. Racing began here in the days of James I, and ever since Newmarket Heath has echoed to the sound of hooves. The remains of the palace, and the house of Charles II's actress friend Nell Gwynne, are still to be seen. But most people come to Newmarket to catch a glimpse of the famous British bloodstock, and the strange, wealthy little men who ride them, or the powers-that-be who own or train them.

Central Suffolk is undefined, deeply pastoral, lost in the past, timbered and thatched, ancestral, and homely. Little towns like Eye, delightful villages such as Debenham, artistic towns of the character of Woodbridge on the River Deben, should be glimpsed if time and transport permit. This region will show as true a picture of insular England, rich in agriculture and tradition, as you'll find anywhere. Yet among these farms and villages are many men from another world—thousands of American airmen. Several United States Air Force stations are maintained in East Anglia, where the most modern jets and weapons are held in frightening readiness. It is a fantastic blend, nowhere more so than deep in the heart of "Silly Suffolk."

Lowestoft to the Broads and Norfolk

Trawler fishing commands attention at Lowestoft, a great centre on the coast near the Norfolk border. Below Lowestoft lie charming and unspoiled seaside resorts facing the grey North Sea, huddled around estuaries or standing at bay to the great breakers that have in the past overwhelmed a few of them. Dunwich was a fishing port and holiday spot half a century ago; now it lies buried beneath the sand and shingle cast up by an all-enveloping sea. But Aldeburgh and Southwold remain, safe and delightful. Further south is Felixstowe, a breezy resort on cliffs better known to Londoners than to many people of Suffolk (although it is Coney Island to the Ipswich man-in-the street).

Beginning a few miles south of Lowestoft and stretching across the border into Norfolk is a network of waterways known as the "Broads." These are rivers that widen in places into reaches of great beauty but with quiet, marshy surroundings.

Sailing enthusiasts descend on Broadland throughout the spring, summer, and autumn for the enjoyment of safe, inland boating over more than 100 miles of unduplicated routes. The River Waveney in the south, the rivers Yare, Bure, and Ant in Norfolk, are interlinked so that it is possible to sail for two weeks from a starting point without traversing the same stretch twice. Motor boating is also extremely popular.

Norwich

The spacious Broads themselves—with delightful names such as South Walsham, Wroxham, Ranworth, Hickling, Barton, Oulton, Salhouse—are the haunts of bird life of all kinds. Boats anchor in these wide waters where their occupants swim and fish, watch birds, or laze in the sun. Popular centres for Broadland excursions are Beccles, Norwich, and Wroxham. Literally thousands of motor boats and sailing craft can be hired at these places for a week or more, but the visitor with only a few hours to spare can still find time for a glimpse of the lovelier Broads by taking short trips based on Wroxham. Few places in the world are so fascinating for lovers of unspoiled open country and inland waters. It is rewarding to see one of the ancient Norfolk wherries coming up a twisting river, loaded down so that "a bird perched on the gunwales can drink from the river," as the local saying goes.

Where the large county of Norfolk is not river and broad, it is firm coast resisting the North Sea, or rolling farmland rich with corn or sugar beet. Cromer, on the north coast, is surprisingly warm when southerly winds are blowing, and it has in recent years become one of England's most popular resorts. Great Yarmouth, facing east, is bigger, combining trawler fishing with mass holiday entertainment. Strangely enough, some of the Norfolk coast faces west into the strange gulf called the Wash where King John lost the crown jewels in 1215 after Magna Carta. Hunstanton is a charming spot on this coast, and only a few miles to the southeast lies the royal residence of Sandringham, where the Queen and her family like to spend Christmas. It was at Sandringham that King George VI died early in 1952.

Norwich is a city about which many books have been, and many more will be, written. The cathedral stands in impressive surroundings, and its 315-foot 15th-century spire dominates the city. Frequently restored, the cathedral combines Norman architecture with the best work of 18th-century craftsmen; the

Norman nave of 14 bays is original, and so is the bishop's throne, behind the high altar. Fires and high winds (East Anglia is frequently subject to strong northeast gales during the winter when the North Sea, which commands the ancient kingdom, shows its anger) have left their mark, but when you gaze upon Norwich Cathedral, you can say it was built between 1100 and 1700.

In King Street stands the Jew's House, built in 1190; other historic buildings that should be visited include the church of St. Peter Mancroft (rebuilt during the 15th century), the Strangers Hall in Charing Cross (built in 1520), a Georgian assembly house, the Maddermarket Theatre (which has an apron stage), and the guildhall. As a contrast, there is modern grace to be seen in the new city hall.

Before leaving the Norwich district, you should take a look at Wymondham (locally pronounced "Windham"), nine miles to the southwest. Probably the most attractive and really typical town in eastern England, Wymondham is a mixture of the very old and ultra-modern—which is England herself. Ancient timbered houses, a magnificent double-towered abbey church, St. Thomas Becket's chapel, are all of interest. So, in its way, is the modern bus depot, the cinema, the new shops, and other modern amenities brought to this country town living in the past with its eyes on the future.

West Norfolk's sandy heaths and moorlands, farms, and forest copses give way to the fens. Flat marshy greenness stretches for countless miles, drained by straight ditches, across into Cambridgeshire and Lincolnshire. The fens are a strange land, productive yet lonely, misty and mysterious at times. Much of this area, like Holland, was made by man when he drained the Wash and the sodden marshes around the mouth of the River Nene during the 17th century.

Cambridgeshire

Queen city of the Fens is Ely, whose beautiful cathedral dominates the flat countryside for dozens of miles in all directions. Ely is only a small city, taking its name from the eels that used to abound in the nearby marshes. The tall cathedral dates from 1083, and its chief point of interest is the unique octagonal lantern tower, from which the view on a clear day stretches across 50 or more miles of eastern England. Ely was the last stronghold of the Saxons under Hereward the Wake, who defied the Normans until 1072, six years after William I landed at

Hastings. In those days, Ely was the capital of an island, and despite drainage and land reclamation, the district is still officially called the "Isle" of Ely. Prior Crauden's chapel and the monks' granary are among the many notable buildings you should visit after exploring the cathedral.

Cambridge, University Town

Let us, however, move 17 miles southwards of Ely, to Cambridge, the newest city in England. Old in physical structure, new in creation, for Cambridge was not officially declared to be a city until 1951. Next to Oxford, this is the oldest seat of learning in Britain. No one, without bias, can pick out the best colleges or the most charming architectural sights, but time would rarely permit a detailed study of this lovely city. Therefore, go to King's College Chapel, the supreme glory, and then take a boat on the gentle River Cam to see the "Backs," where the college grounds rove down to the banks of the river. In spring and autumn they are at their finest, full of rich colour and history, a history not so much made by themselves but by the spirits of the great who have strolled there in the past. During the May Balls, which are contrarily held in June, the Backs are alive with couples dancing into the dawn, while the Cam bears on its leisurely flow the boats of revellers on their way to take picnic breakfasts.

Cambridge is completely bound up in its university. There is a little industry outside, but it does not interfere with the city, nor does it appear to contribute one way or another to its importance. The modern symbol of Cambridge is the undergraduate, hurtling along the streets on a bicycle with academic gown flowing out behind him (or her, for there is quite a high proportion of women undergrads at Cambridge now). Old coffee shops, full of young people making intellectual conversation at a speed governed by their next lecture; fine shops with the emphasis on quality; Fenner's cricket ground crowded with onlookers (for Cambridge is able to claim just a little higher sporting prowess than Oxford); old buildings oozing gentility—these are the physical sights of Cambridge. Fuller, in the *Worthies* says that "Oxford is a university in a town; Cambridge is a town in a university."

If you come to Cambridge during the "long vac" from July to October, note how empty it is. The many thousands of undergrads are its life and soul. But at least you'll cross the streets without fear of violent collision with the ubiquitous bicycles.

And you can visit some of the colleges. Americans will be interested in Emmanuel, for John Harvard was educated there (a tablet to this memory will be found in the chapel). Emmanuel is quite a "young" college, having been founded in 1584; Clare (founded in 1326) is the oldest, followed by Gonville and Caius (pronounced "keys," 1348), Pembroke (1349), and Trinity Hall (1350).

Lincolnshire

The fens of northern Cambridgeshire pass imperceptibly into the four counties of Lincoln. Holland, Kestevan, Lincoln, and Lindsey are all parts of the great county, divided administratively. Holland borders the Isle of Ely and the delightfully named Soke of Peterborough; this marshland spreads far and wide south of the Wash, the names of the district almost reflecting the squelch of mud the inhabitants of pre-drainage times must have encountered daily.

Tulips are the pride and joy of south Lincolnshire. Perhaps the colourful fields of bloom don't quite match those of the other Holland across the North Sea, but they certainly take second place. Tens of thousands come from all parts of Britain to view the Holland and Kestevan bulbfields during the spring.

Lincolnshire is flat only in the part that can, for convenience, be regarded as an outpost of East Anglia. To the north it has rolling hills known as the Lincolnshire Wolds. The county town lies roughly in the middle of the shire, on the River Witham, some 35 miles from the coast. Like so many cities of eastern England, it is dominated by its immense cathedral, this one having three splendid towers and an air of impressive grandeur. It illustrates the growth of ecclesiastical architecture from Norman to English Gothic, and is the supreme glory among English cathedrals. At its consecration in 1280, churchmen came from all parts of the known world to attend, and at that time, a journey to the steep little hill above an eastern English city was by no means easy, even from parts of the same county.

Lincoln Cathedral once had spires above its towers; the central one was the highest in the world. Both the Norman front and Angel Choir are the utmost in perfection that you can find in British churches, and the entire structure is a landmark of such importance and magnificence that no short paragraphs can hope to do it justice. When you start on a tour of the cathedral, ask your guide to point out the "Lincoln Imp." It's a tiny carving high in the rafters, and the guide will tell you its story.

Lincoln was the Roman city of Lindum Colonia, and further over towards the North Sea is another Roman camp where they surveyed a site but let it go. New England Americans make for this place whenever possible, because its name is Boston. Many of the Pilgrim Fathers came from here, and their last sight of it was the Boston "stump," a high church tower visible 40 miles across the flat and open fens. You can climb the "stump" to its octagonal lantern tower (gaze to the south and you'll see the opposite number on Ely cathedral if the weather is clear), and also visit the law court (where Brewster and other Pilgrim Fathers were tried in 1607 for trying to flee to America) and the guildhall. Boston, whose name is a corruption of the Saxon "St. Botolph's Town," resembles a Dutch village, especially since the River Witham has been channelled into a canal through the town.

This is East Anglia, a storied, quiet land, with no spectacular mountains or rivers, no mighty cities, but still the guardian of all that rural England holds dear.



HOLIDAY ISLES

Jersey, Guernsey, Wight And Man

by

K. WESTCOTT JONES

When one speaks of the British Isles, the term is intended to include all the lands making up the United Kingdom plus Eire. The expression "British Islands" refers only to the relatively small islands off the mainland coasts of England, Wales, Scotland, and Northern Ireland. Needless to say, there are many hundreds of these, if not thousands—far too many to deal with individually. Scottish Islands are dealt with in the chapter on Scotland, and Irish ones in the Irish section. This chapter is concerned with the Channel Islands, Wight, and Man.

There are, of course, many other smaller islands off the coast of England, such as Lundy (privately owned), the Scillies (dealt with in the chapter on southwest England), the Farne Islands (Northumberland), and those along the Essex coastline, but for all practical purposes, the Channel group (consisting of Jersey, Guernsey, Alderney, and Sark), the Isle of Wight, and the Isle of Man are the ones that attract visitors.

Practical Information for the Holiday Isles

CHANNEL ISLANDS



HOW TO GET THERE. Services are operated by British Railways steamers from Southampton and Weymouth to Guernsey and Jersey. During the summer months, there are daily sailings from each port; in winter, sailings alternate from Southampton and Weymouth so that the islands receive six ships a week. Most of the regularly scheduled Southampton sailings are nightly departures, Guernsey being reached at 7 a.m. and Jersey at 9:15 a.m. Fares are £8.10.6 return from London, first class throughout; £5.17.10 return, second class throughout. From Southampton, a first-class single on the ship costs £3.11.6. From Guernsey to Jersey costs 18/5 single. Reduced steamer fares are available for use on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays only from April 5 to the end of September.

British European Airways operate frequent flights from London Airport to both Guernsey and Jersey. As many as 40 flights a day are maintained at peak summer weekends. Flying time is 1½ hours. B.E.A. also fly from Manchester, Birmingham, and Glasgow to Jersey and Guernsey, and run frequent services all year from Southampton (Eastleigh Airport) to Jersey. There are inter-island flights between Alderney, Jersey, and Guernsey by Jersey Airlines. Even during the depths of winter, B.E.A. has three daily flights to both main islands from London,

and one from Southampton. The return fare is normally £11.17.0 (£6.11.0 single) from London, but mid-week and off-peak returns are available at £9.17.0 or late in the year for £7.19.0. Fares are the same to both main islands. From Southampton, mid-week and off-peak returns are £7.3.0 with excursions at £5.13.0.

Charter companies operate on summer Saturdays—if B.E.A. planes are full. Jersey Airlines, based at St. Helier, fly to London (Croydon), Bournemouth, Exeter, and Manchester all year round. Cambrian Airways, based at Cardiff, also fly all year from Manchester, Cardiff, and Bristol to Guernsey and Jersey.

WHERE TO STAY

ST. HELIER (Jersey). Average rates are shown for bed and breakfast. Most hotels quote favorable weekly all-inclusive rates. *Grand*, 131 rooms (54 with baths), 17/6 and 35/-. *Pomme d'Or*, 140 rooms (6 with baths), £8.8.0 up per week. *Royal Yacht*, 55 rooms (9 with baths), 21/- and 42/-. *Metropole*, 82 rooms (none with baths), 21/- and 42/-. *Woodville*, 54 rooms (1 with bath), 18/6 and 37/-. *Ritz*, 75 rooms (none with baths), £10 up per week. *Omaroo* (Havre des Pas), 90 rooms (none with baths), £10.10.0 per week.

ST. BRELADE'S BAY (Jersey). *L'HORIZON*, 60 rooms (9 with baths), £9.9.0 up per week. *St. Brelade's Bay*, 60 rooms (no baths), 30/- and 50/-.

LA CORBIERE (Jersey). *Le Chalet*, 24 rooms (5 with baths), 27/6 and 55/-.

BOULEY BAY (Jersey). *Water's Edge*,

65 rooms (6 baths), 27/6 and 55/-.

ST. MARTIN (Jersey). *La Chaire*, 32 rooms (1 with bath), 25/- and 50/-.

ST. PETER PORT (Guernsey). *Old Gouvernement House*, 74 rooms (46 with baths), 35/- and 65/-. *Royal*, 90 rooms (13 with baths), 32/6 and 65/- all in. *Vimiera*, 40 rooms (none with baths), £9 per week. *Wyndhams*, 31 rooms (none with baths), £9.9 per week. *Les Rocquettes*, 20 rooms (no baths), 15/- and 30/-.

ST. MARTIN'S (Guernsey). *La Villette*, 14 rooms (none with baths), 30/- and 60/-.

VALE (Guernsey). *L'Ancrese Lodge*, 32 rooms (no baths), £10.10.0 per week.

ALDERNEY. *Bellevue*, 20 rooms (none with baths), £8 per week.

Rose & Crown, 13 rooms (none with bath) £8.8.0 per week.

SARK. *Discart*, 30 rooms (none with baths), £10 per week.

Highlights of Jersey: "The Battle of Flowers" on the Thursday before the August Bank holiday at St. Helier. *Golf courses:* one 9-hole and two 18-hole. *Motor racing and hill-climbs.* Ancient castles and monuments: Grosnez Castle (St. Ouen); Mont Orgueil Castle (Gorey); St. Aubin's Castle (St. Brelade); Elizabeth Castle (St. Helier); The Hermitage (Elizabeth Castle). *Megalithic Remains:* St. Saviour, Samares, Gorey, Rozel, Trinity, St. Ouen, St. Brelade. Two theatres, three large dance halls, six cinemas. Jersey Tourist Committee, 27 Hill St., St. Helier.

ISLE OF WIGHT



HOW TO GET THERE. By British Railways ferry steamers from Portsmouth Harbor every half hour during the day at the height of summer; at least hourly during the middle of the day in winter. These paddle steamers reach Ryde Pier in 35 minutes, fare 2/8 single, 5/4 return.

By Red Funnel Line steamers from Southampton (Royal Pier) to Cowes. About nine services daily in summer, six in winter. Journey time one hour, fare 4/6 single, 7/- return. Cars carried.

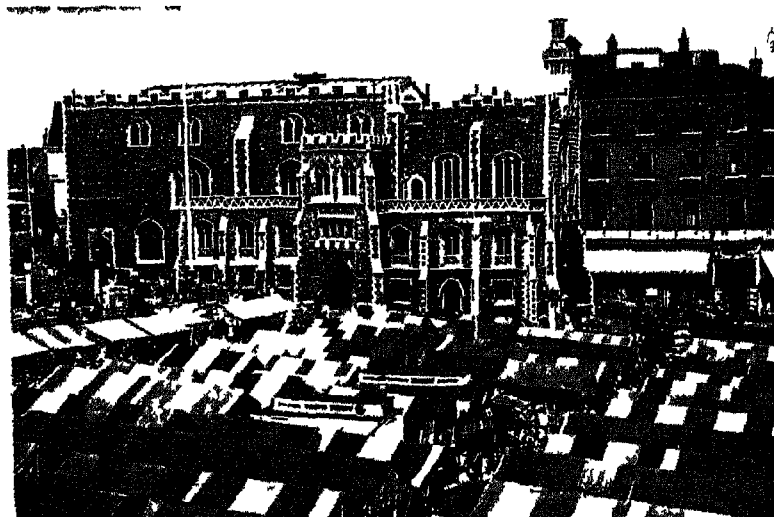
By British Railway ferry from Lymington to Yarmouth. About 12 services daily in summer (cars carried), six in winter. Journey time 35 minutes, fare 2/5 single, 4/10 return.



East Anglia provides a proper setting for the famed university town of Cambridge, where gowned professors are a familiar sight on the streets



The village of Thaxted in Essex, above, has a windmill to go with its many-chimneyed cottages. Fruit and vegetables from its fertile fields are sold at crowded markets similar to the bustling one, below, at Norwich.



Seasonal air services are provided from Portsmouth, Shoreham, and Croydon to Ryde and Bembridge

WHERE TO STAY

RYDE *Westfield Park*, 32 rooms (3 with baths), 21/- and 42/- *Ryde Castle*, 26 rooms (none with baths), 25/- and 50/- *Royal Squadron*, 18 rooms (none with baths), 19/6 and 39/-

COWES *Fountain*, 28 rooms (1 with bath), 17/6 and 35/- *Gloster*, 28 rooms (none with bath), 24/6 and 49/-

BEMBRIDGE *Royal Spithead*, 34 rooms (13 with baths), 27/6 and 55/-

FRESHWATER BAY. *Farringford*, 32 rooms (8 with baths), 21/- and 42/-

NEWPORT The capital of the island *Wheatshaf*, 15 rooms (none with baths), 17/6 and 35/-

NITON UNDERCLIFF *Reeth Lodge*,

17 rooms (2 with baths), 21/- and 40/-

SANDOWN *Ocean*, 90 rooms (20 with baths), £10 10 0 per week *Royal Pier*, 43 rooms (none with baths), 20/- and 40/-

SEAVIEW *Pier*, 70 rooms (10 with baths), 25/- and 50/-

SHANKLIN *Cliff Tops*, 50 rooms (7 with baths), 18/6 and 37/- *Shanklin Towers*, 52 rooms (3 with baths), 21/6 and 43/-

VENTNOR *Royal*, 60 rooms (7 with baths), 20/- and 40/- *Metropole*, 37 rooms (none with baths), 25/- and 50/-

YARMOUTH *George*, 25 rooms (1 with bath), 22/6 and 45/-

Historic Houses Open to the Public

Carsbrooks Castle, near Newport Fine medieval castle where Charles I was imprisoned Open daily all year Admission 1/-

Osborne House, near East Cowes Where Queen Victoria died Open Mon, Wed, Thurs, Fri, 11-5, April to mid-October Admission 2/-

ISLE OF MAN

 **HOW TO GET THERE** By steamer from Liverpool to Douglas in 3½ hours, daily in winter, twice daily in summer In summer another service run by the Isle of Man Steam Packet Company is from Fleetwood to Douglas, once daily, but twice on Saturdays, 3 hours Fares are the same on both routes 28/- single, 41/- return first class, 17/6 single, 31/- return second class Steamers are also operated seasonally from Belfast, Ardrossan (Scotland), and Dublin to Douglas and Peel

British European Airways have excellent summer services to Ronaldsway Airport, 8 miles from Douglas, from Liverpool, Manchester, London, and Belfast A return from London to the island (1½ hours flying time) costs £14 5 0, or £9 15 0 at off-peak seasons From Liverpool (50 minutes) fares are £5 8 0 monthly return, £3 19 0 for an eight-day off-peak return During winter there are daily flights from Liverpool and Manchester, twice weekly from London and Belfast Aer Lingus maintains a seasonal link with Dublin The Lancashire Aircraft Corporation flies from Blackpool, and Manx Airlines from Scotland, using a coach-air and rail-air link-up

 **WHERE TO STAY** The Isle of Man is extremely seasonal, and most of the hotels and boarding houses close by the last week of September The larger hotels in each resort stay open with limited accommodation, frequently catering for conferences, etc during the winter Prices shown are the average for bed and breakfast in single and double rooms, unless weekly figures only are quoted.

DOUGLAS. Capital of the Isle of Man. *Majestic Lido*, 150 rooms (50 with baths), 31/6 and 54/-. *Fort Anne*, 72 rooms (3 with baths), 25/6 and 51/-. *Castle Mona*, 80 rooms (6 with baths), 21/6 and 43/-.

RAMSEY. *Mitre*, 26 rooms (none with baths), 18/6 and 37/-. *Snaefell*, 42 rooms (none with baths), 22/- and 42/-.

PEEL. *Creg Malin*, 22 rooms (none with baths), £9.12.6 per week.

DERBYHAVEN. Near Castletown. *Castletown Golf Links*, 53 rooms (16 with baths), 25/6 and 51/-.

PORT ERIN. *Bellevue*, 100 rooms (none with baths), 18/6 and 37/-.

PORT ST. MARY. *Balqueen Hydro*, 140 rooms (none with baths), £8.8.0 per week. *Carrack Bay*, 30 rooms (2 with baths), 20/- and 37/-.

Exploring the Holiday Isles

The Channel Islands are the warmest part of Britain, enjoying a mean temperature of a little over 52 degrees. Jersey is also the sunniest part of the British Isles, recording an annual total of more than 2,000 hours. From April to October, day maximum temperatures usually exceed 60 degrees, while July and August have numerous eighties and occasional nineties. In winter, sharp frosts are rare, although the islands are not quite so mild as the Scillies, due to the fact that they are close to the shores of France and experience occasional periods of crisp southeasterly winds.

Jersey, with an area of 45 square miles, is the largest of the Channel Islands. At one time, two separate railway systems provided transport, but now the ubiquitous bus has completely taken over. Tourism is the biggest industry, but tomatoes and cattle play an important part in its economy. Many people from England choose Jersey as a place to live and retire to, largely because taxation is much lower than on the mainland.

The States Assembly governs Jersey. It is composed of 12 senators, 12 *connetables*, and 28 deputies, all elected by the people. Presiding over this is a *bailliff*, appointed by the Crown, and there's a lieutenant governor as well, representing the Queen, the attorney-general, the solicitor-general, and the dean, who has no vote. The laws and customs present an interesting blend of Norman French and modern British, while the inhabitants are mostly bilingual, speaking a brand of French and a brand of English, both picturesque and distinctive.

St. Helier, a town of 27,000 people, is Jersey's capital. It is a wonderful centre, full of hotels, good bathing places, entertainment, and quaint streets. Some of the streets are rather full of traffic, and a one-way system may confuse the visitor for a time. Outside the capital, you'll find secluded coves, difficult of access but a delight to achieve, rugged rocks, and lovely scenery; in fact, you'll soon appreciate the reason why the

French call Jersey "La Reine de la Manche" (Queen of the Channel). But not only is the climate soothing and the surroundings lush—there's an atmosphere of Continental know-how that appeals to all visitors. The food is better cooked and better served than in similarly priced mainland resorts; the people know a little more about bright living; drinking laws are not so archaic; the atmosphere is flavoured with a touch of France. In short, the Jerseyman is unique.

Guernsey

Guernsey is farther north than Jersey, and is rather smaller, possessing only 28 square miles and a total population of some 40,500 persons. It has its own parliament and is in no way subservient to Jersey. The Guernsey atmosphere is less Continental than Jersey; the outlook rather reminds one of Cornwall. Since it is farther out in the Channel, temperatures are even more equable; a feature of Guernsey is that October is notably warmer than May, while November is warmer than April.

Only one town, St. Peter Port, which is naturally the capital, can be found on the island. Mainly agricultural, Guernsey does not compete with its larger neighbour in the tourist business, although it does offer some comfortable hotels, fine bathing, and rugged coastal scenery. Generally speaking, it is more pastoral, less lush and semi-tropical, more severe, than Jersey. Splendid holidays away from it all can, however, be spent in secluded Guernsey farmhouses, while St. Peter Port is popular with artists. Anyone visiting Jersey for a fair period should cross over to Guernsey for a few days; the journey takes only two hours by steamer or 20 minutes by plane.

Smaller islands in this strange archipelago which is such an admirable blend of France and Britain offer attractive by-ways but little in the way of accommodation. Alderney has an airport and even a capital town (St. Anne) fitted into its tiny area only 8 miles in circumference. Just under 2,000 people live on it, most of them concerned with fishing or agriculture; shellfish are a local industry and are delicious. Should you cross to Alderney, you'll discover quiet solitude, tiny coves, and silver sands, with quite a few comfortable guest or farm houses to cater for you hospitably but not luxuriously. Here again, there's local government in the form of a States of Alderney answerable to the British Crown.

Sark is not really a holiday island (there are only two hotels).

It belongs to the Dame of Sark, and can be visited by motor boat from any of the main islands. It is high and steep, with luxuriant foliage in places, sheer cliffs and rocks in others. Scarcely 500 people live on the island.

Herm and Jethou are mere islets, the largest of the many rocks—some barely showing above the sea—that comprise the Channel Islands. Herm has a hotel for visitors and is making a bid for tourist traffic in a small way. Jethou is privately owned, with only one house on it.

Isle of Wight

This lovely island is separated from the mainland of Hampshire by two stretches of water, the Solent and Spithead. At one point, from Hurst Castle to Yarmouth, the distance is only a little over one mile, and there is talk of building a bridge. Should this ever occur, much of the isle's charm will disappear.

Some 147 square miles of undulating country make up the island. It is big enough to possess a dozen small towns and several rivers, to absorb 90,000 people, yet still present areas where moorland and cliff offer vistas of uninhabited loneliness. At one time the island had no less than five railway companies operating lines; nowadays many of the delightful—if antiquated—railway routes have disappeared, although two still provide good service in the east.

The Isle of Wight sprang into prominence during the 19th century, when Queen Victoria took up residence at Osborne House, near Cowes, and Alfred, Lord Tennyson came to live at Farringford, near Freshwater. It was realized that the island would make a splendid health resort, and the region known as the Undercliff, stretching for seven miles on the southern part of the island, was selected as a winter holiday area. Ventnor, the sheltered, hilly town facing south across the English Channel, enjoyed a boom during the later years of the 19th century. Palm trees and sub-tropical vegetation abound along the Undercliff, and the area is genuinely mild by day in winter, trapping all the sun that shines. Times have changed, however, and Ventnor is now, in company with its sister resorts of Sandown and Shanklin, full of summer holidaymakers and almost deserted in winter.

Newport, on the Medina River, is the island's capital—a town of 12,000 inhabitants engaged in marketing and light industry. At the mouth of the Medina lies Cowes, a magic name in the yachting world and headquarters of the Royal Yacht Squadron. Fifty years ago, Cowes Regatta was a supreme event, attended

by Imperial Majesties and Serene Highnesses from all over the world, sailing their huge J-class yachts. Wealthy Americans raced against the Czar of Russia; steam yachts with raked funnels and elegant bows lay cheek-by-jowl in the Solent; the fantastically green lawns of the Royal Yacht Squadron were crowded with the world's most famous figures, eating strawberries and cream as they strolled about with parasols and swishing dresses, or in blazers, white trousers, and yachting caps. The Cowes Regatta, held during the first fortnight of August, is still a great event attended by royalty, but it has lost much of the magic of former days.

Fast paddle ferries cross from the Isle of Wight to the mainland in half an hour, with the result that many of the island's resorts are invaded by London trippers. Elegance is a thing of the past, although it remains the haunt of yachtsmen of modest means. Many sailing clubs are located at Ryde and Yarmouth.

Industry has come to Cowes these days, for ships are built and launched in the Medina estuary. Saunders Roe, the largest firm on the island, recently constructed giant princess flying boats with 12 engines. These appear to have been obsolete before they took to the air, and the prototypes remain in a vast hangar awaiting futuristic engines to render them serviceable craft for economic use.

But the charm of the Isle of Wight remains. Its quiet, narrow lanes with their high hedgerows, the lush vegetation, open downland, and bold cliffs make an ever-changing picture. Alum Bay has cliffs of many colours, which change even as you gaze upon them from cream to rich red, sometimes mauve in the sunset, or brown in the rain. Each mile has something new to offer the visitor, and most turns in the road bring rewarding scenes.

Isle of Man

A large island lying in the Irish Sea, Man was once a Viking colony and retains many old Norse relics and traditions. The island's parliament, the House of Keys, is one of the oldest in the world, with a history going back more than a thousand years. Every year on July 5th, an ancient ceremony is enacted on Tynwald Hill, when the lieutenant-governor reads a summary of all the Acts of Parliament passed in the preceding year. It was at Tynwald that the Norsemen had their original seat of government, and it is fitting that the lieutenant-governor reads the laws today both in Manx and English. Manx is yet

another of the varied languages spoken in the British Isles. Unlike Welsh and Gaelic, it is not in common use, being reserved for ceremonial occasions.

About 50,000 people live on the Isle of Man, but during the summer months, this number is multiplied by ten, for vast hordes of tourists cross by steamer and plane from the great English Midland cities. For countless years, the island has been a favourite spot for what is called Wakes Week—the annual industrial holiday that factory employees enjoy en masse. Today, however, the fame of Man has spread until its attractions are savoured by Scots and Londoners.

Douglas, capital of the Island, is a vivid town with a spectacular promenade on which you'll see horse trams still at work. This doesn't mean that Douglas is behind the times—modern ballrooms and hotels have made it into a plush, well-equipped resort. Surprisingly, Douglas is the busiest cross-Channel harbour in the British Isles.

The real charm and interest of Man lies away from the capital. Places like Castletown (which was once the island's seat of government and possesses an ancient castle rebuilt as a replica of mediaeval times), Peel, Ramsay, Port Erin, Onchan, and Laxey should all be visited during a tour, and one at least selected as a spot for a few days holiday. It is fascinating to travel around the island in the narrow-gauge trains, or in the electric car that grinds from Douglas up to Ramsey and then to the summit of Snaefell (2,034 feet).

There are no customs to affect incoming visitors to the Isle of Man, but most other laws are rather different from Britain's. Income tax, as on Jersey, is low and other taxes make it an attractive place to live. Road laws permit the holding of vast motorcycle races on the main roads to the exclusion of all other traffic; this has led to one of the world's most famous sporting events taking place every June—the Isle of Man Tourist Trophy Race, held over a 37-mile circuit.

The Lord of Man is the loyal toast on the island; the present Lord is Her Majesty the Queen. At one time the famous Stanley family (now the Earls of Derby) were Lords of Man. Integration with Britain was not achieved until the 14th century, but even now the island has a greater amount of self-government than any other part of the kingdom.

Manx people are hospitable and kindly, although they are apt to cling to ideas with a marked stubbornness, even when proved wrong. It would be hard to define their national characteristics; to say they are a blend of English and Irish because their island

lies midway between the two countries would be wide of the mark. Some trace of their Norse ancestry undoubtedly remains.

Manx cats have no tails, but most of the cats you see prowling about on the island are quite normal domestic ones imported from the mainland. While not rare, genuine Manx cats tend to be well cared for and rather expensive to buy.

Sir Hall Caine, the greatest of Manx writers, is buried at Maughold, near Laxey, his grave being marked by a tall pillar. Near him lies St. Maughold, who was buried in 533 A.D., one of the island's earliest Christians of the pre-Viking era.

The Isle of Man offers abundant moorland scenery, crowded beaches, secluded coves, even palm-fringed shores (at Ramsay, in latitude 55 degrees), the world's largest ballroom with space for 7,000 couples on the floor, fishing and golf, ear-splitting noise, and lonely solitude. In short it is a land of contrasts, an island deeply soaked in history living for summer pleasure, yet proud and independent.



WALES

'Land Of Poets And Singers'

by

JAMES E. THOMAS

(James E. Thomas is a Welshman and cosmopolitan, a lawyer and writer. He has traveled extensively, writing about France, Germany, and, of course, his native Wales.)

This old land of my fathers
Is beloved of me,
Land of poets and singers
Famed eternally.

It is indeed rare in this modern world to find a national anthem that stresses so much the artistic, as opposed to the political, aspect of the country. But it is necessary to understand fully this attitude before one can appreciate the subtle change that takes place as we pass the borderline between England and Wales. For no one can cross this frontier into the first little Welsh village without realizing that one is no longer in England. This is due not solely to the question of the language, although Welsh is indeed a sufficient obstacle to most of us who desire to penetrate more deeply into the mysteries of the Welsh character, but rather a profound difference in the way of living, in the attitude towards life of this small, tenacious people.

For the people of Wales represent the remnants of those pugnacious Celtic people who were subjected to centuries of Roman rule, underwent the invasions of the Saxons who drove them to their mountain fastnesses, and endured the phenomenal organizing efficiency of the Norman conquerors without ceding one iota of their cultural independence.

And here, I think, is the secret of the essential difference of the Welsh. An old Welsh proverb says, "The Celt always fights and always loses." Militarily and politically this has been true of the Welsh, but, during those centuries of ceaseless strife the Welshman came to realize that there was something deeper, more important than political or military triumph, something he had always been unconsciously struggling to preserve, an indefinable passion for the music and poetry born of his lonely

vigils in mountain and valley when he held solitary converse with the infinite, and, in this last and greatest battle, the Welshman has belied the proverb and emerged victorious.

Thus, very briefly, we have an explanation of the extraordinary tenacity with which this people has clung to its traditions, its customs, its language, and its own way of life, although politically it has been merged long since and has accepted the supremacy of Westminster with much less difficulty than the Irish or the Scots.

Surprisingly enough the Welshman is no politician. Although many Welshmen have been famous statesmen—one has only to think of Lloyd George as an instance in modern times—but, for the Welshman generally, his politics are narrowed down to the passionate defence of his language, his customs, and his way of living. You will not find heated polemics on the philosophy of Marx, Bakunin, or Lenin in Wales, for significantly enough, the principality is still quite a Liberal stronghold and returns to Parliament more than half the surviving members of that once great party. The liberalism of the Welshman is in reality a refusal to accept the tenets of any particular sect, and a desire to seek the tranquillity of a political middle road. Provided always that what is important to him, his language, and his customs, is left alone. Touch these and you will indeed catch a tartar.

Practical Information for Wales



WHERE TO STAY. Welsh hotels, especially in the north are not noted for luxury or good food. The prices quoted include breakfast, but are average figures; expect to pay rather more at peak seasons. The beauties of the surroundings compensate to some extent for the shortcomings of the accommodation. In Wales, drinking laws are different from those in England, and this applies to the county of Monmouth also. No public houses are open on Sundays. Similarly places of entertainment are mainly closed on Sundays as well. You'll find most Welsh people are earnest chapel-goers, and favor a very quiet Sabbath.

ABERDOVEY (Merionethshire). Popular resort on Cardigan Bay. Small. Dovey, 21 rooms (3 with baths), 21/- and 42/-.

ABERSOCH (Caernarvonshire). Picturesque little resort beyond the railway's end, popular with Manchester people. *Vaynol*, 24 rooms (none with baths), 17/6 and 35/-.

ABERYSTWYTH (Cardiganshire). Fairly large all year resort on Cardigan Bay. Population 10,000. *Belle Vue Royal*, 48 rooms (none with baths),

25/- and 50/-. *Talbot*, 16 rooms (none with baths), 21/- and 42/-.

BANGOR (Caernarvonshire). Cathedral and university city known as the "Athens of Wales." Population 13,000. *Castle*, 33 rooms (1 with bath). 22/- and 44/-.

BARMOUTH (Merionethshire). Resort with 3 miles of sands but dangerous tides on Mawddach Estuary. *Marine Mansion*, 35 rooms (none with baths), 25/- and 50/-. *Min-Y-Mor*,

60 rooms (none with baths), 20/- and 37/-.

BEAUMARIS (Isle of Anglesey). Small quiet watering place overlooking Menai Straits. Popular yachting headquarters. *Bulkeley Arms*, 42 rooms (no baths), 30/- and 60/-.

BETWS-Y-COED (Caernarvonshire). Lovely Welsh village in majestic surroundings. Popular Snowdon area. *Waterloo*, 65 rooms (6 with baths), 20/- and 40/-; *Gwydyr*, 27 rooms (3 with baths), 21/- and 42/-.

BUILTH WELLS (Breconshire). Small market town on the River Wye. *Greyhound*, 16 rooms (none with baths), 18/6 and 37/-.

CARMARTHEN (Carmarthenshire). The county town; focus of Celtic life in south Wales. Population 12,000. *Ivy Bush Royal*, 24 rooms (none with baths), 22/- and 40/-.

CARDIFF (Glamorgan). Cosmopolitan capital of Wales. 151 miles from London (Paddington). Population 244,000. *Angel*, 84 rooms (24 with baths), 30/- and 57/6. *Park*, 115 rooms (12 with baths), 30/- and 55/-. *Royal*, 78 rooms (12 with baths), 30/- and 60/-. *Grand*, 36 rooms (none with baths), 25/- and 50/-.

CONWAY (Caernarvonshire). Splendidly situated town of 10,000 people. *Castle*, 27 rooms (no baths), 21/- and 42/-.

CRICCIETH (Caernarvonshire). Pleasant little resort with fine views. *George IV*, 66 rooms (5 with baths), 18/6 and 37/-.

DEVIL'S BRIDGE (Cardiganshire). An ancient Welsh inn among crag and rocks of exceptional natural beauty. *Hafod Arms*, 21 rooms (none with baths), 20/- and 42/-.

DOLGELLY (Merionethshire). Old market town near estuary of Wnion. Jumping off point for East Peak of Cader Idris. *Caernymwch Hall*, 24 rooms (none with baths), 18/6 and 37/-. *Golden Lion Royal*, 30 rooms (3 with baths), 18/6 and 39/-.

HARLECH (Merionethshire). Small town under the ruins of its castle. *St. David's*, 84 rooms (none with baths), 25/- and 50/-.

HOLYHEAD (Anglesey). The packet

station for Ireland. *Beach*, 38 rooms (none with baths), 18/6 and 37/-.

LLANBERIS (Caernarvonshire). Gateway to Llanberis Pass and starting point of Snowdon mountain railway. *Royal Victoria*, 80 rooms (none with baths), 21/6 and 43/-. *Padarn Lake*, 25 rooms (none with baths), 21/- and 42/-.

LLANDRINDOD WELLS (Radnorshire). Most important spa in Wales, situated over 1000 feet. Population 3,200. *Glen Usk*, 84 rooms (12 with baths), 24/- and 48/-. *Commodore*, one of Wales's latest and finest hotels, 50 rooms (11 with baths), 27/- and 54/-. *Metropole*, 90 rooms (9 with baths), 24/6 and 49/-.

LLANDUDNO (Caernarvonshire). Big popular holiday resort between two headlands. Population 17,000. *Imperial*, 150 rooms (19 with baths), 24/6 and 49/-. *Craigside Hydro*, 140 rooms (22 with baths), 25/- and 50/-. *Grand*, 120 rooms (18 with baths), 25/6 and 57/-. *Marine*, 53 rooms (3 with baths), 20/- and 40/-.

LLANGOLLEN (Denbighshire). Beautiful old town in a hollow; scene of annual International Eisteddfod, held during the second week of July, when all accommodation is booked months ahead. *Royal*, 28 rooms (none with baths), 20/- and 40/-. *Bryn Howel Hall*, 16 rooms (none with bath), 22/6 and 45/-.

MILFORD HAVEN (Pembrokeshire). Old yachting and fishing port, population 12,000. 287 miles from London. *Lord Nelson*, 19 rooms (none with baths), 20/- and 40/-.

NEWPORT (Monmouthshire). Officially in England, but regarded as part of Wales. One of the largest seaports in the west. Roman fortress of Caerleon nearby. Famous castle and cathedral. Population 105,000. *Westgate*, 60 rooms (none with baths), 23/6 and 47/-.

PORTHCAWL (Glamorgan). Large South Wales resort; much boating. *Seabank*, 100 rooms (40 with baths), 28/6 and 57/-. *Esplanade*, 100 rooms (29 with baths), 28/6 and 57/-.

SWANSEA (Glamorgan). Second city of Wales, population 160,832. Im-

portant docks and industries *Mackworth*, 120 rooms (10 with baths), 25/- and 50/-

TALYLLYN (Merionethshire) Lovely village terminus of a fabulous old narrow-gauge railway run by enthusiasts *Tynycornel*, 10 rooms (none with baths), 18/6 and 37/-

TENBY (Pembrokeshire) Ancient town and Atlantic resort *Imperial*, 60 rooms (10 with baths), 30/- and

60/- *Cobourg*, 30 rooms (none with baths) 20/- and 40/-

TINTERN ABBEY (Monmouthshire) Site of the most beautiful ruin in Wales Splendid center for *Wye Valley Beaufort*, 24 rooms (none with baths), 21/- and 42/-

WREXHAM (Denbighshire) Yale's burial place, and birth place Important North Wales town, population 31,000 *Wynnstay Arms*, 77 rooms (no baths), 18/6 and 39/-

Historic Houses Open to the Public

CAERNARVON *Caernarvon Castle*, maintained by the Ministry of Works Open all year 9 a m to dusk, on Sundays, 2 p m to dusk Admission 1/-

CARDIFF *Cardiff Castle*, owned by City Council Open March to October, 10-12, 2-5 (Sundays 2-5) Admission 1/- *St Fagans Castle*, Welsh folk museum Open all year daily, except Mondays, 11-5 or 7 (Sundays 2-30) Admission 1/-

WREXHAM *Chirk Castle*, owned by Lt Col Rind and Lady Margaret Myddelton Built 1310 Open May to end of September on Tues, Thurs, Sat, Sun, 2-5 Admission 2/6

PLAS NEWYDD (*Isle of Anglesey*) Home of the Marquis of Anglesey May be viewed by written appointment only Admission free

BANGOR *Penrhyn Castle*, the National Trust Open April to October on most weekdays, 10 30-12 30, 2-5 30 Admission 1/6

HARLECH (Merionethshire) *Harlech Castle*, famous in song ("The Men of Harlech") and history Open daily all year Admission 6d

WELSHPOOL (Montgomeryshire) *Powis Castle*, the National Trust Open June to September daily except Tuesdays and Fridays, 1-6 p m Admission 3/-



TRANSPORTATION Wales is served by main lines of British Railways Western Region from London (Paddington) and London Midland Region from London (Euston) Several cross-country links exist

There are steamer trips in summer along the south Wales coast from Bristol to Tenby, and in the north from Liverpool to Bangor Cardiff Airport is busy with flights to

Dublin, Paris and the Channel Islands—it's the home base of Cambrian Airways

Bus services are numerous In the north and northwest, Crossville's have a network of routes to even the remotest villages Elsewhere, Corporation buses of the Western Welsh Company provide excellent services

The Welsh Tourist and Holidays Board is located at Temple Buildings, Llandrindod Wells (telephone Llandrindod Wells 2270)

Exploring Wales

Financially and industrially Cardiff is the most important city in Wales Hundreds of thousands of the inhabitants of Wales live and work in this town and the adjoining county of Glamorgan, which have drained the valleys and mountains in their ceaseless quest for labour to man the enormous docks through which flows

the ceaseless river of coal from the Rhondda Valley on its journey to the ends of the earth. In the roads leading to the docks of Cardiff you will find, much as in Liverpool, Marseilles, or any other great commercial port, the extraordinary mixture of humanity that great ocean-going ships always seem to attract. Chinese, Lascars, and Negroes rub shoulders with Welshmen whose long contact with this cosmopolitan life has deprived them even of that treasured heritage, the Welsh language. Here you will find little that is typically Welsh, here is Tiger Bay.

But away from the docks Cardiff is a beautiful city. Cathay's Park, the centre of the civic life of the city, with its exceptionally fine group of municipal buildings and its National Museum of Wales, where you will find an enthralling collection of Welsh art and handicraft, both ancient and modern, is a place to which any true native of Cardiff will direct you with justifiable pride.

With the university and its animated groups of Welsh youths and maidens who swarm around its buildings you touch upon one of the essential enthusiasms of the Welsh people, their passionate love and desire for knowledge. How many small farmers and coal-miners have toiled and deprived themselves even of many of the bare necessities of life in order that their children may have the benefit of an education they themselves have never known? For it is axiomatic in Wales that no talented child shall be deprived of the opportunities necessary for his development; if the parents are unable, then the neighbours or the village community will make sure that help is forthcoming. And, in Cardiff, you will see that their sacrifice has not been in vain.

A few miles to the north of Cardiff lies Caerphilly, noted both for its cheese and for its fine old Edwardian castle.

Swansea marks the end of the industrial region of the south Wales coastline. And, as if to make amends for the desecration of so much natural beauty, the charming little Gower peninsula, on the neck of which Swansea stands, offers the delights of its wooded landscape and its quiet unspoilt beaches. (Mumbles, a tram ride from Swansea, is a favourite holiday resort and an admirable spot from which to explore this beautiful countryside.) The southwestern part of the peninsula is English-speaking, with English place names such as Cheriton, Overton, Pilton-Green, Fernhill, and Knelston, and the inhabitants refer to those living in the eastern districts as those living in the "Welsheries." We will find this phenomenon repeated on a larger scale in Pembrokeshire.

Several ruined castles, such as those at Penrice and Oyster-

mouth, prove the importance of Gower in ancient days. At Llanridian stands an enormous cromlech known as Arthur's Stone. It is said locally that at nighttime it comes down to the sea to quench its thirst.

Swansea itself is a town largely devoted to oil storage and the transshipment of anthracite coal, but in the Guildhall it has a fine collection of the works of Sir Frank Brangwyn.

The Carmarthen Valleys

North of Swansea, in the direction of Ammanford and Llan-dilo, lie the valleys so well described by Richard Llewellyn in *How Green Was My Valley*. But it requires all the vivid imagination of the poet to see these slag-covered hillocks and pit-pocked dales as they were before their virgin beauty was soiled by the advent of the industrial age.

Through the town of Carmarthen flows the Towy, famed for its salmon and its coracle-men. There are few of them left today, but if you happen to observe one at work you will see something that has not changed for thousands of years. The coracle is, in fact, a sort of wicker basket over which a leathery skin has been stretched to make it watertight. On the inside, across the middle, is a small wooden plank that serves as a seat, and attached to each end of the seat is a leather thong the coracle-man uses when he carries the coracle on his back. When walking he looks like a giant turtle, and when he poses his frail shell on the water it is fascinating to see the dexterity with which he manœuvres it.

Carmarthen is a quiet country town with an ancient castle now used as council offices. But on market days the town is full of lively, chattering folk who come in from the surrounding countryside with their wares, and the sing-song lilt of the Carmarthenshire accent fills the narrow streets. (Nearly every county in Wales has a slight difference in accent to distinguish it from the others, but it is difficult for a non-Welshman to appreciate this. Between north and south Wales the difference is very marked.) In the main street of Carmarthen is an ancient oak tree which is carefully tended, for an old legend relates that if the tree sickens and dies, so also will Carmarthen.

Around Carmarthen is a soft, undulating, fertile countryside watered by innumerable little trout streams, and stretching northwards as far as Lampeter and Newcastle-Emlyn on the Teify. This river marks the boundary between Carmarthenshire and Cardiganshire, and as we progress northwards the scenery

tends to become less softly undulating, the hills more sharply defined, and the little mountain streams more hurried as they sing their way over pebbly beds. All the roads around Carmarthen are admirable for motoring or cycling, whilst delightful footpaths wend their way over fields and stiles to the charm of those hidden nooks found only by him who uses "Shank's pony."

Where the Towy runs into the sea in Carmarthen Bay you may see another sight to remind you sharply that you are in a land where ancient ways of life remain vigorous in spite of the impact of our mechanized civilization. For here the cocklewomen set forth at low tide, each on a donkey and with her head enveloped in a shawl fastened in the Arab fashion to protect her against the wind that can at times rage fiercely across the sands. Two, three, or four miles they trot, their donkeys splashing along in the shallow water, and looking exactly like a convoy of Bedouins in a flooded Sahara. The cockles lie hidden just under the surface, and with quick, dexterous fingers the cocklewomen scrape the sand and scoop them into their baskets where they are washed with sea water. With full baskets they trot briskly shorewards to prepare the cockles for the market. In Swansea, or in Carmarthen on market day, you will find them in the streets, where you may enjoy cockles and vinegar for a penny or two a plate.

Pembrokeshire

Down the coast to Tenby and we are in Pembrokeshire, the county that fills the southwestern tip of Wales. Pembrokeshire is in many ways one of the most curious counties in Wales. You may doubt sometimes whether Pembrokeshire is in Wales, for all around are English names like Deeplake, Letterstop, Goodwick, New Hedges, Lambston, Camrose, Rudbaxton, Milford Haven, and countless others. Indeed, south of Fishguard, it is difficult to find a Welsh name, whilst off the coast near Milford Haven, the two islands of Skomer and Skokholm add another linguistic complication to the scene. And you may wander over much of Pembrokeshire without finding anyone who even understands Welsh! The region is known as, "the Little England beyond Wales."

This curious phenomenon derives its origin from the forcible settling of a colony of Flemish weavers in this region in the 12th century, and, whether the antipathy was mutual or unilateral, it remains an amazing fact that the two groups of people, living

in some places in the same village, have always remained distinct and separate.

The Normans followed up their conquest of Britain by invading and occupying large tracts of Pembrokeshire, so you will not be disappointed if you look for Norman castles there. Tenby, itself, is an antiquarian's delight with its ancient walled town and historical remains, whilst the practical inhabitants have also utilized to the full its unique position on a cliff overlooking Carmarthen Bay and its firm sandy beach to turn it into a first-class modern seaside resort.

Caldey Island, a couple of miles south of Tenby, is tiny but enchanting in the profusion of its bays and coves. The southern part of the island swarms with seabirds whose shrill cries are at times almost deafening. Despite its size Caldey has a recently built monastery where the monks carry on weaving and metal work. And, typically Welsh, there is even a printing press.

Manorbier, on the road to Pembroke, is perhaps best known as the birthplace of Geraldus Cambrensis, the 12th-century writer who left us much interesting information about the Wales of his day.

Pembroke is worth a visit if only to see the castle, one of the most impressive ruins in Wales. It is easily accessible by road from Tenby, and the drive permits one also to stop a moment at Lamphey, anciently the country seat of the bishops of St. David's. The ruins of the bishop's palace are open for inspection.

In Milford Haven lies the truck of the old French battleship *L'Orient*, which was presented to the town by Lady Hamilton. This was the famous ship where "the boy stood on the burning deck whence all but he had fled." Lady Hamilton and her husband, at last united in death, lie buried in the little local churchyard.

There was a time when Milford Haven was an important town. It is easy to see even now the advantages its magnificent natural harbour with its numerous creeks gave it. Henry the Second used it in 1172 as the base from which he sailed to conquer Ireland, and until the early 19th century it still retained its importance as a point of departure for more peaceful voyagers to Ireland. Now it has one of the best fleets of fishing trawlers in Great Britain, and it is an even money chance that the kippered herring you may have had for breakfast in London was jumping energetically the evening before in the hold of one of Milford Haven's trawlers.

On the banks of the Cleddau, which flows into the eastern creek of Milford Haven, is Haverdfordwest, Scandinavian in

name and English in aspect and sentiment. A town such as you might find in one of the English southern counties, with its picturesque steep streets and its purposeful air of a prosperous little market town. What is left of its old castle is now used as a police station, but the 13th-century Church of St. Mary is probably one of the finest of its kind in Wales.

Fishguard is the terminus of the main south Wales railway line from London, and owes its present importance to the docks constructed at the beginning of the century by the Great Western Railway.

The town itself is perched on a cliff overlooking the harbour, and gives a superb view over the beautiful bay of Fishguard. A more peacefully calm scene would be hard to imagine, but, on February 21, 1797, the idyllic tranquillity of Fishguard was rudely shattered by the sudden appearance of three French ships that proceeded to disembark soldiers in what was to prove the last invasion of Great Britain. Lord Cawdor, the Lieutenant of the County, hastily mustered his scanty forces, farmers and labourers left their work and, armed with muskets, pitchforks and scythes, prepared to meet the invader. Things began to look black for the little army of defenders when suddenly there descended from the hillsides a multitude of red-coated figures. The Welsh women, clad in their traditional red cloaks and tall hats, had decided to join the men in the battle! The French, deceived by the red cloaks, took fright, thinking that the English army had arrived in force. The ships sailed away, leaving the already disembarked French soldiers to surrender, which they did with commendable speed. They were marched off to captivity by the enthusiastic amateur army, men and women vying with each other to see that no stragglers escaped. For a few days Fishguard celebrated its victory, when suddenly it was noticed that Lord Cawdor's yacht was leaving the harbour. Alas, love knows no patriotic boundaries. Two Welsh girls had fallen in love with two French prisoners, and during the night had helped them and others to escape. They boarded the yacht, which lay at anchor in the harbour, and sailed away to freedom. It appears that the two girls were subsequently married to their Frenchmen, and even paid a visit some years later to Fishguard where they were, surprisingly enough, received with enthusiasm.

On the northern tip of country that juts out over St. Bride's Bay is what has been described as the "holiest ground in Great Britain," for here, in the midst of a tiny village, is the venerable Cathedral of St. David. Unlike any other cathedral it does not seek to dominate the surrounding countryside with its enormous

mass, for it is set, quaintly enough, in an enormous hollow, and the visitor must climb down 39 steps (called locally the Thirty-Nine Articles) to enter the cathedral.

The first view of this cathedral is quite extraordinary for, from a distance, only the square tower can be seen, and it is only by approaching the vast hollow that one can see that there is a cathedral built within it.

From the outside, St. David's has a certain simple austerity that harmonizes well with the desolate, windswept countryside where it is built, but the interior is endowed with a richness that more than recompenses for this external severity. In the hush of this ancient building, soaked in centuries of tradition, one can recapture the atmosphere of those days nearly 1,400 years ago when this was almost the solitary outpost of Christianity in the British Isles.

Not far from St. David's are the ruins of the Church of Saint Nonna, the mother of St. David, and tradition has it that St. David himself was born here. As everywhere in this most westerly point of Wales, the scenery, though desolate, has a certain natural grandeur and wildness.

Cardiganshire

It is Cardiganshire's proud boast that it is the most Welsh of all the counties in Wales, and it is certainly true that nowhere in Cardiganshire will you find anything but Welsh as the predominant language of the people. A county of small farmsteads, fertile valleys watered by the Rheidre, the Aeron, the Ystwyth, the Teifi, the Towy and innumerable little mountain streams, it offers a pleasantly undulating landscape which, in the north, with Plynlimon, gives way to rugged and majestic mountain scenery. The coastline, from Aberporth to Borth, teems with delightful sandy beaches, rock-enclosed coves, cliffs, precipitous headlands, and all that is necessary to ensure a perfect seaside holiday. Aberystwyth is probably the best known of the Cardigan seaside resorts. But it is much more than this, for it is the oldest university town in Wales, and it also houses the magnificent National Library of Wales where one can examine the literature of Wales as well in ancient manuscript as in modern books.

The building of the University of Wales, of which the college at Aberystwyth is now the senior constituent college, is a striking example of the Welsh passion for education that we have already noticed. It began with a small group of determined

Welshmen in London who, led by Sir Hugh Owen, started a campaign for a Welsh university, and so fired their country with their enthusiasm that, no government support being forthcoming, door to door collections were made in every town, village and farm in Wales. With these halfpennies and pennies collected by voluntary workers (and one must go to Wales to know what it means to visit each tiny lonely house, perched sometimes high in the mountains) there was contributed over £60,000—a tremendous sum for such a small, poor country. Thus the first college was created in Aberystwyth, and housed in a building previously designed for a fantastic hotel scheme which failed. This was purchased for £10,000 out of the precious £60,000 and the University of Wales received its first student and became a reality instead of a visionary's dream. Now there are colleges at Bangor, Cardiff, and Swansea, and halfpennies and pennies are still scraped together in lonely farms to give the youth of Wales the advantages of advanced education.

Of recent years the research workers in the agricultural department of the university at Aberystwyth have astonished the world with their amazing experiments on grass. Starting with the notion of improving Welsh grassland, which in some districts is distinctly poor in quality, extraordinary experiments in the development of better pastures were so successful, under the guidance of Professor Stapledon, that this work is now world-famous. Today a farmer may visit the university and they will prescribe for him exactly the right grass and clover for his land. Specimens have been taken from all over the world, "married" together, until today there is hardly any kind of clover or grass that the wizards at Aberystwyth cannot produce at will.

Aberystwyth fully deserves its popularity as a holiday centre. Beautifully situated on the shores of Cardigan Bay, with a fine wide beach curving from the university buildings at the southern end to Constitution Hill at the northern extremity, Aberystwyth stands almost midway between north and south Wales. There are few towns in Wales that can boast such a wide variety of scenery within their immediate neighbourhood. Autocar and rail services make it easy to penetrate inland, and whether you go to Devil's Bridge along the beautiful Rheidol Valley, or up to Plynlimon through the wild but entrancing Llynfant Valley, or merely stroll over Constitution Hill to the lovely little beach at Clarach, you will see to the north the beginnings of the rugged mountain scenery so typical of north Wales, whilst to the south slope away more gently the hills and valleys of Cardiganshire.

Devil's Bridge is one of the most extraordinary sights in Great Britain. Clamped between two rocky cliffs through which a torrent of water pours unceasingly into a dark, seemingly bottomless pool far below, this bridge well deserves the name it bears—*Pont y gwr drwg*, or Bridge of the Evil One, for legend has it that it was the devil himself who built it. The scenery all around this truly awesome spot is in keeping with the majestic beauty of the falls, for here we see Nature in her untamed magnificence.

To the north of Devil's Bridge, Plynlimon raises its hoary head and bids you take heed that you are now on the threshold of north Wales, for its northern slopes stretch down to the River Dovey, which is the natural boundary between north and south Wales. The Severn and the Wye both spring from the flanks of this giant.

To the southeast of Aberystwyth lies the group of Welsh spas, Llandrindod Wells, Llanwrtyd Wells, Builth Wells, and Llangammarch Wells, all on or near the road from Shrewsbury to Swansea. Llandrindod Wells, with its sulphurous, saline, and chalybeate waters, is famed throughout Great Britain, whilst Llangammarch Wells has the distinction of possessing the only springs in Great Britain containing barium chloride, so useful for the treatment of diseases of the heart. Llanwrtyd Wells is popular apart from its reputation as a spa, for there are good golf and fishing, whilst Abernant Lake provides motorboat excursions for the visitor.

A few miles to the north of Llandrindod Wells is Rhayader, on the River Wye, well known to all who handle rod and line, and indeed all this superb country, rich in mountain scenery, is a fisherman's paradise, for nearby is the chain of lakes formed by the Elan River, which supplies water to the town of Birmingham over 70 miles away.

Merionethshire

An old song with a plaintive melody, *The Bells of Aberdovey*, has made Aberdovey famous. A legend relates that centuries ago the sea burst the protecting wall and submerged a large part of the town including the church, and it is said that if you listen carefully you will still hear the faint sound of the bells as they sway to and fro with the movement of the water. Debussy's *Cathédrale Engloutie* was probably inspired by this same legend, but lacks the simple charm of the old Welsh melody. Aberdovey is a quiet little town, unpretentious but hospitable,

with fine sandy beaches and an equable climate that attract great numbers of visitors.

In 1402 the great Welsh hero, Owen Glendower, was crowned Prince of Wales in Machynlleth before he began his brilliant but ill-fated campaign to drive out the English. The place in which he is said to have lived, Royal House, may still be seen. Machynlleth today, peaceful and law-abiding, is a favourite spot for anglers.

Barmouth, ideally situated on the northern side of the picturesque estuary of the Mawddach, with its two-mile-long promenade, its wide expanse of golden beaches, its facilities for sea, river, and mountain lake fishing, was even 100 years ago one of the most popular holiday resorts in Great Britain. Tennyson wrote part of his *In Memoriam* whilst staying there; Darwin worked on the *Origin of Species* and *The Descent of Man* in a house by the shore; Shelley stayed there with his wife in 1812; Ruskin was a constant visitor and was trustee of the St. George's cottages built there by the Guild of St. George in 1871. And indeed, Barmouth, with its superb view of the estuary, the impressive mass of Cader Idris to the south, Harlech Castle to the north, and its efficient transport system which enables the visitor to penetrate easily north, south, or east, is hard to over-rate as a place where the beauties of the Welsh landscape can be seen, as it were, in a concentrated form.

Nearby Dolgelly is an ancient mountain town where, from the Church of St. Mary, the curfew is still rung every evening as it has been done for centuries. Looming over the town is Mynydd Mawr, one of the peaks of the famous Cader Idris. This mountain, whose Welsh name means the Chair of Idris, is connected by ancient legend with Idris, the heroic warrior-bard. It is said that anyone sleeping for a night in that part of the mountain reputed to be the actual chair of the bard, will awaken either a poet or a madman.

Harlech Castle! What a wealth of legend, poetry, and song is conjured up by the name of this famous castle, towering on its great rock high above the green valleys slumbering far below. The inspiring music of Ceiriog's *Men of Harlech* well typifies the heroic defense of this castle in 1468 by Dafydd ap Eynion, who, summoned to surrender, replied defiantly: "I held a castle in France until every old woman in Wales heard of it, and I will hold a castle in Wales until every old woman in France hears of it!" His proud boast still rings down the centuries in the stirring music of *Men of Harlech*.

From Llanbedr, just below Harlech, begins the long line of

mysterious stone steps, called the Roman Steps, which climb inland for about two miles, and whose origins and purpose are still a mystery.

Caernarvonshire

And now to Caernarvonshire, the rugged county of Beddgelert, of Criccieth, Bettws y Coed, Llanberis Pass, Capel Curig, Nant Gwynant, and of Snowdon. For this is the county where Wales masses all its savage splendour, its fierce beauty, to shatter the complacency of the visitor and instil in his breast some faint echo of the passionate love of their country hymned by the unceasing procession of bards and singers down the long corridors of Welsh history. And yet, standing like a warning finger in this same county stands Caernarvon Castle, "that most magnificent badge of our subjection," wrote Pennant.

The railway, moving northwards up the coast of Merionethshire, swings westwards along Tremadoc Bay and comes to an abrupt halt at Pwllheli. For this is the Lleyn, or The Peninsula, where the inhabitants are reputed to know no English and live in this softly undulating, wooded county cut off from the mainland by the massive rampart of Caernarvon's mountains. Happily, frequent bus services enable the visitor to explore the rest of this delightful countryside. Just off the southwestern tip of Lleyn lies Bardsey Island, the "sacred island," where legend tells that 20,000 saints lie buried in its earth. Known in ancient time as the Gate of Paradise, three pilgrimages to Bardsey Island were counted by the Church as equivalent to one pilgrimage to Rome.

Pwllheli, where the railway ends, is proud of its sands, which it claims to be the finest in Wales. But the view across Tremadoc Bay with its towering background of mountains of Merionethshire would be enough to justify its reputation as one of the leading resorts of the Lleyn.

Criccieth, with its 13th-century castle, has become world famous as the home of Lloyd George. It is a pleasant little place, and again, the panorama of sea and mountain across Tremadoc Bay is breathtaking in its loveliness. Not far away is the village of Llanystumdwy, where Lloyd George went to school.

Across the arm of the Lleyn from Pwllheli, Nevin also attracts its quota of summer visitors. It stands on a cliff overlooking the delightful little bay of Porth Nevin.

Aberdaron, situated in Aberdaron Bay, is a little fishing village

that has two claims to fame. It is the most remote village in Wales, and secondly, it holds the grave of that extraordinary personage, Dick of Aberdaron, the son of a local carpenter who mastered 35 languages and made a dictionary in Welsh, Hebrew, and Greek! Eschewing the society of the cultured, he remained to the end of his days a roving vagabond, spurning the fame that might have been his.

Anglesey

Anglesey, known in early days as Mona, the Mother of Wales, is joined to the mainland by the Menai suspension bridge, one of the most extraordinary engineering feats ever achieved, especially when one considers that it was constructed in 1826. The main railway line from London passes over the Britannia tubular bridge which, although not so graceful as the suspension bridge, is a technical masterpiece, designed by Stephenson and finished in 1850. Before the building of these bridges the crossing was often a hazardous affair owing to the dangerous, swift currents running through the Straits. In 1952 the famous old "wooden wall" ship, *H.M.S. Conway*, used for nearly a century as a training vessel for navy and merchant navy cadets, was driven ashore by these currents. Her wreck, well preserved and the finest example of a mid-19th-century battleship still existing, can be seen on the Anglesey shore.

The first station in Anglesey after the crossing is famous as having the longest name of any place in the world:

LLANFAIRPWLLGWYNGYLLGOGERYCHWYRN-
DROBWLLANDYSILILOGOGOCHOCH

The local people are proud of this extraordinary name, and can even repeat it to you from memory, but the railway and ordnance survey authorities firmly refuse to recognize more than the first two syllables, and so it is officially known as Llanfair P.G., much to the relief of visitors and others who may have to expedite correspondence to this obstinate locality.

Anglesey still remains the corn-growing country it was in ancient days when its rich cornfields were reputed to be sufficiently extensive to feed all Wales. Hence the name of Mona, the Mother of Wales. But today many of these rich tracts are uncultivated, although numerous small whitewashed farmsteads carry on the old tradition. Ancient windmills add to the picturesqueness of the scene, whilst charming, unpretentious

seaside resorts are dotted about the northwest tip of Anglesey. From Holyhead a regular steamship service runs daily to Ireland. Holyhead is also a notable holiday resort, and from the granite rock of Mynydd y Twr, called in English, Holyhead Mountain, there is a superb view of Snowdonia, the Isle of Man and, on a clear day, even of Ireland.

Beaumaris is the assize town of Anglesey, and a quiet dignified seaside place, with facilities for yachting, bathing, and golf. Its castle was built by Edward I in 1293, to police Anglesey and Caernarvonshire.

And now back to the mainland to explore Caernarvonshire.

From Anglesey the railway slips over the straits to Bangor, a cathedral and university city which derives its name from *Banchor* or "chief choir," a religious institution founded in the 6th century by St. Deiniol, who also built the original church, destroyed by the Normans and rebuilt by them in the 12th century.

At the southern end of the Menai Straits lies Caernarvon, the grim majestic mass of its castle reflected in the now peaceful waters of the Seiont River. What tragedies and bloody encounters were witnessed by these silent sullen walls, erected by Edward I in the 13th century as a symbol of his determination to reduce the Welsh to complete subjection!

But in 1284 the crafty monarch bethought himself of an amazing scheme. Knowing that the proud Welsh chieftains would accept no foreign prince, he promised to designate a ruler who could speak no word of English. He sent his Queen, Eleanor of Castille, who was expecting a child, post-haste to Caernarvon that she might be delivered there, and in this cold stone fortress the Queen gave birth to a son. Triumphant Edward presented the infant to the assembled chieftains as their prince, "who spoke no English, had been born on Welsh soil, and whose first words would be spoken in Welsh." The ruse worked, and on that historic day was created the first Prince of Wales of English lineage. Since then the eldest son of the ruler of England has always been designated Prince of Wales.

Just below the southern slopes of the Snowdon range, and tucked away in a fairyland of sylvan groves and craggy heights where the crystal-clear Colwyn and Glaslyn join together, is the beautiful village of Beddgelert. Here is the scene of the sad legend that relates the death of the courageous hound Gelert. One day his master, Prince Llewellyn, left him to guard the hunting lodge where his baby son slept in his cradle whilst he went off to the chase. On his return he found the child missing,

the empty cradle covered with bloodstains, and Gelert crouching with a bloody muzzle by its side. Furious with rage and despair, Llewellyn drew his sword and slew the dog. At that moment he heard a plaintive cry and found the baby lying unharmed in a corner with a dead wolf at his side. Gelert had died to save his master's son. You may see his grave near Beddgelert—in English the Grave of Gelert—and although learned antiquarians split their heads in an attempt to disprove the veracity of the legend, the people of Beddgelert cling stoutly to their delightful though melancholy story.

Mount Snowdon

Snowdon is the highest mountain in England and Wales (3,571 feet) and can be ascended by foot or by mountain railway from Llanberis. It is impossible to describe the magnificence of the view on a clear day. To the northwest the Straits of Menai, Anglesey, and beyond to the Irish Sea, to the south the mountains of Merioneth, Harlech Castle, and Cader Idris, and all around great towering masses of rock, wild and barren of vegetation. If you take the railway from Llanberis, telephone from the terminus to ascertain whether the peak is free from mist, for you will lose much if you arrive when clouds, as often happens, encircle the monster's brow.

Bettws y Coed has been so lauded by writers, sketched, painted, photographed, that it is astonishing to find that it is even more lovely than one had been led to believe. It is set in a small green valley, and all around are crags and thickly wooded hills. Owing to its position, it gives an aspect of the Snowdon country that is quite unusual, for although it is within a few miles of the towering peaks, one can see only the hills directly surrounding it. The country around is therefore much less fatiguing to explore, but abounds in spots of enchanting beauty.

It would be difficult to find a more appropriate spot in which to bid adieu to the grandeur of Snowdonia than the pass of Llanberis. For this awe-inspiring, desolate cleft, with huge rocky crags towering over it on each side, is like a gigantic gash across the heart of these proud mountains. Sinister it can be on a misty day, when the great solitary shapes loom over the traveller like the giants of bygone Welsh legends.

In Orme's Bay, between the rocky precipices of Great Orme's Head and Little Orme's Head, Llandudno pursues its successful career as the most frequented of all Welsh seaside resorts. It is a favourite spot for visitors from the north of England and the

Midlands, for it provides practically everything that a holiday-maker can desire. A superb sandy beach, a magnificent situation in the shelter of Orme's Bay, safe, first-class bathing facilities, theatres, cinemas, and all the amenities of an up-to-date seaside resort, and yet down the valley of the Conway River, within easy distance by road or rail, lie the mountains and ancient towns, supremely indifferent to the encroachment of modern civilization.

Conway, a short distance south, plunges us into mediaeval times. The massive, tall walls, with their 21 semicircular towers, still encircle the town as they did when, nearly seven centuries ago, Edward I built them in his crusade to pacify the Welsh, and the castle, with its 15-foot-thick curtain walls, still broods menacingly over the adjacent countryside. In St. Mary's Church, formerly part of Conway Abbey, is a tombstone with a remarkable inscription:

"Here lieth Nicholas Hooke of Conway, who was the 41st child of his father Wm. Hooke and the father of 27 children; who died March 20, 1637."

Situated in the estuary of the River Conway, Conway is indeed a beautiful town. From the castle walls you can look down at the yachts lying at anchor in the river, for Conway is a well-known centre for sea and river craft. If you like mussels, don't forget to try them at Conway, where for centuries they have been gathered in the bar of the harbour. They are despatched in sealed bags all over England.

Denbigh and Flint

In ancient days Llanrwst was important for two things. Firstly, it carried the first bridge across the wider part of the Conway River, and secondly, it was famed throughout Wales for the manufacture of Welsh harps. Today the harp, though still manufactured, has been largely supplanted by radio and phonograph. Like all the towns in the charming Vale of Conway, Llanrwst is rich in the beauty of the surrounding countryside. Mountains, lakes, waterfalls, and tumbling, limpid streams are at hand in almost profligate profusion.

Llanrwst is host to the National Eisteddfod, probably the most picturesque and most moving ceremony in Wales. For here the love of song and poetry of the Welsh is organized to provide a spectacle unique in the world. Presided over by white-robed druids with their attendant blue-robed bards, the Eisteddfod summons the people of Wales each year to send forth its singers

and poets to participate in this colourful tournament. The culminating event is the choosing of the winning poet, and, so intense is the nationwide interest in this ceremony that special newspaper editions are snatched up eagerly by those, who, unable to go to the Eisteddfod, follow the proceedings with the anxiety that in England is reserved for dog racing and football matches.

A visit to the Welsh National Eisteddfod is unforgettable, for there you will realize the passionate devotion of the Welsh to the things they have guarded so jealously throughout the centuries. And you will hear the Welsh sing! For days they will sing, until you will become as intoxicated as they with the subtle blending of voices and the plaintive beauty of the songs.

Welsh Riviera

From Bangor to Rhyl, you might almost imagine yourself in the south of France, on the road between St. Raphael and Monte Carlo. To the right the mountains slope down almost to the water's edge whilst the road itself follows the windings of the coastline between sea and mountain. Rhyl, although popular owing to its accessibility from the English border, lacks the scenic advantages of, for example, Llandudno or Colwyn Bay. The surrounding country is quite flat, the mountains visible only in the far distance, but the air is bracing, the sands extensive and for a family holiday, Rhyl has definite advantages in safe bathing and well-organized amenities.

At the end of the 18th century two determined and romantic young Irish women, Lady Eleanor Butler and the Honourable Sarah Ponsonby, escaped from their respective parental roofs and, accompanied by their devoted servant, Mary Carryl (sometimes known as Molly the Bruiser), arrived at Llangollen, where they lived most of their lives, vowed to "friendship, celibacy, and the knitting of blue stockings."

Plas Newydd, where they lived, became a visiting place for many of the great figures of the day. The Duke of Wellington, De Quincey, Wordsworth, Madame de Senlis, Sir Walter Scott were all guests at the house. The house, with its oak carvings, panelling, and leatherwork—it was the custom for each visitor to bring something to add to the collection—may still be seen.

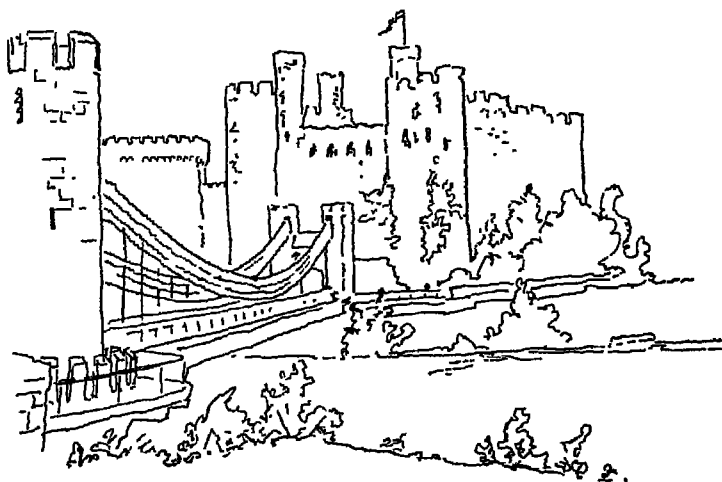
Llangollen is indeed a fitting setting for a romantic fugue. Surrounded by tree-covered hills it lies in a hollow by the side of the River Dee. Its charm is gentle and persuasive. One can well understand the enthusiastic eulogies of Hazlitt and Ruskin

who thought that Llangollen was the "most beautiful and delightful little town in Wales or anywhere else." Many visitors to the International Eisteddfod held here each year are of the same opinion. In 1957 singing and dancing teams from 26 countries including the United States came to this lovely little town by the Dee during the Eisteddfod. The program was televised to Europe by the Eurovision link, and tens of millions of people saw the glorious bridges spanning the Dee as the echoes of songs filled the valley in the evening air.

Not far from the little market town of Corwen is the village of Bryn-Eglwys, and in this village there is a parish church with a chapel bearing a name that has become world famous, for this is the Yale Chapel owned by the family of Elihu Yale, who carried the Welsh passion for education to the New World and founded Yale University. A mile or two away is the Plas-y-Yale, the former residence of the family.

Elihu Yale is buried in the churchyard at Wrexham, ten miles away. On his tombstone is carved the laconic inscription:

Born in America: in Europe bred,
In Africa travelled and in India wed,
Where long he lived and strived: at London dead.



THE NORTH

Backbone Of England

by

SYDNEY MOORHOUSE

A glance at a map of northern England shows a long elevated ridge of hills, known as the Pennine Chain, running right down the centre from the Scottish borders to the edge of the Midland shires. School children learn to speak of the Pennine Chain as "the backbone of England," and such a definition is most appropriate.

In the first place, the whole of North Country life owes something to the influence of that range of hills. Its very position means that it acts as the watershed for many rivers, and as these drain to east and west they naturally serve all parts of northern England. On the banks of the rivers are the great towns and cities of Lancashire, Yorkshire, Durham, and Northumberland. Where they enter the sea we find ports and ship-building yards of importance; higher up we have the textile centres, where the waters born among those Pennine hills are possessed with peculiar qualities of their own to enable the wool to be cleansed properly.

On the wilder slopes of the hills sheep farming is carried out, and it is significant that Bradford, the Yorkshire city that stands within sight of the Pennine hills themselves, is the greatest woollen centre in the world. That elevated barrier has its effect on climate, arresting the progress of the rain clouds that invariably travel from the west across the Atlantic, and so giving the central and west sections of the region a heavier annual rainfall than places farther to the east—a factor that the farmer, especially the crop-grower, must take into consideration.

But the term "backbone" has another significance that few North Country people themselves trouble to appreciate. Great chunks of the Pennine hills are, quite literally, composed of bones—yes, backbones—the bones of myriads of fishes and insects that once lived in the shallow seas of which northern England formed the bed. These bones, accumulating on the floor of those seas, built up the limestone that is today a feature of many sections of the Pennine. All that, of course, happened long before history.

These Pennine hills not only dominate North Country life but also determine its scenery.

Practical Information for the North



WHERE TO STAY. The north of England contains many huge industrial cities, which you may well need to visit on business, but hardly for pleasure, unless you're combining the two. Some information about these cities, and a limited selection of hotels, is shown separately, following a list of places in the north which are either resorts or historic centers. In all cases, hotel rates for single and double rooms include breakfast. These are average prices

ASHBOURNE (Derbyshire). Mentioned in the Domesday Book. *Green Man*, 11 rooms (none with baths), 20/- and 40/-

BERWICK-ON-TWEED (Northumberland). The Anglo-Scots border town. *King's Arms*, 24 rooms (2 with baths), 25/6 and 51/-. *Castle*, 14 rooms (none with baths), 30/- and 60/-

BRIDLINGTON (Yorkshire). Bracing North Sea resort, where Paul Jones captured the English ship "Serapis." Book well ahead if you're going to the June Dance Festival. *Expanse*, 46 rooms (8 with baths), 18/6 and 37/- *Monarch*, 45 rooms (17 with baths), 21/- and 42/-

BUXTON (Derbyshire). Favorite spa of the Peak District, 1000 feet above sea level. Population 19,600. *Palace*, 170 rooms (40 with baths), 33/- and 66/- *Spa*, 104 rooms (13 with baths), 25/- and 50/- *St Ann's*, 60 rooms (7 with baths), 25/- and 50/-

CASTLETON (Derbyshire). Ancient village at the center of the cavern and pot-hole district. Correspondingly time-honored customs. *Ye Olde Nag's Head*, 9 rooms (none with baths), 18/6 and 39/-

CHESTER (Cheshire). Britain's most complete medieval city, 180 miles from London. Population 58,500 Roman remains, city walls and rows, admirable touring center on lovely River Dee. *Blossoms*, 100 rooms (45 with baths), 27/6 and 55/- *Grosvenor*, 80 rooms (20 with baths), 40/- and 80/- *Rowton Hall and Country Club*, 24 rooms (2 with baths), 23/6 and 47/-

DURHAM (Durham). The county town.

Population 19,300. *Royal County*, 42 rooms (4 with baths), 30/- and 60/-

HARROGATE (Yorkshire). One of England's most famous and beautiful spas. An elegant town of 50,500 people *Majestic*, 200 rooms (70 with baths), 37/6 and 75/- *Carr Hydro*, 181 rooms (23 with baths), 25/- and 50/- *Old Swan*, 200 rooms (16 with baths), 30/- and 60/- *Prince of Wales*, 90 rooms (30 with baths), 27/6 and 50/- *Prospect*, 88 rooms (45 with baths), 30/- and 60/-

HEXHAM (Northumberland). Historic town on River Tyne near the Roman Wall built by Hadrian. Population 10,000. *Abbey*, 35 rooms (none with baths), 21/- and 42/-

LANCASTER (Lancashire). The county town, an historic spot. Ancient headquarters of the Red Rose faction. *Royal King's Arms*, 43 rooms (2 baths), 24/6 and 49/-

MATLOCK (Derbyshire). An inland resort with fine mountain scenery. Site of the petrifying well. Population 17,800. *Smedley's Hydro*, 230 rooms (none with baths), 21/- and 42/- *New Bath*, 45 rooms (none with baths), 21/- and 42/-

OTTERBURN (Northumberland). Tiny village (population 350) which is immortalized in the ballad, "Chevy Chase." *Percy Arms*, 38 rooms (1 with bath), 30/- and 60/-

RICHMOND (Yorkshire). Picturesque market town above the River Swale, with many ancient buildings. Population 6,200. *Fleece*, 13 rooms (2 with baths), 20/- and 40/-

RIFON (Yorkshire). Cathedral city on the River Skell; center for Fountains Abbey. Population 9,500. *Spa*, 50

rooms (10 with baths), 30/- and 60/-.

TYNEMOUTH (Northumberland). Coastal resort with abbey and other ancient relics, overlooking shipbuilding river. *Grand*, 31 rooms (2 with baths), 26/6 and 53/-.

WHITBY (Yorkshire). Historic North Sea harbor with ancient abbey. Captain Cook (Australia's discoverer) lived here. *Royal*, 120 rooms (12 with baths), 22/6 and 55/-. *Metropole*,

90 rooms (9 baths), 22/6 and 45/-.

YORK (Yorkshire). The county town. One of the greatest centers in Europe for medieval architecture. Ancient headquarters of the White Rose faction. Population 105,000. *Royal Station*, 124 rooms (10 with baths), 30/- and 55/-. *Chase*, 36 rooms (8 with baths), 30/- and 60/-. *White Swan*, 31 rooms (1 with bath), 25/- and 50/-.

Industrial Cities of the North

BRADFORD (Yorkshire). The world's wool center. Population 300,000, 201 miles from London (Kings Cross or St. Pancras). *Midland*, 80 rooms (21 with baths), 30/- and 60/-. *Victoria*, 56 rooms (15 with baths), 35/- and 65/-.

DARLINGTON (Durham). Iron, steel, and railway manufacturing, 232 miles from London (Kings Cross). Population 85,000. *King's Head*, 36 rooms (2 with baths), 30/- and 60/-.

HULL (Yorkshire). Vast seaport on the River Humber. Fishing center, 220 miles from London (Kings Cross). Population 300,000. *Royal Station*, 124 rooms (14 with baths), 36/- and 56/-. *White House*, 50 rooms (14 with baths), 25/- and 50/-.

LEEDS (Yorkshire). Woolen and clothing center, 186 miles from London (Kings Cross or St. Pancras). Population 505,000. *Queens*, one of the north's greatest and most modern hotels, 210 rooms (all with private baths), 38/- and 86/-. *Metropole*, 125 rooms (20 with baths), 26/6 and 51/-.

LIVERPOOL (Lancashire). Arrival point for many American visitors. One of the world's greatest ports, with Birkenhead (Cheshire) on opposite bank of Mersey. Cathedral still being built. Population 800,000, 194 miles from London (Euston) and 33 miles from Manchester. *Adelphi*, 315 rooms (132 with baths), 45/6 and 80/-. *Exchange*, 104 rooms (7 with baths), 40/- and 65/-. *Stork*, 82 rooms (7 with baths), 26/6 and 45/-.

MANCHESTER (Lancashire). The world's cotton center. Many fine public buildings devoted to culture.

Population 703,000. Ringway Airport (for New York, London, and the Continent); 189 miles from London (Euston & St. Pancras). *Midland*, 313 rooms (93 with baths), 45/6 and 76/-. *Queens*, recently modernised, 100 rooms (10 with baths), 32/6 and 70/-. *Grand*, 143 rooms (43 with baths), 40/- and 80/-. Famous Manchester restaurants: *New Elizabethan*; *Prince*; *Rolls*.

MIDDLESBROUGH (Yorkshire). Britain's newest great city. Steel industries. Population 150,000, 245 miles from London (Kings Cross). *Corporation*, 49 rooms (5 with baths), 30/- and 60/-. *Highfield*, 24 rooms (2 with baths), 27/6 and 55/-.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE (Northumberland). Large shipbuilding and mining industries. Ancient Norman buildings. Population 290,000, 268 miles from London (Kings Cross). *Royal Station*, 143 rooms (23 with baths), 35/- and 70/-. *Royal Turk's Head*, 100 rooms (20 with baths), 32/6 and 65/-. *County*, 98 rooms (none with baths), 32/6 and 65/-.

SHEFFIELD (Yorkshire). The world's leading cutlery manufacturing city. Population 507,000, 160 miles from London. (Kings Cross, Marylebone, or St. Pancras). *Grand*, 170 rooms (18 with baths), 35/- and 70/-. *Royal Victoria*, 65 rooms (10 with baths), 35/- and 62/6.

SUNDERLAND (Durham). Shipbuilding town on the Weir. Population 182,000. 275 miles from London (King's Cross). *Grand*, 75 rooms (2 with baths), 21/6 and 42/-.

Famous Seaside Resorts

Lancashire flocks to Blackpool, Southport, and Morecambe Yorkshire and Northumberland use Scarborough and Whitley Bay These places are also the venue for great conferences and conventions

BLACKPOOL (Lancashire) *Clifton*, 100 rooms (20 with baths), 23/- and 48/- *Noisbreck Hydro*, 400 rooms (26 with bath), 30/- and 60/- *Savoy*, 250 rooms (26 with baths), 25/- and 50/-

MORECAMBE (Lancashire) *Grand*, 48 rooms (10 with baths) 25/- and 50/- *Grosvenor*, 60 rooms (5 with baths) 25/6 and 51/- *Midland* 41 rooms (18 with baths) 32/6 and 65/-

SCARBOROUGH (Yorkshire) *Crown*, 100 rooms (20 with baths), 28/6 and

50/- *Grand*, 250 rooms (45 with baths) 30/- and 60/- *Royal* 165 rooms (19 with baths) 25/- and 50/-

SOUTHPORT (Lancashire) *Palace*, 150 rooms (40 with baths) 30/- and 60/- *Prince of Wales*, 150 rooms (30 with baths) 30/6 and 61/-

WHITLEY BAY (Northumberland) *Rez*, 160 rooms (7 with baths) 22/6 and 45/- *Esplanade*, 30 rooms (none with baths) 20/- and 40/-

Historic Houses Open to the Public

DERBYSHIRE *Chatsworth*, near Bakewell Home of the Duke of Devonshire One of the greatest private houses in the world Open April to October weekends and Wed, Thurs, 2-5 30 p m, but varies Admission 2/6 *Haddon Hall*, Bakewell Home of the Duke of Rutland Open daily except Sun April-October, 11-6 p m Admission 2/6 *Hardwick Hall*, near Chesterfield Home of the Dowager Duchess of Devonshire Open similar times to Chatsworth Admission 2/6

LANCASHIRE *Gawthorpe Hall*, near Burnley Owned by Lord Shuttleworth and Home of the Shuttleworths since 1330 Open by arrangement, write to Visitor's Secretary, Gawthorpe Hall Admission 2/6 *Speke Hall*, Liverpool Liverpool Corporation Open daily all year, 10 a m to 7 p m or 5 p m Admission 1/- *Wythenshawe Hall*, Manchester Manchester Corporation Open all year, daily, 10 a m to dusk Free

YORKSHIRE Has many beautiful old houses and castles Among those you can visit are *Burton Agnes Hall*, Bridlington Home of Mr M W Boynton Open May to October 31, Monday to Friday, 1 45 to 5 p m Admission 2/6 *Harewood House*, Leeds Home of H R H The Princess Royal and the Earl of Harewood Open April to October on Wed and Thurs, 10 a m -6 p m, Sun only in October, 12-6 p m Admission 2/6 *Serlby Hall*, near Doncaster Home of Viscount Galway Open May to September, Wed., Thurs, Sat 2 30-6 or 5 p m Admission 2/6

NORTHUMBERLAND *Alnwick Castle* Home of the Duke of Northumberland. May to October Varying days, usually Wed, Thurs, Fri, Sat 1-4 30 p m Admission 2/6 *Seaton Delaval Hall*, near Newcastle Home of The Hon Edward Ashley Largest stables in England Open May to September daily except Tuesday and Friday, 2-5 30 p m Admission 1/- *Bamburgh Castle*. Home of Lord Armstrong, founded in 547 A D, fully restored Open daily 2-8 p m, Easter to mid-October Admission 1/-

Exploring the North

We can start at Ashbourne, not as a place where the Midland scene ends but as one where the northern scene commences It

is a pleasant sort of town, where Dr. Johnson lingered awhile and where the sign of the *Green Man* inn stretches right across one of the streets. Ashbourne, in fact, still wears the unchanging air of the Midlands. Not yet has the Pennine made an attempt to influence the scene.

Dovedale

Go north for a mile or two, however, and Dovedale opens ahead, a narrow defile through precipitous sides of white limestone and watered by one of the pleasantest little streams in the whole land. Now you see at once the essential difference between the northern and the Midland scene. In the Midlands we seemed to go from one type to another without ever being conscious of any change. In no place did we encounter anything quite so sweeping and so abrupt as the change that comes within a mile or two of Ashbourne. That sudden impact with the Pennine changes the character of the country, and with it comes a corresponding change in the temper of the people.

Dovedale is one of the outstanding beauty spots of England. Poet and novelist alike have told of its charms. The angler, too, will be interested in the fact that this is one of the most celebrated trout streams in the land. The gentle Isaac Walton, of *Compleat Angler* fame, spent many hours fishing here.

Perhaps one of the advantages of Dovedale is that it must be visited on foot. No road runs its length; only pleasant waterside paths that wind round the feet of limestone buttresses and then cross the green turfed fields that comprise the narrow floor of the dale. That, of course, means that Dovedale remains, for the most part, completely unspoilt. You can enjoy to the full the clear, swiftly-flowing stream and the great limestone pinnacles, carved by Nature to represent a score of odd designs, all along the ten-mile footpath from Ashbourne to Hartington, near the head of the dale.

A few miles to the west and running almost parallel with Dovedale for many miles is the Manifold valley, broader and less dramatic than Dovedale but well worth visiting for the sake of seeing its queer vanishing river.

Some 12 miles to the east is the course of another Derbyshire river, the Derwent, and to reach it from Ashbourne there is a road across a windswept plateau through Wirksworth, the capital of the Derbyshire lead mining area, and Cromford to Matlock. Lead mining has been carried out in this part of the county since pre-Roman days, and the miners' rights are

governed by many quaint and ancient laws. Time was when the penalty for stealing lead was to pin the offender's right hand to a pillar with a knife and then place another knife in his left hand. If he was courageous enough to cut off his own hand he could escape; if not, he remained until he died. Such barbarous practices are no longer carried out, but mining disputes are still settled by special courts, and the Mote Hall at Wirksworth is the place where one of these, known as "The Great Barmote Court of the Soke and Wapentake of Wirksworth," has its meetings.

Up the Wye to Buxton

It is tempting to suggest that the Derwent be now followed past Chatsworth House to its course in the great moors of the Peak, but to do this would mean neglecting one of the most interesting sections of the county. At Rowsley, the Derwent is joined by its tributary, the Wye (not to be confused with the other and better known Wye of the west of England) and we shall do well to turn along its valley and follow this stream, which flows glass-like through the meadows, to reach Haddon Hall, one of England's loveliest mansions. The magnificent baronial mansion is one of the possessions of the Duke of Rutland and well worth a visit. It is associated with the poignant and romantic legend of the elopement of Dorothy Vernon and John Manners.

A mile away is Bakewell, with one of the most magnificent churches in the county, and then the Wye begins to feel the presence of the hills, which now present well-wooded slopes on either side. At Monsal Dale, the limestone cliffs again begin to take possession of the scene, and henceforward, through Millers Dale and Chee Dale, the river flows through a succession of gorges.

Near the head of the Wye is Buxton, over 1,000 feet up and, like Matlock, renowned for the medicinal qualities of its waters. Indeed, the Romans knew the curative powers of the chalybeate springs and, in all probability, laid the foundations of what has developed into one of the most popular of England's inland spas.

Buxton makes a fine centre from which to explore the surrounding countryside. On one of the hills behind, Grinlow, is the entrance to Poole's Cavern, which goes underground for nearly 1,000 yards, and further afield there are roads and tracks across the uplands to Ave Edge, a breezy heathery expanse of upland commanding some of the widest views in the district.

Not far away is the renowned *Cat and Fiddle* inn, one of the highest licensed houses in the country.

North, too, are fine walks across a windswept limestone plateau. Here one cannot fail to notice an absence of trees and even hedges that causes the upland fields and pastures to be separated by mortarless walls of limestone, criss-crossing the landscape and adding manmade beauty to that of Nature. Water is absent from these hills, and in the fields are strange dew-ponds, little circular pools formed by a basin of puddled clay and straw in which the farmers catch the moisture from the air and provide the necessary liquid nourishment for their cattle and sheep.

Back again to Rowsley to follow the course of the Derwent, the way ahead soon reaches one of the most famous English parks, Chatsworth. Chatsworth House, backed by wooded hills, is another of England's stately homes and is the principal seat of the Duke of Devonshire. The interior is packed with wonderful examples of art, furnishings, and decorated work. The gardens, designed 100 years ago by the celebrated landscapist Joseph Paxton, are well worth a visit.

Continuing upstream, the valley becomes narrower again and, on the one hand, to the west, we have the limestone uplands, on the other, dark rock, millstone grit of a much later geological age, making rugged edges along the skyline as it thrusts itself through the outer covering of heather and bracken. On these heights is the Longshaw Estate, where the public have access to a great expanse of spreading moor, and here, in early September, take place the annual sheepdog trials that attract visitors from all parts of the north.

Sheepdog Trials

The sheepdog trial is an important feature of the English summer, and practically every Pennine dale has its own. For generations the men of the hills have been famed for their skill as sheep farmers—indeed, you cannot but have noticed the animals whenever you have crossed the uplands—and they have their fourfooted helpmates, the black-and-white Collie dogs, which themselves are acknowledged masters of the craft of controlling the lively upland sheep. Sheepdog trials were started in Wales some 80 years ago for the purpose of testing the working qualities of the dogs, and the movement soon spread to England and Scotland. The Longshaw trials were first held in 1896. The tasks set the dog are to gather, or collect, a small flock of sheep, bring

them to the shepherd, and then guide them in triangular fashion through gaps between hurdle-gates. After that, certain marked sheep have to be separated from the remainder of the flock and then the entire batch driven into a small pen.

It is not so much the technical aspect as the spectacle that is most likely to interest the everyday visitor. The sight of the black-and-white Border Collie dog showing such apparent eagerness for the work, the obedience to command, and the fact that those commands are given by a shepherd or farmer using whistles rather than the spoken word all appeal to the imagination. Even more thrilling are the contests in which one man uses two dogs at the same time, the animals co-operating to work the flock of sheep.

After you have watched a sheepdog trial the sheep themselves become more interesting, and it is worth mentioning that the breeds one sees about the Pennine hills are all members of what is generally known as the "black-faced" tribe, hardy, wiry creatures capable of standing up to all the vagaries of the climate in these upland parts. The types differ slightly as one journeys from one place to another, but, basically, the different local breeds are all interrelated, and, of course, there is a deal of cross-breeding carried on by the local farmers and flockmasters.

Through Grindleford and Bamford, there is the same green trench through the hills, and then, above Bamford, the valley has been dammed to form a succession of three artificial lakes which act as reservoirs for several of the north Midland towns and cities.

Moors of the Pennine

It is, however, on the brown uplands beyond these that the infant Derwent itself springs to life. There is neither road nor footpath leading to the actual source among the heathery wastes of Bleaklow Head, one of the two mountain massifs of north Derbyshire, but above the highest reservoir a moorland track leaves the stripling river to make its way over the watershed and out of Derbyshire into Yorkshire, a track leading through some of the wildest and loneliest scenery in this section of the Pennine.

This, indeed, would take you across moors where the great silences are broken only by the cries of moor-haunting birds. Here you can expect to see the red grouse, the bird that Britain gave to the world. Originally, it was found solely in the British Isles, but in recent years attempts have been made to introduce

it elsewhere. With the grouse will be heard the lovely call of the curlew, the plaintive cries of the lapwing, and the liquid notes of the golden plover. On these same uplands of the Derbyshire and Yorkshire border, a friend of mine saw the great white-tailed eagle.

Castleton is near the northern edge of the Derbyshire limestone area. Climb the ridge to the north and you are on gritstone and not until you have gone north again for another 60 or so miles do you find those gleaming white outcrops of rock in the fields and on the hills that are so familiar a sight on the Derbyshire uplands.

The Peak

Wildest Derbyshire, however, lies on the other side of that same ridge, the section of Derbyshire known as the Peak, and here it must be pointed out that the Peak is a district and not an individual mountain. Time was when these untamed uplands constituted part of a royal hunting forest, and old Camden, the Elizabethan chronicler, wrote of the area as being "called in the Old English tongue Peac-Land and at this day the Peak."

Having got this matter of a name sorted out, we can turn to the scene itself. Britain can show little wilder than the sight of Kinder Scout, with its ragged edges of gritstone and its seemingly interminable leagues of heather and peat. Late summer brings a covering of reddish-purple as the heather flowers, but the time to really appreciate the sombre beauties of Kinder and its neighbours is in late autumn or early winter, when the clouds hang low and every gully seems to accentuate the brooding spirit of the moor.

Perhaps one gets nearer to the elemental source of Nature on Kinder than elsewhere, but long after Derbyshire has been left behind there is still the same sombre beauty about the Pennine hills. There is, on the other hand, a somewhat more circumscribed panorama. The ridge is there all right, but the long valleys that stretch out both east and west are given over to industry. If I quote from a technical work in the British Regional Geology series. Dr. D. A. Wray's *The Pennine and Adjacent Areas*, I do so to show that here, as elsewhere in the north, the Pennine dominates all else. Writing of these very moors, Dr. Wray tells us: "These moorlands present on the whole a grey and austere aspect, and owing to the poor soil and scanty vegetation are among the most thinly populated areas in the whole of the Pennines. They are, however, of the greatest eco-

nomic importance as extensive gathering grounds for the water supply of the neighbouring thickly populated centres on the adjacent foothills and lowlands. The abundant supply of soft and pure water has also been an important factor in the development of the textile and allied industries on the lower slopes of the Pennines."

Indeed, going northwards the skyline of the Pennine towers above the smoke and dirt of industrialism, and we see how the "textile and allied industries" have repaid the generosity of their guardian hills by blackening the rocks with soot and grime and even giving the heather and cotton grass that same sooty tinge.

West Riding and the Brontës

North of the Calder valley and south of that of the Aire these same gaunt hills enclose an area that is classical ground, the district immortalized by the writings of the famous Brontë sisters. Haworth, a few miles from Keighley, is the Mecca of the Brontë enthusiast, a grey, unlovely west Yorkshire town that certainly might have passed unobserved throughout the years but for the magnetism of the family that lived in the old parsonage, now the museum of the Brontë Society. Every summer thousands of folk toil up the steep main street to visit the hilltop church and the museum. There, I am afraid, Brontë enthusiasm all too often stops.

To understand the real spirit of the Brontë books it is necessary to go farther afield. Even to go as far as the Brontë waterfall and beyond that to the ruined farm of Higher Withins, which everyone calls *Wuthering Heights*, right on the crest of the hills, is to see something of the moors behind, but better still is to cross the watershed to Wycollar, over the Lancashire border, or make that fine walk from Withins to the Hardcastle Craggs valley.

It is, of course, quite natural to ask whether the Brontës drew their inspiration from these moors entirely or whether they would have been equally at home had the Rev. Patrick been incumbent in some other parish.

With Emily Brontë, at least, it is impossible to separate the story from its setting. If ever a book emerged from the womb of its creator breathing the same rarefied air that had assailed Emily's nostrils for years on end, that book was *Wuthering Heights*. "My sister Emily loved the moors," sister Charlotte once wrote. "Flowers brighter than the rose bloomed in the

blackest of the heath for her; out of a sullen hollow in a livid hillside her mind could make an Eden. She found in the bleak solitude many and dear delights; and not the least and best-loved was liberty. Liberty was the breath of Emily's nostrils; without it she perished."

There are people, dwellers in the north of England included, who find the wildness of these moors rather oppressive, but to most of us there is a beauty of black and white as well as that of oils, and the Brontë scene has certainly been etched in the lights and shades that speak of the accomplished artist.

In Lancashire

North of the gap made by the Aire River the limestone breaks through again, but it is worth while thrusting west towards Lancashire to find the delights of the Ribbles valley, with its chain of lovely villages, backed on the south by the couchant lion rampart or Pendle Hill, where the famous Lancashire witches practised their various debaucheries in the reign of James I, even as related in Harrison Ainsworth's classic story, *The Lancashire Witches*.

No mention of Lancashire would be complete without reference to its long, indented coastline, and to Blackpool in particular. Blackpool is a massive seaside resort, attracting literally millions of people every year from the Lancashire cotton towns, the woollen areas of Yorkshire, and from all over the north of England. Its seven miles of promenade are lighted in the fall by the world's most brilliant illuminations, when nearly ten million electric bulbs are used. Morecambe and Southport are other great holiday centres on this coast—new, artificial, noisy, but gay.

Back to Yorkshire

North of the Aire gap one enters the Craven country, with its numerous caves and limestone escarpments. Perhaps the most enchanting of Craven villages is Malham, at the head of the Aire, backed by a 300-foot-high limestone cliff at Malham Cove, at the base of which an infant stream bubbles forth into a green world after an underground journey from an as yet undiscovered source. At hand are secret hidden valleys and limestone gorges and chasms, such as the great gash in the cliffs at Gordale Scar.

Northwest is Ingleborough, most outstanding of all Yorkshire

hills, with a host of caves to visit, and, nestling at its foot, Ingleborough Hall, where the great botanist-explorer, the late Reginald Farrer, father of Alpine gardening, laid out a rock garden that is still visited by enthusiasts the world over. Today thousands who have never heard the name of Farrer practise the art he invented.

Yorkshire is famous for dales that make long tunnels on their passage from the high moors to the expansive plain. Wharfedale, the first of them (approaching from the south), begins to feel the influence of the Pennine at Ilkley, the Roman *Olicana*, and at the northern foot of the spreading brown-to-gold expanse of Rombald's Moor. Six miles up the dale is Bolton Priory, where architectural beauty goes hand in hand with loveliness of setting, and from here there are roads and riverside paths through the woods to Burnsall, considered by many as the loveliest of Wharfedale villages, standing peaceful and undisturbed beside its spacious green.

Grassington, a place ancient in both architecture and setting, marks the entry into wilder scenes, and from there the road continues through Kilnsey, clustered under a great bulge of limestone overhanging cottages and dale, Kettlewell and Buckden, beyond which the Wharfe comes dancing through a narrow mountain-girt valley until, with the river now a series of silvery tributaries, only the great fells remain in all their glory.

The next dale north, Nidderdale, is softer in scene and setting. Harrogate, a prospering inland spa, though outside the confines of the dale proper, makes a capital centre for exploring the nearby countryside, and not far away is Knaresborough, where the Nidd flows through a wide ravine and past the cliff crowned with the ruins of Knaresborough Castle, with its grim traditions emphasized by the equally grim dungeons that remain. Above, the Nidd valley takes the traveller through villages possessing a comeliness all of their own until, like the remaining dales, it has its birth on the open flanks of the everbrooding Pennine.

In North Riding

Wensleydale is even wider and softer in its lower regions. The best approach is from Ripon, where the old Cathedral of St. Wilfrid is well worth a visit, and there is a lovely journey upstream through some of the fairest scenery in England. At Middleham is the great castle where Warwick the Kingmaker had his home during the stirring years when England was torn between loyalties to the Houses of Lancaster and York con-

tending for a country's throne, and higher up the dale is Bolton Castle, where Mary Queen of Scots was held prisoner for a while. Ahead is Wensleydale at its wildest, a firm contrast with the softer pastures to the east.

Swaledale is even wilder, a dale bounded on either side by steep-sided fells and extensive sheep walks. Here, near the head of the dale, originated one of the hardiest of black-faced sheep breeds, the Swaledale itself. The villages take on something of the texture of the fells and fit snugly into little pockets looking as though they, like the Pennine, have been there from eternity.

Richmond and York

Guarding the entrance to the dale is one of the finest of all North Country towns, Richmond, with its castle standing on the brink of a great cliff. Richmond Castle is one of the noblest specimens of mediaeval fortification in the land, and its keep is generally regarded as being among the most perfect Norman towers in existence. The Holy Trinity Church is the only one in England that has shops built into the walls, a reminder of the town's connections with the Dukes of Brittany, who introduced much of what was predominantly Continental in atmosphere and architecture.

Let us leave the shadow of the hills for a while, and journey east-across the great plain to York, surely the most entrancing of all English cities. It would take a fat guidebook in itself to do justice to York. Suffice it to say here that no one should leave without making a complete perambulation of the city walls, visiting the historic Minster that stands on the site of the wooden chapel put up by Edwin, King of Northumbria, in A.D. 627, and wandering along the quaint street known as the Shambles, a cobbled alleyway where the upper storeys of the buildings overhang the narrow cobbled street.

The Yorkshire Coast

From York, the Yorkshire coast calls, and there are roads across the chalk escarpments of the windswept wolds to Bridlington, a town combining buildings of historic interest with all the amenities of a modern seaside resort. North is the chalk promontory of Flamborough Head, with two rocky bays where blue-jerseyed fishermen congregate and there are a multitude of caves to explore.

Up the coast is Scarborough, again combining modern amen-

ities with much of historic interest. A ruined castle perches on the summit of a rocky headland, and beside the busy fishing harbour are old houses and inns redolent with the atmosphere of the days when smuggling was rife. Northwards are paths along the edge of the cliffs, passing bays full of the sound of deep-sea music. The roads keep further inland, but whether one goes by road or path, Robin Hood's Bay, a crazy collection of red-roofed cottages crammed together in a little declivity of the cliffs and seemingly about to slip into the North Sea, should not be missed.

Whitby is one of the glories of the Yorkshire coast. The river Esk comes down a long glen-like ravine cut through the moors and makes a natural harbour of great beauty. Above it, on either side, red-roofed buildings rise tier upon tier, and on top of the cliff are the gaunt ruins of Whitby Abbey, its traceried frame silhouetted against the sky and hurling defiance at the restless North Sea waves.

The Northumberland Coast

Perhaps less known, but containing treasures of equal delight, is the Northumberland coast. Only a few miles east of busy Newcastle-on-Tyne is Tynemouth, where castle and priory ruins grace the top of a cliff commanding the entrance to the river, and just north is Cullercoats, as quaint a fishing village as can be found in Britain.

Near the mouth of the Coquet is another fine castle, that of Warkworth, with its many associations with the fighting Percys, Lords of Northumberland, and inland is Alnwick, where the Percys had yet another castle which is still in good condition and in the possession of the Dukes of Northumberland. North of the Coquet, the Northumberland coast reveals its finest features. Here and there the hard basaltic rock thrusts itself out into the North Sea, and makes the grand headlands crowned with the ruins of Dunstanburgh and the even more striking fortification of Bamburgh, which legend declares to have been the Joyous Garde of Sir Lancelot du Lac, one of King Arthur's fabulous knights. Off the fishing village of Seahouses, however, a seaward extension of this same basaltic rock results in the long line of the Farne Islands, sanctuaries of some of Britain's rarest sea birds. Go there in June and early July and see the colonies of gulls, terns, ruffins, and, most fascinating of all, eider duck.

Continuing north, the long line of Lindisfarne, or Holy Island, cradle of northern England Christianity, shows on the eastward

horizon. To reach it one travels by car or horsedrawn cart over three miles of tide-washed sand, a journey possible only at certain times of the day. Go there to see the red ruins of Lindisfarne Priory, built on the site of the first Christian edifice in the north, and the fairylike castle of Beblowe, a miniature fortress perched on top of a conical-shaped piece of rock.

Berwick-on-Tweed marks the approach to Scotland, and is the last town of the Northumberland coast. Wandering round its street one feels conscious of being in the presence of things that are old. Yet Berwick bore the brunt of the border wars between England and Scotland so fiercely that it is difficult to find any building that is really old still standing intact. Ravaged by fire on many an occasion, it has been built and rebuilt, yet because the same masonry was used time and time again it retains an atmosphere of age. The stones themselves bridge the long course of borderland history.

Inland Toward Durham

Inland, the scene changes to one in which the fells dominate all else. Now the long line of the Pennine merges into the mountain barrier of the Cheviots, the natural boundary between England and Scotland. The political boundary, however, often leaves the summit of the ridge, and in so doing leaves Muckle Cheviot, the highest hill of all, wholly in England.

In these last stages before the swelling Pennine merges somewhat indeliberately into the Cheviots, are long dales where every village has its links with the past. Solid keep-like fortresses, known as pele towers, stand, stark and grave, at every vantage point of strategic value. Farmhouses and even churches take on the appearance of forts. These things show that there was a time when eternal vigilance was the price paid for survival of goods and property. Even the sheep, the white-faced Cheviot breed, display a strange trait of the days of raiding. As night falls, they make their way up the slopes from the valleys, a survival of the days when the flocks were driven to higher ground and away from the dales' tracks and passes used by the bands of raiders. These tracks, naturally, followed the main river dales and from the heads of both the North Tyne and the Rede good roads climb through gaps between the hills and so pass from England into Scotland.

One can get a fairly good idea of Roman ways by devoting attention to the long line of Hadrian's Wall which runs along the brink of a whinsill elevation just north of the main road

between Newcastle and Carlisle, between the North Tyne and the Cumberland border. Popularly known as Hadrian's Wall, it consists of a long line of camps and fortified sites joined together by a great wall, still five or six feet high in places and wide enough to be walked upon with apparent ease. It is the most impressive of all England's links with the days of the Roman occupation and was built at the order of the Emperor Hadrian himself, about 120 A.D., to serve as a kind of fortified boundary between the lands over which the Romans held supreme and unchallenged control, and the area to the north where all attempts at settlement proved transitory when the Picts defied subjection.

Alston and the Roof of England

South of the wall is the valley of the North Tyne, and the defile takes the wanderer up to Alston, claiming to be England's highest market town. Here is the real roof of the Pennine, an area of remoteness rising to over 3,000 feet and the climax of all that is grand and wild on England's backbone. Now and then one comes across signs of early lead mining activities, but throughout most of the area the sheep hold undisputed sway. On the east are river valleys, that of the Wear passing through much of Durham county and revealing scenery of a grand nature before reaching the industrial belt. Further south is Teesdale, with an ever-swelling river acting as boundary between Yorkshire and Durham for many miles of its course. In the upper reaches are the fine cataracts of Cauldron Snout and High Force, midway down the dale is Barnard Castle, where the Baliols had a fortress and Charles Dickens stayed when collecting material for *Nicholas Nickleby*, and in the lower reaches are the agricultural lands that did so much to produce England's most noted breed of cattle, the Dairy Shorthorn.

Astride the Wear the city of Durham presents a true bastion to invaders from north and south. Its magnificent Norman cathedral and the Castle of the Prince Bishops share the summit of a wooded bank rising abruptly from the river, more or less in the centre of the city. Seeing this massive double structure (the finest view is from the railway embankment as the train from the south sweeps round a curve into Durham station), one is reminded of the words of an anonymous bard who lived 800 years ago and wrote of Durham, "Half church of God, half castle 'gainst the Scot." Durham University, one of the leading places of learning in Britain, occupies the castle. The city has a quiet

gentle air about it, although it is the county town of a mining and shipbuilding region.

Between Durham and Newcastle lies the little village of Washington, a mecca for American visitors. This is the ancestral home of George Washington, and Washington Old Hall, a 17th-century building, contains portions of the original manor house belonging to the first recorded member of the family in 1183.

Back to Lancashire

A fleeting glimpse of Pendle Hill and the villages of the Ribble did no more than indicate the bonniness of some parts of a county more often noted for its connections with cotton than scenery. Lancashire's cotton towns are certainly famed throughout the world. Each one has a character of its own. Each one, too, has its hinterland of hill country and, indeed, those in search of beauty might do worse than climb one of these elevations at dusk on a winter's afternoon and see the display as the many-storied mills begin to light up, and thousands of yellow lamps stab the murk and drabness of an industrial valley.

Lancashire, however, is two-thirds rural. Lancaster, the county city, lacks the appeal of York and has lost many of its buildings, but there is no escaping the beauty of its mediaeval fortress on the hill above the estuary of the Lune. Southwest are the flat lands of the Fylde, where dairy cattle find sustenance among the meadows, and where Blackpool, most famous of North Country holiday resorts, has brought the art of catering for the pleasures of the multitudes to the acme of perfection. North of Lancaster is the great arc of Morecambe Bay, with rural villages, as well as Morecambe itself, bordering the shores. At one of these, Warton, the ancestors of George Washington lived after they moved from Washington Old Hall in County Durham, and the family coat-of-arms, on which the stars and stripes emblem is said to be based, can be seen on the outer wall of the church tower.

North of Morecambe Bay are the foothills of the Lake Country, and here Lancashire joins with Westmoreland and Cumberland to make up the English Lake District.

THE LAKE DISTRICT

A Vast Natural Park

by

Z. A. GRABOWSKI

In every country holiday fashions change and almost every year some resorts and districts become more popular while others almost fall into oblivion or become overshadowed by places appealing more to the smart set. Holiday resorts are also, to borrow a little from Somerset Maugham's well-known book, "creatures of circumstances."

The Lake District may be slightly out of fashion nowadays, but this does not mean that it is not worth seeing. On the contrary, it is one of the finest districts in the British Isles, and one that gives any visitor a good insight into the internal rhythm of English life and of the kind of country existence that prevailed before industrialization. It has, in fact, been turned into Britain's first national park by the National Trust.

The Lake District is one of the most charming reservoirs of calm—one could say of green calm. There is hardly any country in Britain, and I suppose no province on the Continent (with the possible exception of some parts of Alsace), that can beat the Lake District in that competition in shades of green, from the rather watery hue round Keswick, across the deepening lustre near Grasmere, down to the depth of blackish green round Lake Windermere. The Lake District is a vast natural park, one of the most impressive to be found in Europe. It offers a splendid playground for ramblers who travel with their own tents and who would like to carry handy kayaks; a happy hunting ground for anglers; a peaceful reserve for yachtsmen. There are, roughly speaking, three regions into which this enchanting area can be divided: lakes, with Lake Windermere pre-eminent; mountain valleys and crags and pleasant climbing fells around Buttermere, and sleepy, peaceful villages, like Troutbeck. There are rich literary associations, Coleridge's and Wordsworth's connections being among the most famous. Goethe's saying, "to understand a poet one must go to his home country," is largely true of Wordsworth, although the Lake District was not his birthplace but his country of choice and his spiritual home. The calm and concentration, the melancholy vision, the tran-

quillity and vagueness, that grace Wordsworth's poetry can be understood only after a stay in the Lake District. It is a sad region under a canopy of rain, but when sunshine breaks through, and when the belated raindrops percolate through the thick foliage reflecting the sun, there is in this vast greenhouse a perfect, plant-like peace. It is not an easy task to avail oneself of a succession of sunny days in the Lake District—some malicious statisticians allot to it about 250 rainy days per year—but when the sun descends upon that vast natural reserve, and the surfaces of the lakes smile benignly, sailing is a joy to remember. In sunshine, the long valleys of the Pennine range, painted in subtle tints of sandy-brown, are hospitable and gay; the climbs are easy, some of the faces being useful "Alpine kindergartens;" in rain and mist they are depressing and bleak. So are some of the mountain lakes if deprived of the frames of trees and shrubs that usually grace the shores of the Scottish lochs.

Practical Information for the Lake District

WHERE TO STAY. Many fine old inns are scattered throughout the Lake District, some of them with incredible names. They are well worth a visit, especially as the area lacks luxury hotels of the modern type. Prices shown are average, including breakfast.

AMBLESIDE (Westmoreland). Charming town of 2,500 people at the head of Lake Windermere. Rushbearing festivals. *Salutation*, 35 rooms (2 with baths), 24/6 and 48/-. *Waterhead*, 32 rooms (none with baths), 25/6 and 51/-. *Drunken Duck*, 11 rooms (none with baths), 21/- and 42/-.

BUTTERMERE (Cumberland). Village at the foot of Crummock Water. Only 79 population. *Bridge*, 26 rooms (none with baths), 23/- and 46/-. *Fish*, 10 rooms (none with baths), 22/6 and 45/-.

CONISTON (Lancashire). Village of 1000 people at the northern end of Coniston Water. John Ruskin buried here. *Sun*, 12 rooms (none with baths), 20/- and 40/-.

COCKERMOUTH (Cumberland). Birthplace of Wordsworth. Old Cumberland town (population 5,250) near Bassenthwaite Lake, and center for climbing, etc. *Anglers*, recommended old inn. *Globe*, 34 rooms (none with baths), 20/- and 40/-.

CROOK (Westmoreland). Small village near Windermere. *Wild Boar*, 14 rooms (none with baths), 23/- and 46/-.

ESKDALE (Cumberland). Beautiful center for climbing and fishing between West Water and Devoke Water. *Bower House*, 12 rooms (4 with baths), 21/- and 42/-.

GRASMERE (Westmoreland). On the fringe of Grasmere Lake. Burial place of Wordsworth. Grasmere sports, held every August, are an old tradition. Population 988. *Prince of Wales Lake Inn*, 42 rooms (1 with bath), 27/6 and 55/-. *Rothay*, 25 rooms (none with baths), 21/- and 42/-. *Swan*, 31 rooms (1 with bath), 27/6 and 55/-.

KENDAL (Westmoreland). Ancient town of nearly 20,000 people. Gateway to the lakes. Shoe manufacturing. *Woolpack*, 20 rooms (none with baths), 19/- and 38/-. *Heaves*, 17 rooms (3 with baths), 23/6 and 47/-.

KESWICK (Cumberland). Close to

Derwent Water Population 4,900. Famous climbing resort *Keswick*, 100 rooms (30 with baths), 25/6 and 51/- *Royal Oak*, 88 rooms (14 with baths), 22/6 and 45/- *Aimathwaite Hall*, 40 rooms (8 with baths), 22/8 and 45/- *Skiddaw*, 26 rooms (1 with bath), 18/6 and 37/-

KIRKSTONE PASS (Westmoreland). Hamlet with the highest inn in England, 1,476 feet above sea level *Kirkstone Pass Inn*, 3 rooms (none with baths), 37/- doubles only

LOWICK (Lancashire) Village in the Furness Fells south of Conistown Water Climbing, walking, motoring *Farmer's Arms*, 14 rooms (1 with bath), 20/- and 40/-

NEWBY BRIDGE (Lancashire) Hamlet at the foot of Lake Windermere *Lakeside*, 30 rooms (none with baths), 25/- and 52/- *Swan*, 18 rooms (none with baths), 25/- and 50/-

ST. BEES (Cumberland). A seaside

resort with Lake District behind it. Population 1,200 *Abbots Court*, 21 rooms (none with baths), 21/- and 42/-

PENRITH (Cumberland) An old market town slightly to the east of Ullswater Population 10,500 *Crown*, 66 rooms (4 with baths), 22/- and 44/-

TROUTBECK (Westmoreland). Village closely associated with huntsman John Peel, 3 miles from Windermere *Mortal Man*, 17 rooms (none with baths), 19/6 and 39/-

WINDERMERE (Westmoreland) "Queen of the Lakes." Population 8,300. On eastern shore of Lake Windermere *Belsfield*, 66 rooms (20 with baths), 30/- and 60/- *Langdale Chase*, 40 rooms (15 with baths), 28/- and 56/- *Old England*, 75 rooms (28 with baths), 30/- and 60/- *Hydro*, 75 rooms (6 with baths), 25/- and 50/-

Historic Houses Open to the Public

Very few great or historic houses are open for public inspection in the Lake District. About the only ones are *Levens Hall*, home of Mr. O. R. Bagot, and *Sizergh Castle*, home of the Strickland family for 700 years. Both of these are located at Kendal, Westmoreland. You can view them on Thursday afternoons, from 2 to 5, or 6 p.m., in summer. Admission 2/6



TRANSPORTATION. The Lake District is served by the London Midland Region of British Railways. Penrith is on the main line from London to Scotland, the remainder of the district lies on branches, although through trains are operated to Windermere and Kendal from London (Euston). Branch trains serve much of the area, while diesel units are employed in West Cumberland (based on Carlisle). Services of the Ribblesdale Motor Bus Company cover all outlying villages and the main townships.

Steamers run on Lake Windermere and Conistown Water during the summer months.

Exploring the Lake District

The Lake District lies in the three counties of Cumberland, Lancashire, and Westmoreland. On this rather limited terrain of 700 square miles the principal English lakes are situated. Windermere is the largest of them, while Scafell Pike is the highest peak. Fine waterfalls are also to be found (Aira and many others). The flat land towards Morecambe Bay—boasting the best shrimps—and towards Solway Firth constitute an anti-

climax to the variegated and undulating beauty of the Lake District proper. Here, in the extreme northwest of England, is situated the first atomic power station to be built in the world. Named Calder Hall, its fantastic towers, domes, and spirals dominate the Cumberland seascapes. Others are under construction in remote areas of Britain, but Calder Hall, opened by the Queen in 1956, has made history by feeding nuclear-born electric power into the British grid system for peaceful purposes.

The popularity of this region with the Romantic poets was undoubtedly great—not only Wordsworth (who spent some 60 years there) but also Gray found it enchanting. De Quincey lived in Grasmere, where Wordsworth was buried. Coleridge favoured Keswick; Shelley, Keats and Scott went to the Lake District, so did Carlyle and Tennyson. Since that era there has been a steady decline among English men of letters in its popularity, and the trend has been reinforced by a slow decrease in internal touring.

Consequently, the whole region has the appearance of being slightly outmoded and *vieux jeu*. In the villages there are undoubtedly traces of emigration, many of them looking positively deserted, and the farther north we go the more obvious this condition becomes. In the resorts the reigning style is still that of the Victorian era. Boarding houses and hotels have a certain stigma of the *rentier* and retired class; in many of them people have stayed for years—a phenomenon found in England on a much larger scale than in any Continental country.

With all these drawbacks, the Lake District is a perfect holiday country if you are looking for peace and calm. Places round Grasmere and Lake Windermere would be the best for anyone who wants to spend a few days here and get the most out of them. From such a base, trips to mountain valleys like Eden or Lune are recommended, as well as walks to somnolent villages where the old style of life has been admirably preserved. It is a refreshing experience for people who normally live under the crowded conditions of big cities. During a stay in one of the aged country inns, one comes nearer to the English countryside and to some of the social phenomena of the nation, than by studying bulky volumes about England of the past.

When to Go

Of course there remains the question of choosing the proper time for visiting the Lake District which, according to even the greatest enthusiasts for that part of England, is famous for

heavy rainfall. The safest time for going is either at the end of June, the best part of the summer, or about the beginning of August, when again there is a preponderance of sunny weather. Springtime comes rather late to the Lake District, and while in the orchards of Kent and on the Downs of Sussex springtime is already ripe, a melancholy aftermath of winter still lingers in the Lake District. Autumn is also rather precarious, though it seems to be preferable to Scotland and the Highlands. Anyhow, you have to take your chances; remember that even if out of the eight days or so planned for your stay you get only three days of sunshine, you should consider yourself lucky. Even on a rainy day—in the Lake District, as in Wales, rain is able to display all its abilities and shades, from a torrential downpour to a subtle, gauze-like drizzle—a trip across Lake Windermere or Coniston is worth making. And when the sun shines, repeat your expedition, especially in a sailing boat, and note—at sunrise and at sunset—the marvellous gamut of green, the wealth of magnificent trees, the beauty of rhododendrons and all flowering shrubs, and the grace of old cottages plunged in foliage and flowers, the calm majesty of view from the heights near Buttermere.



SCOTLAND

Storied Past, Dramatic Scenery And Games Galore

by

FRANK MACMILLAN

(Frank MacMillan is a feature writer and journalist in Scotland, as well as a specialist in French politics and literature for The Tablet of London. His book, History of French Politics from 1940-1950, appeared recently.)

Scotland is a country with an intense and living national tradition of a kind only too rare in the modern world. It is part and partner with England: a "part" by reason of the Union of the Crowns in 1603, when James VI of Scotland became the first ruler of the United Kingdom as James I of England, and a "partner" by virtue of the Union of the Parliaments in 1707, by which Scotland now sends 71 representatives to Parliament at Westminster.

Scottish national sentiment—as distinct from "nationalistic" sentiment—is a spontaneous thing, neither touchy nor aggressive. If a visitor refers to "England" or "English" when he means more generally "British" he will be corrected mildly by the Scots; if he uses the inexact terms when in fact he means "Scotland" or "Scottish," the correction may be a little swifter and less mild.

This Scottish national awareness is a real thing, not a mere picturesque and self-conscious survival from past age without relevance to modern conditions. It is founded on Scots law, which is different from and independent of English law.

Scots money has the same illogical non-decimal system as English currency, and Bank of England banknotes circulate plentifully. However, there are also seven varieties of Scots banknotes, so don't be startled when you first encounter these unfamiliar bills. Overseas visitors will probably find this variety strange, since they will merely be another variety of foreign currency to them; but Englishmen are sometimes upset. This dismay of English visitors gives sardonic amusement to the Scots—who, however, are exasperated when Scots banknotes are viewed uncooperatively by Englishmen when they are presented by Scotsmen in England.

A wholly distinct national tradition goes into the creation of this sentiment of "Scottishness." Scotland has her own administration of government, centred in Edinburgh. She has her own national heroes; and their heroism was shown chiefly in battles against the English. That is one reason why Scotsmen get on so well with Americans and Frenchmen, Irishmen and Spaniards—any nation, in fact, that also fought the English. (John Paul Jones was of Scots descent.) The fact that for nearly 200 years the Scots have fought alongside the English makes no difference.

Scotland has its own national drink, a fact so widely known and appreciated that one need simply ask for "Scotch." It also has a distinctive national dress, the kilt. Get the spelling straight—there is no final "s." And it should be worn *only* by men!

Scotland has its own typical musical instruments (the pipes, sometimes called the bagpipes), its own national forms of dancing (Highland dancing and Scottish country dancing), its own songs, poetry, language, traditions and education. To put the whole thing in a nutshell, Scotland is not England.

Practical Information for Scotland



WHEN TO GO? The main tourist season in Scotland runs from May to September. During these months there is a wide range of historical, cultural, and sporting attractions—festivals, pageants, championship games, hunting, and fishing. In the winter and spring there are football (both soccer and rugby), curling, and other winter games, skiing, and mountaineering. But if you propose to make your trip in the winter season it would be wise to check in advance with your travel agent to make sure that hotel facilities are available all the year round in the districts you plan to visit—in most cases you will find that they are, but it is always wise to be on the safe side.



HOW TO GO? The advice given in the section of this volume on London and England holds good for Scotland. However you can reach Scotland directly by air and sea from America or Europe. Air passengers will land at Prestwick airport, whence there are road feeder services to Edinburgh and Glasgow. Most of the international airlines have regular services routed through Prestwick. Icelandic Airlines link New York with Glasgow (Renfrew). There are also daily air services from London to Glasgow (Renfrew airport) and Edinburgh (Turnhouse airport). Flying time, 90 minutes.

By sea there are regular transatlantic services direct to Glasgow, from which smaller vessels sail to the Western Islands and the Hebrides.

By rail there are fast services daily from London to Edinburgh and Glasgow, time 7 to 8 hours. Rail time between Glasgow and Edinburgh is one hour. Diesel expresses run hourly with buffet cars attached.

By road, bus services to Edinburgh and Glasgow from London take 16 hours. Bookings are usually heavy, but extra buses are put on to deal with increased traffic during the holiday season. There is also an express bus service between Edinburgh and Glasgow, time 1½ hours.

The Highlands and islands are sparsely populated. Rail links are few in number, but main lines from Glasgow (Buchanan St.) and Edinburgh run to Inverness and Wick, with branch to Kyle of Lochalsh (for Skye). The line from Edinburgh and Glasgow to Oban is one of the most scenic rail routes in the world, and tourists may obtain, free of charge, lineside maps and a descriptive booklet by applying to the Publicity Officer, Scottish Region of British Railways, 179 Howard St., Glasgow C.2. The West Highland Line, from Glasgow to Fort William and Mallaig, is also scenic.

Most shipping services to the Inner and Outer Hebrides are in the hands of David MacBrayne's, an old-established firm with comfortable vessels plying from Oban, Gourock, and Mallaig. The Inner Islands Mail and Outer Islands Mail steamers are the trunk routes. Most services operate three times a week, and the ships are equipped with good sleeping accommodation for longer voyages. Lochboisdale, South Uist, to Oban, for example, takes 16 hours. Tarbert, Harris, to Mallaig, takes 17 hours. But many of MacBrayne's Inner Hebrides routes offer excellent facilities for day excursions, and the best recommended trip is through the Kyles of Bute (less than £1 return from Gourock).

Services to the Orkneys and Shetlands are in the hands of the Orkney, Shetland, and North of Scotland Shipping Co., Aberdeen. Ships run from Aberdeen to Kirkwall and Lerwick about three times a week; there is also a daily steamer from Thurso (Caithness) to Scrabster, Orkney. This company operates summer cruises to the Orkneys and Shetlands from Leith (port for Edinburgh) and Aberdeen.

Bus routes are widely developed in the Highlands and islands. MacBrayne's maintain many long distance buses in connection with their ships. Others are run by S.M.T. and regionally by local companies.

If you want to rent a car and drive yourself, you will find ample facilities in every big city in Scotland; also for cars hired with driver.

Internal air services in Scotland are flown by British European Airways based on Renfrew Airport, Glasgow. The network is most comprehensive, including Edinburgh, Aberdeen, Inverness, Wick, Orkney, Shetland, Stornoway, Benbecula, Tiree, Barra, Islay, and Campbeltown. Fares are about 4½d a mile. Excursion tickets are even lower.

IRELAND. It's worth noting that there are services by air from Edinburgh and Glasgow to Belfast and Dublin; and by sea from Glasgow, Ardrossan, and Stranraer to Belfast, Londonderry, and Dublin. There are no passport or currency formalities. However if you arrive from Dublin you should note that Irish banknotes and currency are not accepted in the United Kingdom, though Bank of England notes and U.K. coins are accepted anywhere in Ireland. You can change your Irish currency in the U.K., but only at a considerable discount.

WHERE TO STAY? Here are some selected resorts and towns, together with suitable hotels in all parts of Scotland, including the Inner and Outer Hebrides, the Orkneys, and the Shetlands. Unless baths are mentioned, rooms with private bath are not available. Rates given are average.

ABERDEEN (Aberdeenshire). Population 183,000. 130 miles from Edinburgh. Large seaside resort university city, seaport, and fishing base for east Scotland. *Caledonian*, 80 rooms (3 with bath), 28/6 and 51/-. *Station*, 65 rooms (13 with bath), 27/- and 53/-. *Douglas*, 104 rooms

(2 with bath), 27/6 and 55/-. *Gloucester*, 98 rooms (6 with bath), 27/6 and 55/-. *Imperial*, 100 rooms (2 with bath), 22/6 and 45/-. *Bon Accord*, 15 rooms, 18/6 and 37/-.

Three theaters and 16 cinemas, a beach ballroom, and the finest swimming pool in Scotland, provide

the nucleus of this important resort's offering of entertainment.

ABERFOYLE (Perthshire). Close to the Trossachs, 36 miles from Glasgow. Population 1,133. Pony trekking center. *Covenanters Inn*, 40 rooms (10 with baths), 18/6 and 40/-. *Baillie Nicol Jarvie*, 30 rooms (2 with bath), 27/6 and 55/-.

ARRAN (Bute). Mountainous holiday island in the Firth of Clyde. Served by steamers to Ardrossan or Fairlie. Approximately 60 miles from Glasgow. Population (resident) 4,650. *Kildonan*, 34 rooms, 20/- and 40/-. *Douglas* (Brodick), 31 rooms, 20/- and 40/-.

BALLATER (Aberdeenshire). Deep in the Highlands, this summer resort is the railhead of a line from Aberdeen. Center for Braemar and Balmoral Castle. 170 miles from Edinburgh by rail, 110 by road. Population 1,300. *Invercauld Arms*, 25 rooms, 22/- and 44/-. *Loirsten*, 44 rooms (1 with bath), 21/- and 42/-. Unlicensed.

BARRA. Most southerly group of isles in the Outer Hebrides. Mild climate, attractive scenery. Population 1,750. Air service. *Craig Ard*, *Castle Bay*, 10 rooms, 15/6 and 31/-.

BRORA (Sutherland). Quiet golfing resort, 250 miles from Glasgow. *Links*, 35 rooms (4 with bath), 30/- and 60/-.

CALLANDER (Perthshire). Southern gateway to the west Highlands, and center for the Trossachs. 47 miles from Glasgow. Population 1,727. *Dreadnought*, 70 rooms, 25/- and 50/-. *Roman Camp*, 14 rooms (4 with bath), 45/- and 90/-.

CROMARTY (Ross & Cromarty). Small town on the "Black Isle" commanding two Firths. Approximately 200 miles from Glasgow. *Royal*, 15 rooms, 17/- and 34/-.

DORNOCH (Sutherland). The county town, a pleasing golfing, fishing, and bathing resort, 270 miles from Glasgow. Population 800. *Dornoch*, 87 rooms (5 with bath), 28/6 and 60/-. *Burghfield House Hotel* (formerly residence of Lord Rother-

mere), 31 rooms (4 with baths), 21/- and 42/-.

DUMFRIES (Dumfriesshire). Royal burgh and county town, 72 miles from Glasgow. Population 19,000. Close associations with Robbie Burns, Barrie, and Scott. On the River Nith. *Station*, 29 rooms (10 with bath), 25/- and 48/-. *Cairndale*, 40 rooms, 30/- and 60/-.

DUNDEE (Angus). Scotland's fourth city, great industrial center famous for jute. Sandy beaches on the Tay. Population 177,333. (57 miles from Edinburgh). *Royal*, 80 rooms (6 with bath), 21/- and 42/-. *Royal British*, 67 rooms (1 with bath), 22/6 and 45/-. *Mathers*, 97 rooms, 21/- and 42/-.

DUNFERMLINE (Fife). Royal burgh with a famous abbey. Population 44,710. 15 miles from Edinburgh (across the Forth Bridge). *Royal*, 15 rooms, 19/6 and 39/-.

EDINBURGH. See Edinburgh practical information section, page 288.

ELGIN (Morayshire). Ancient town with ruined cathedral, famous for golf and angling, 200 miles from Edinburgh. Population 16,500. *Gordon Arms*, 32 rooms, 20/- and 40/-. *Grand*, 23 rooms, 17/6 and 35/-.

FORRES (Morayshire). Ancient royal burgh in the Laich of Moray, 220 miles from Edinburgh. *Golf Hotel* (short season), 50 rooms, 35/- and 60/-. *Cluny Hill*, 70 rooms (1 with bath), 27/6 and 55/-.

FORT WILLIAM (Inverness-shire). Popular resort on the "Road to the Isles," close to Ben Nevis, Britain's highest mountain, 121 miles from Glasgow. Population 2,680. *Highland*, 70 rooms, 21/- and 42/-. *Alexandra*, 29 rooms, 27/6 and 55/-. *Palace*, 25 rooms 27/6 and 55/-.

GLASGOW. See Glasgow practical information section, page 286.

GLENEAGLES (Perthshire). Magnificent golfing center with world famous courses. 54 miles from Edinburgh. Population 500. *Gleneagles*, 200 rooms (100 with bath), luxurious, 50/- and 90/-.

GOUROCK (Renfrewshire). Fine resort and packet station on the Firth of

Clyde. Yachting, trips to the isles, etc. 28 miles from Glasgow. Population 9,100. *Bay Hotel*, 40 rooms (6 with bath), 25/6 and 51/-. *Queen's*, 21 rooms, 19/6 and 39/-.

GRANTOWN-ON-SPEY (Morayshire). Magnificently situated fishing and golfing resort, also a climbing center and key point of Scotland's winter sports season. Many ski runs nearby. Population 1,600. 160 miles from Glasgow, 145 from Edinburgh. *Palace*, 47 rooms (1 with bath), 19/6 and 39/-. *Craiglynn*, 65 rooms (3 with bath), 30/- and 60/-. *Ben Mhor*, 23 rooms, 17/6 and 35/-. Unlicensed.

HAWICK (Roxburghshire). Pronounced "Hoick." Border town in Upper Teviotdale, 51 miles from Edinburgh. Population 16,718. Historic pageants, strong links with wool industry. *Tower*, 36 rooms (4 with bath), 25/- and 50/-.

INVERNESS (Inverness-shire). The capital of the Highlands. Highland Show and Inverness Gathering are held here annually. 180 miles from Glasgow, 165 miles from Edinburgh. Population 28,100. *Caledonian*, 75 rooms (4 with bath), 27/6 and 55/-. *Station*, 86 rooms (6 with bath), 21/- and 40/-. *Drumossie*, 40 rooms (9 with bath), 23/6 and 45/-. *Columbia*, 70 rooms, 20/- and 40/-. *Royal*, 37 rooms, 20/- and 40/-.

ISLAY (Argyll). Large island linked by sea and air with Glasgow, about 120 miles away. Golf, swimming, and fishing. *Machrie Golf*, Port Ellen, 31 rooms (1 with bath), 20/- and 40/-. *White Hart*, Port Ellen, 28 rooms, 17/6 and 35/-.

JOHN O'GROATS (Cathness). Most northerly inhabited place on Scottish mainland. Sandy beaches. 325 miles from Edinburgh. *John O'Groats House*, 18 rooms, 17/6 and 35/-.

KINROSS (Kinross-shire). Angling and gliding resort on Loch Leven. 27 miles from Edinburgh. Population 2,500. *Green*, 39 rooms (1 with bath), 22/6 and 45/-.

KIRKCUDBRIGHT (Kirkcudbrightshire). Pronounced "Kirkubree." 108 miles from Glasgow. Population 4,000. Historical town rich with interest

for artists and tourists. *Royal*, 23 rooms (1 with bath), 21/- and 42/-. *Selkirk Arms*, 12 rooms, 22/6 and 45/-.

LEVEN (Fife). Golf and summer resort on Firth of Forth. 36 miles from Edinburgh. Population 8,970. *Beach*, 24 rooms 20/- and 40/-.

LEWIS & HARRIS. Largest island of the Outer Hebrides. Air and sea links with Glasgow, about 240 miles away. Population 29,000. *Royal* (Stornoway), 17 rooms, 28/- and 56/-. *County* (Stornoway), 22 rooms, 20/- and 37/-. *Rodel* (Leverburgh), 17 rooms (2 with bath), 23/- and 42/-. *Harris* (Tarbert), 14 rooms, 20/- and 40/-.

LINLITHGOW (West Lothian). Royal burgh containing Hopetoun House and Linlithgow Palace, birthplace of Mary, Queen of Scots, 17 miles from Edinburgh. Population 4,000. *Bonsyde*, 14 rooms, 17/6 and 35/-.

MALLAIG (Inverness-shire). Fishing village and steamer base in picturesque west Highland setting, 160 miles from Glasgow. *West Highland*, 30 rooms, 24/- and 44/-.

MOFFAT (Dumfriesshire). Semi-spa on the banks of the Annan, 62 miles from Glasgow. Population 2,114. *Moffat House*, 20 rooms, 21/- and 42/-.

MONTROSE (Angus). Old town with excellent beaches, 88 miles from Edinburgh. Population 10,760. *Central*, 23 rooms (3 with bath), 19/6 and 39/-. *Park*, 24 rooms, 18/6 and 34/-.

NETHY BRIDGE (Inverness-shire). Resort in the mountains famous for golf, fishing, and skiing meetings in winter. Near Grantown. Population 1,100. 136 miles from Edinburgh. *Nethybridge*, 90 rooms (30 with baths), 22/6 and 44/-.

NORTH BERWICK (East Lothian). Popular resort on the Firth of Forth. Famous swimming pool. 23 miles from Edinburgh. *Marine*, 86 rooms (8 with bath), 35/- and 70/-. *Golf Hotel*, 14 rooms (1 with bath). From 19 per week, all inclusive.

OBAN (Argyllshire). Chief resort in west Highlands. Base for steamers

to the Isles Population 6 250 120 miles from Glasgow and Edinburgh *Royal*, 109 rooms, 27/6 and 55/- *Park*, 85 rooms (16 with bath), 30/- and 80/- *Great Western*, 85 rooms (11 with bath), 25/- and 50/-

ORKNEYS Group of islands beyond the north of Scotland Air and sea links to mainland 325 miles from Edinburgh via Aberdeen Golfing, fishing, bird watching, etc Population 21,250 *Kirkwall* (Kirkwall), 30 rooms, 27/6 and 55/- *Standing Stones* (Stenness), 24 rooms, 22/6 and 45/- *Stromness* (Stromness), 40 rooms, 27/6 and 55/-

PEEBLES (Peeblesshire) Famous for tweed and the River Tweed 25 miles from Edinburgh Population 6,000 *Peebles Hydropathic Hotel*, 200 rooms (14 with bath), 30/- and 60/-

PERTH (Perthshire) The "Silver City on the Tay," capital of Scotland until 1452, and main gateway to the Highlands 48 miles from Edinburgh, 63 miles from Glasgow Population 40,500 *Salutation*, 104 rooms, 27/6 and 55/- *Station*, 59 rooms (20 with bath), 23/- and 43/6 *Queen's*, 48 rooms (2 with bath), 20/- and 40/- *Royal British*, 30 rooms, 21/- and 42/-

PITLOCHRY (Perthshire) Lovely tourist center in the heart of the central Highlands Famous for its "theatre in the hills" which stages festival plays in summer 91 miles from Glasgow and 72 from Edinburgh Population 2,400 *Hydro*, 73 rooms (7 with bath), 32/6 and 65/- *Atholl Palace*, 133 rooms (3 with bath), 25/- and 50/- *Green Park*, 30 rooms (2 with bath), 22/6 and 43/- *Fishers*, 76 rooms, 28/- and 50/-

PRESTWICK (Ayrshire) 33 miles from Glasgow Population 11,386 Site of Scotland's great international airport Also a popular seaside resort *Airport Hotel*, 87 rooms (8 with bath), 22/6 and 50/- *Queen's*, 30 rooms, 22/6 and 45/-

ST ANDREWS (Fife) Historic home of golf Famous university Sporting and resort facilities 61 miles from Edinburgh, 86 miles from Glasgow.

Population 9 500 *Rusack's Marine*, 67 rooms (32 with bath), 30/- and 60/- *Atholl*, 15 rooms, 25/- and 50/- *Golf*, 21 rooms, 21/- and 42/-

SHETLANDS A unique group of about 100 islands which are the "Ultima Thule" of Britain, in the land of the near-midnight sun Remarkable seascapes, voes, ponies, wool, sunsets Angling and yachting Population 19 500 Air links to Edinburgh and Glasgow (about 300 air miles) or sea to Aberdeen (200 miles) *Queens* (Lerwick), 22 rooms, 12/6 and 25/- *Scalloway* (Scalloway), 7 rooms, from £8 8s per week *St Magnus* (Hillswick), hotel for cruise ship passengers, charges about £8 8 per week inclusive Special arrangements

SKYE (Inverness-shire) Large and beautiful island noted for its mountain ranges and lochs Close connections with Bonnie Prince Charlie, Flora Macdonald, and Drumbur lighthouse Population 8,300 Access by ferry or sea, about 245 miles from Edinburgh *Royal* (Portree), 52 rooms, 21/- and 42/- *Sligachan* (Sligachan), 32 rooms, 25/- and 48/- *Skeabost House* (Skeabost), 17 rooms (3 with bath), 30/- and 60/- *King's Arms* (Kyleakin Ferry), 22 rooms, 18/- and 36/-

STIRLING (Stirlingshire) Ancient county town steeped in history, 30 miles from Glasgow, 36 from Edinburgh Population 17 000 *Golden Lion*, 100 rooms (12 with bath), 23/6 and 47/- *Station*, 25 rooms, 15/6 and 31/-

STRANRAER (Wigtownshire) 100 miles from Glasgow Population 8,600 Steamer port for Larne, Northern Ireland Airport of Castle Kennedy is nearby, from which depart car ferry flights to Newtonards, Belfast *Lochryan* is a popular holiday spot for bathing and fishing enthusiasts *George*, 40 rooms, 23/- and 46/- *Auld King's Arms*, 30 rooms, 21/- and 42/-

STRATHPEFFER (Ross & Cromarty) A spa in beautiful surroundings, near Dingwall, 195 miles from Edinburgh Population 875 *Benwyvis*, 90 rooms

28/6 and 52/- *Strathpeffer*, 38 rooms, 22/6 and 45/-.

TOBERMORY. Isle of Mull, Argyllshire, where the treasure galleon lies buried in the bay, 145 miles from Glasgow. Population 1,600. *Western Isles*, 46 rooms (3 with bath), 22/6 and 45/-.

TURNBERRY (Ayrshire). 60 miles from Glasgow. Famous for golf course, motor racing track, and Culzean Castle. *Turnberry*, 165 rooms (51 with bath), luxurious, 35/- and 70/-.

UIST. North and South, islands of the Outer Hebrides, noted for peat, crofting, and fishing. Air and sea links to mainland. *Lochmaddy*

(North Uist), 12 rooms, 20/- and 35/- *Lochboisdale* (South Uist), 20 rooms, 22/- and 44/-.

ULLAPOOL (Ross & Cromarty). Unusually mild resort on Loch Broom in western Ross featuring palm trees and swimming. Population 600. Reached by road from nearest station (Garve, 44 miles). Edinburgh 250 miles. *Royal*, 43 rooms, 21/- and 42/- *Caledonian*, 26 rooms, 21/6 and 43/- *Morefield*, 23 rooms, 24/6 and 49/-.

WICK (Caithness). County town, fishing port, and golfing resort. Population 7,300. Atomic power station. 342 miles from Glasgow. *Station*, 38 rooms, 18/6 and 37/-.



WHAT TO SEE? By whatever means visitors travel to Scotland, air, sea, rail or road, the great majority will almost certainly arrive first in Edinburgh or Glasgow. Both cities have many attractions in themselves and both offer easy access to surrounding districts with a wonderful range of attractions for visitors, whatever their tastes and interests. They are also within easy reach of each other—44 miles, an hour's trip by rail or road—so the touring regions of either are almost as easily accessible from the other.

Glasgow is the centre from which to visit *Ayrshire* (the Burns country and a golfing paradise), the *Firth of Clyde*, the *Western Islands* and the *Hebrides*, the *Trossachs* and *Rob Roy country*, the central and western *Highlands*, and *Galloway*.

From Edinburgh there are many attractive trips through the *Lothians*, the *Borders* and the *Scott country*. North of Edinburgh there is much of interest to be visited in *Fife*—*Perth* and *Dundee* being good centres.

Continuing north, *Aberdeen* is a good centre for *Royal Deeside* and the *Moray Firth* coast. *Inverness* offers the same territory, as well as being near the scene of Prince Charles Edward's last stand in 1746; it is the capital of the *Highlands* and the gateway to the far north.

One word of warning. If you are planning a trip in the area north of *Aberdeen* and *Inverness*, do not expect to do any travelling on Sunday. This is the region of strict Presbyterianism, though there is some small relaxation of the Scots Sabbath as far as *Inverness*. North of that, do not expect to find rail or bus travel, or hotels or restaurants offering much to "passing" trade, or, indeed, many facilities at all. You are even liable to find gasoline stations shut. That is the way the Scots feel about Sunday observances there, so make your plans accordingly. The same is true of large areas of the western *Highlands*.

PAGEANTS. Almost every town in Scotland has local historical customs and events that are celebrated annually. Some of the best-known are Kate Kennedy's Day in St. Andrews, Lanimer Day in Lanark, the "Common Ridings" in the border districts, when a cavalcade of horsemen ride attendance on the "Bonnie Lad" and "Bonnie Lass," or the "Cornet" (the designations vary locally) round the ancient borders of the districts. Information about these can be obtained from the Scottish Tourist Board.

One of the most interesting celebrations that has grown up in recent years is the Arbroath Abbey Historical Pageant, which commemorates the Declaration of Scottish Independence in 1320. This declaration was drawn up by Scottish barons and bishops in Arbroath Abbey in the presence of King Robert Bruce and sent to the Pope to beseech him to dissuade the English King from continuing to make war on Scotland. Its nobility of language should appeal to the sons of Jefferson and the Declaration of 1776. The pageant lasts for three days and is held during the second weekend of August.

Another special category of local celebrations includes the Highland games held in numerous centers during the summer. These are marked by massed pipe-bands, Highland dancing, and athletic events like hammer-throwing and tossing the caber. Some of the most famous of these are the Royal Braemar Gathering, the Highland Games, the Cowal Games, and the Royal Inverness Highland Show.

American representatives of Scottish societies in the United States are reported to be examining the possibilities of American pipe bands taking part in these meetings. It will certainly be a sad day when the World's Pipe Band Championship joins the Walker and Ryder Cups and the Amateur Golf Championship in the States. American military bands have already appeared at Edinburgh Castle. Scots pride took a beating some years ago when a Ladies' pipe band from England appeared in Edinburgh during the Festival season. None of the girls was Scots, they all wore the kilt (which is a desecration on any woman), and the knock-out blow was the explanation that they were chosen to appear simply because they were the best ladies' pipe band in Britain.



SPORTS The main tourist months come just too late for overseas visitors to see the climax of the Scottish football season, both in soccer and rugby, in April. However, from May onwards, golf comes into its kingdom. Besides the Open and Amateur Championships held in Scotland every second or third year, there is a wide variety of amateur and professional tournaments for spectators and competitors. Most visitors, however, come to play over one or more of the great Scottish courses—St Andrews, Carnoustie, Prestwick, Muirfield, Troon, Gleneagles, and a score of others. Golf is cheap in Scotland and there are hundreds of courses that offer challenges to cunning and skill amid surroundings of surpassing beauty.

Cricket is gaining an increasing following in central Scotland. Many first-class matches between Scotland and the English counties may be seen at Paisley. Scots counties also play in a league.

Athletics of Olympic standard are presented annually at the famous Glasgow Rangers sports meeting early in August. It is a comparatively poor year when there are not a dozen or more British, European and American world-ranking athletes on view. The opening of the grouse shooting season on August 12 attracts hunters from the whole world to the Highlands. Visitors wanting to plan tours of a sporting nature should write for copies of *Take Note*, the attractively-illustrated monthly magazine published by the Scottish Tourist Board.

Scotland is an angler's dream come true. But although no state licence is needed, almost all fishing belongs to someone (hotelier, ducal estate, etc.), and permission must be obtained from the proprietor. The Scottish Tourist Board's valuable book *Scotland for Fishing* (price 2s 6d), is revised annually and carries the phone numbers or addresses of every stretch of 'fishable' water in Scotland, together with the cost (if any) of fishing rights.

Mountaineers, expert or novice, will find endless climbs to test their skill. And the devotees of plain energetic walking-tours have opportunities enough to occupy a lifetime, with the assurance of a fine network of youth hostels.

Yachtsmen and other sailing enthusiasts will find plenty of opportunities to test their skill—notably during the Clyde Fortnight: while the Western Islands, the Caledonian Canal, and other waterways offer scenery and excitement to adventurous crews.

Winter visitors will find a pretty wide range of sport to tempt them also. Winter sports are claiming more and more enthusiasts. Curling, the "roaring game" was, of course, cradled in Scotland.

Historic Houses Open to the Public

ALLOWAY (Ayrshire). *Burns' Cottage*, owned by Burns Monument Trust. Open all year daily 9-5 or 7. Admission 6d.

ARRAN. *Brodick Castle*, owned by trustees of the 12th Duke of Hamilton. An 11th-century castle. Open Wednesdays and Fridays 2-5, May-September. Admission 2/6.

BLAIR ATHOLL (Perthshire). *Blair Castle*, residence of the Duke of Atholl. Open 10-6 weekdays, Sundays 2-6, May to end of September. Admission 2/6.

BRAEMAR. *Balmoral Castle*, residence of H.M. the Queen. Gardens only may be viewed on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays 10-6, May-July. Admission 1/6 (to charities).

CULROSS (Fife). *Culross Palace*, 6 miles west of Dunfermline. Owned by National Trust for Scotland. Open weekdays all year, 10-4 or 7, Sundays 2-4 or 7. Admission 6d.

ECCLEFECHAN (Dumfriesshire). *Carlyle's House*, owned by National Trust for Scotland. Thomas Carlyle born here in 1795. Open all year daily (except Sundays) 10-8, or sunset. Admission 1/-.

FALKLAND (Fife). *Royal Palace of Falkland*. National Trust Property and home of Major Crichton-Stuart. Open weekdays 11-5 April-September; and on Wednesdays and Saturdays, same hours, October-March. Admission 2/-.

GLAMIS (Angus). *Glamis Castle*, pronounced "Glarms." Home of the Earl of Strathmore and Kinghorne. Birthplace of Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother. Open early June-late September on Sundays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, 2-6. Admission 2/6.

GORDON (Berwickshire). *Mellerstain*, home of the Earl of Haddington. Open daily except Saturdays, June-September, 2-5:30. Admission 2/6.

HADDINGTON (East Lothian). *Lennoxlove*, home of the Duke of Hamilton. Open April-September, daily 2-5. Admission 2/-.

INNERLEITHEN (Fife). *Traquair House*, home of Mr. J. F. Maxwell-Stuart. Said to be Scotland's oldest inhabited house. Open May-September, Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays, 2-5:30. Admission 2/6.

INVERARAY (Argyllshire). *Inveraray Castle*, home of the Duke of Argyll and headquarters of Clan Campbell since 15th century. Open 10:30-6 weekdays except Friday, Sunday 2-6, Easter to end of September. Admission 2/6.

KIRKCUDBRIGHT. *Broughton House*, bequeathed by artist E. A. Hornel to the county as an art gallery. Open Monday through Friday 2-4 p.m., April-September, and the rest of the year on Tuesdays and Thursdays, same hours. Admission free.

LAUDER (Berwickshire). *Thistlestan Castle*, home of the Dowager Countess of Lauderdale. Open by arrangement only. Phone: Lauder 215. Admission 2/6.

LINLITHGOW (West Lothian). *Linlithgow Palace*, property of Ministry of Works. Birthplace of Mary, Queen of Scots. Open weekdays all year 9-11 or 6, Sundays 2-4 or 6. Admission 1/-.

MAYBOLE (Ayrshire). *Culzean Castle*, owned by National Trust for Scotland. Contains President Eisenhower's apartment. Open daily March through November, 10-4 or 7, but Sundays 2-4. Admission grounds 1/6, castle 1/6.

MELROSE (Roxburghshire). *Abbotsford House*, owned by Miss Maxwell-Scott, this was the home of Sir Walter Scott. Open weekdays, 10-5 from late March to mid-October. Admission 2/-.

Bermersyde, home of the Earl Haig, in whose family it has remained for 800 years. One of Scotland's oldest inhabited houses. Open Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays, 10-6. Admission 2/-.

ISLE OF SKYE. *Dunvegan Castle*, home of Dame Flora MacLeod of MacLeod, DBE. Continuously inhabited by the chieftains of Clan MacLeod. Open 2-5 weekdays except Saturdays, May-mid-October. Admission 2/-.

STIRLING (Stirlingshire). *Stirling Castle*, property of Ministry of Works. Open all year, weekdays 9-4 or 6, Sundays 2-4 or 6. Admission 1/-.

WEST LOTHIAN. *Hoopes House*, owned by the Marquis of Linlithgow. Open May-September, daily except Thursdays and Fridays, 2-6.30. Admission 2/6, grounds and garden 1/6.

SCOTLAND'S GARDENS SCHEME In recent years a Scottish Gardens Committee has been formed which helps to preserve the most notable of Scotland's gardens. Several hundreds of these are now on view to the public, and full details may be had from the General Organizer, 26 Castle Terrace, Edinburgh 1 (tel. Fountainbridge 1870).

Prelude to Edinburgh

Edinburgh is the seat of ancient Scottish royalty; the theatre of the romantic, turbulent, and tragic drama of Scots history; the city of Margaret, the saint-queen, of Mary Stuart and Prince Charles Edward; of John Knox and Sir Walter Scott, Robert Louis Stevenson, and hosts of others. It is also the centre of law, administration and church government. Most of its treasures are enclosed within two square miles.

When you climb the windy steps from Waverley Station into Princes Street, you will be a stolid visitor indeed if you do not thrill at the vista of the castle seen across Princes Street Gardens, the imposing mass of the Castle Rock, and the broad sweep of Princes Street itself. It looks what it is—the perfect setting for the ancient pageant of history, for the modern Edinburgh International Festival of Music, Drama, and the Arts, and, of course, for the spectacular military tattoo staged by floodlight in the castle itself during the festival.

Edinburgh Practical Information



WHERE TO STAY? There are so many hotels and pensions in Edinburgh that it is impossible to do more than make a selective listing. Station hotels are given first. (Membership of the Tourist Association of Scotland is indicated: MTAS). Average high season prices (bed and breakfast) are listed here, though most of the big hotels charge the same, winter and summer. The figure in parentheses indicates the number of rooms available with private bath.

FIRST-CLASS. *Caledonian*, Princes St., MTAS, 188 rooms (50). At Princes Street Station. Terminus for Glasgow, Ayrshire, Trossachs, West Highlands, English northwest region and English Midlands. International cuisine and cellar. 30/- and 60/-. Licensed.

North British Station, Princes Street, MTAS, 217 rooms (37). At Waverley Station. Terminus for King's Cross London trains and English east coast, Glasgow, West Highlands, Hebrides, Aberdeen, and north Scotland. Internationally famous for cuisine and cellar, general appointments, and service. 30/- and 55/-. Licensed.

Adelphi, Cockburn Street, MTAS, 70 rooms, 22/6 and 45/-. Licensed.

Cockburn, Cockburn Street, MTAS, 75 rooms, 22/6 and 45/-. Licensed.

Carlton, North Bridge, MTAS, 64 rooms (all with bath), 25/- and 50/-. Licensed.

Darling's Regent, 21 Waterloo Place, MTAS, 48 rooms, 23/6 and 47/-. Licensed.

George, 1 George Street, MTAS, 80 rooms (23), 40/- and 80/-. Licensed.

Imperial, 143 Leith Street, MTAS, 70 rooms, 22/6 and 45/-. Licensed.

Old Waverley, 43 Princes Street, MTAS, 89 rooms, 25/- and 50/-. Licensed.

Royal, 53 Princes Street, MTAS, 56 rooms (7), 27/6 and 55/-. Licensed.

Roxburghe, Charlotte Square, MTAS, 74 rooms (8), 32/6 and 65/-. Licensed.

Royal British, 20 Princes Street, MTAS, 65 rooms (5), 30/- and 60/-. Licensed.

Scotia 50 rooms (10), 25/- and 50/-. Licensed.

SECOND-CLASS. Among the hotels with this rating, the following are most conveniently located. Others can be found in the central area, but they are generally smaller and, therefore, you might find it less easy to secure accommodation, especially if you arrive without advance reservations.

Learmonth, Learmonth Terrace, 80 rooms, 20/- and 40/-. Licensed.

Royal Circus, Royal Circus, MTAS, 36 rooms, 21/- and 42/-. Licensed.

Royal Stuart, Abercromby Place, MTAS, 70 rooms, 21/- and 42/-. Licensed.

St. Andrew, 3 St. Andrew Street, MTAS, 54 rooms, 23/- and 46/-. Licensed.

Shelbourne, Hart Street, MTAS, 110 rooms (2), 25/- and 50/-. Licensed.



RESTAURANTS. Edinburgh is splendidly served by a wide variety of restaurants, ranging from internationally famous names like *La Caravelle*, in the North British Hotel, and the restaurants in *Princes Street Station Hotel*, where during the Edinburgh Festival season you will find many of the most glittering stars of the international stage and concert world. Other hotel restaurants worth a visit are the *George* and the *Royal British*. Among the general favorites, the following offer perhaps more in the way of formal full-scale meals with wine and all that goes with it. There are lots of others almost as good, of course, but discriminating visitors will quickly make their own lists.

The Aperitif, 24 Frederick Street.
Licensed. Weekdays noon to 3 p.m.,
and 5 p.m. to 11 p.m.

Albyn, Queen Street. Licensed.
Weekdays noon to 3 p.m., 5 p.m.
to 11 p.m.

The Beehive Inn, 20 Grassmarket.
Licensed. Weekdays noon to 3 p.m.,

and 5 p.m. to 11 p.m.

Cafe Royal & Oyster Bar, 17 West
Register Street. Licensed. Week-
days noon to 3 p.m., and 5 p.m. to
11 p.m. Seafood a specialty.

Epicure Restaurant, 19 Shandwick
Place. Licensed. Weekdays noon
to 3 p.m., and 5.30 p.m. to 11 p.m.

The second group is more modest in appointments and menu, but you are likely to "upgrade" them on your own list after sampling their fare.

The Abbotsford, 3 Rose Street.
Licensed. Weekdays noon to 3 p.m.,
and 5 p.m. to 10 p.m.

Jenner's, 48 Princes Street. Un-
licensed. Weekdays 10 a.m. to 6
p.m., closes 1 p.m. Saturday.

J. W. Mackie, 108 Princes Street.
Unlicensed. Weekdays 8 a.m. to
10 p.m.; Sunday 12:30 p.m. to 10 p.m.

The Wee Windaes, 142 High St.

Licensed. Weekdays 10 a.m. to 10
p.m.

Mac Vitties Guest, 136 Princes
Street. Unlicensed. Weekdays 8:30
a.m. to 6 p.m.

Union Grill, 20 Union Street.
Licensed. Weekdays noon to 11 p.m.

White Cockade, Rose Street.
Licensed. Weekdays noon to 3 p.m.,
and 5 p.m. to 11 p.m.

COFFEEHOUSES AND BARS. Edinburgh is so well supplied with both in the central area that it is hardly necessary to give you a list of recommended places. However, among coffeehouses, the firm *D. S. Crawford* has a chain that is a feature of Edinburgh. (Tipping is optional but usually practised—3d or 6d is quite acceptable.) As for bars, the average downtown establishment is a civilized institution and, as a rule, accessible to ladies. The latter point is worth mentioning, though it is also true of better bars in all the bigger Scots towns. In some of the smaller localities in the far north and the western Highlands drinking tends to be regarded with puritanical disfavor and lady tipplers even more so. Otherwise, most bars in Scotland have separate lounges where ladies may be entertained—or may entertain themselves—if they are not allowed in with the menfolk.



companies.

ENTERTAINMENT. During the Festival season—the last two weeks of August and the first week of September—it is almost impossible to find any hall where an audience can be seated and an entertainment staged that is not already in use. Apart from those hectic weeks, Edinburgh offers the range and excellence of diversions one would expect to find in a capital city. It is on the national circuit for variety stars, concert singers, instrumentalists, and popular stage shows by touring

THEATRES. The straight theatres in Edinburgh include the *King's*, Leven Street, the *Theatre Royal*, Broughton Street, the *Royal Lyceum*, Grindlay Street, and the *Little Theatre*, Pleasance. Among the variety houses are the *Empire*, which is on the national circuit for all the leading names, and the *Palladium*, East Fountainbridge.

MUSIC. During the winter concert season the Scottish National Orchestra, the BBC Scottish orchestra, and internationally known singers and musicians on tour appear in the *Usher Hall*, off Lothian Road. There are weekly band performances in all the municipal parks, and

daily (including Sunday) concerts in West Princes Street Gardens, where displays of Highland dancing, variety, Scottish country dancing, oldtime dancing and open-air dancing are also presented.

CINEMA5. Among the many fine cinemas in the central area the most important are: *Regal, Gaumont, New Victoria, Caley, Playhouse, Poole's* and the *Regent*. The *Cameo*, Tollcross, regularly features foreign-language films. There is a news cinema in Princes Street specializing in news films, documentaries, and cartoon features.



SPORTS. Edinburgh has two first-class soccer football clubs—Heart of Midlothian, who play at Gorgie Road, and Hibernian, who play at Easter Road. The capital also boasts of Murrayfield stadium, where all the international rugby matches are played. There are several municipally-owned hard-court tennis clubs with from 4 to 16 courts and a number of municipally-owned bowling greens. These are to be found in several of the many public parks. There are six municipal indoor swimming pools in the capital, plus an Olympic-class open-air pool at Portobello. This last-named is only open during the summer season. The nearest horse racing track is at Musselburgh.



GOLF. Some of the finest seaside links in Britain—and indeed, in the world—are within easy distance of Edinburgh, and quite a number are open to visitors. For others you must be introduced by a member. Among the courses you may know by name, if you are keen on the sport, are Longniddry, Gullane, North Berwick, Muirfield, and Royal Musselburgh. Edinburgh city corporation also maintains three full-size public courses and five nine-hole links. The 18-hole courses are Braids No. 1. and No. 2, and Carrick Knowe. Fee 2/6 or 3/- per round.



HOW TO GET ABOUT? Forty day and afternoon tours are operated from Edinburgh throughout Scotland to the Highlands, the Borders and Abbey country, the east coast, the Trossachs, and Loch Lomond. There are also 16 holiday tours of from three to 15 days. Particulars may be obtained from Scottish Omnibuses Ltd., 2 North St. Andrew Street. Day tours office, 45 Princes Street.

There are three main-line railway stations: Waverley, Princes Street, and Haymarket. The last is on the same line as Waverley for west coast routes, but not all trains stop at Haymarket.

Turnhouse airport has daily services to London and the north of Scotland, and connections to all parts of Britain and with trans-Atlantic and Continental services. Information and bookings at B.E.A. office, 133 George Street, tel. Edinburgh 32125/28.

Leith is the port of Edinburgh, from which there are regular sailings to the Orkneys and Shetlands, Iceland, Copenhagen, and the Continent.

USEFUL ADDRESSES. *American Consul*, 3 Regent Terrace. Tel. Waverley 2061. *Automobile Association*, 20 Melville St. Tel. Caledonian 6591. *Royal Automobile Club*, 23 Charlotte Square. Tel. Caledonian 4888. S.M.T. Self-Drive Hires, Haymarket Terrace. Tel. Fountainbridge 7270.

EDINBURGH MONUMENTS

Burns Monument, Regent Street.

National Monument (unfinished), Calton Hill.

Nelson Monument, top of Calton Hill
Scottish-American War Memorial, West Princes Street Gardens
Sir Walter Scott Monument, East Princes Street Gardens
Wellington Monument, Princes Street, facing G P O
Lincoln Monument, Calton Old Burying Ground, Waterloo Place and Regent Road
Edinburgh Castle, 9 30 a m to 6 p m Sunday 11 a m to 6 p m
Greyfriars Churchyard, George IV Bridge, south end, 10 a m to 5 p m
Heart of Midlothian (old prison), West of St Giles Cathedral
St Giles Cathedral and Chapel of Knights of the Thistle, High Street, open 10 a m to 5 p m
John Knox's House, foot of High Street, open 10 a m to 5 p m
Mercat Cross, Parliament Square
Parliament House and Law Courts, Parliament Square, open 10 a m to 5 p m, Saturday 10 a m to 1 p m
Palace of Holyroodhouse (and state apartments), foot of Canongate, open 9 30 a m to 5 p m, Sunday 11 a m to 6 p m
Robert Louis Stevenson's birthplace, (headquarters and museum of the Stevenson Club), 8 Howard Place, 10 a m to 5 p m, Sunday 2 to 5 p m

MUSEUMS, ART GALLERIES, OBSERVATORIES, ZOO

Arboretum and Royal Botanic Gardens, Inverleith Row, 9 a m to sundown
Antiquarian Museum, east end of Queen's Street, 10 a m to 5 p m, Sunday 2 to 5 p m
Canongate Tolbooth, Canongate, 10 a m to 5 p m, Wednesday 6 p m to 9 p m
Huntly House - City Museum, Canongate, 10 a m to 5 p m, Wednesday 6 p m to 9 p m
Lady Stair's House, Lawnmarket, 10 a m to 4 p m, Saturday 10 a m to 1 p m Burns relics
National Library of Scotland, east side of George IV Bridge, 9 30 a m to 5 p m, Saturdays 9 30 a m to 1 p m
National Portrait Gallery, East Queen Street, 10 a m to 5 p m, Sunday 2 p m to 5 p m
Royal Scottish Academy, Princes Street at foot of Mound
Royal Scottish Museum, Chambers Street, 10 a m to 5 p m, Sunday 2 p m to 5 p m
Camera Obscura, Outlook Tower, Camera Exhibitions Right Corner of Ramsay Lane, Castlehill, 10 a m to 6 30 p m Sunday 12 30 to 6 p m
Scottish National Galleries, Mound, 10 a m to 5 p m, Sunday 2 to 5 p m
Surgeons' Hall Anatomical Museum, Nicolson Street, Monday and Wednesday noon to 4 p m, Saturday 10 a m to 1 p m
Royal Zoo, Corstorphine Road, 9 a m to 7 p m, Sunday 12 30 to 7 p m
City Observatory, Calton Hill, visits by arrangement with curator
Royal Observatory, Blackford Hill, visits by arrangement with Astronomer Royal

THE EDINBURGH FESTIVAL

Just after the World War II, Edinburgh inaugurated a three-week season that has become world-famous as the Edinburgh International Festival of Music, Drama, and Art. The title gives only a slight idea of the immense range of attractions—exhibitions of painting and handicrafts, ballet, instrumental recitals, a festival of documentary and other films—these are only a few of the items on the varied program.

Orchestras from France, Holland, Denmark, Italy, singers, instrumen-

talists, conductors, writers, and film directors from all over the world, theatrical companies from London, Paris, and Japan. Talent of this calibre take part in the Festival. New compositions and plays by musicians and playwrights from America, Australia, and Austria have had their premieres in halls graced by the presence of the Queen, the royal family and cosmopolitan audiences.

Scottish orchestras, choirs, composers, instrumentalists, dramatists, and actors participate, too. The quality of their contribution is hotly debated—nowhere more so than among the Scots themselves. Certainly the Festival has done more to awaken Scottish and British artistic energies than anything since the great days of Sir Walter Scott and the Edinburgh School. This is an event that no visitor interested in the intellectual life of Europe should miss.

The Festival takes place each year during the last two weeks in August and the first week in September. For a detailed program or other information, write to the Festival office, Synod Hall, Castle Terrace, Edinburgh 1.

Exploring Edinburgh

Shall we stroll along Princes Street and then go up to the castle? Leaving the tempting shops and stores that line the north side of the street, we saunter along the gardens. On the railway lines buried discreetly in the cutting between the gardens and the castle you can see some of the most famous express trains in the world, looking like toys against the grim bulk of the Castle Rock.

The first monument to take your eye is the Scott monument, with the statue of Sir Walter looking benignly on the city he loved. You can go right to the top, from which there is an imposing view. But as there is an even better one from the castle battlements, where we are going almost at once, we shall walk on. The little group of interested spectators there in the gardens is looking at the famous Floral Clock, the pride of the city gardeners.

We have just passed the classical home of the Royal Scottish Academy and the famous Mound. Here on Sunday evenings you can listen to spokesmen for all causes, religious and political, and behind the Academy you will see the National Gallery. Both are well worth a visit from visitors interested in art and history.

In the gardens you can also see the memorial to David Livingstone, the famous Scots missionary whose African meeting with Stanley is part of Scots-American history. Here, too, is the American memorial to Scottish soldiers of World War I. Its beauty and the simplicity of the inscription make it one of the treasures of the capital. And so we come round and up the hill to the castle. As you go in the main gate you can see on either



Bagpipes and hilltop fortresses suggest that the Scots have traditions of their own and have had to fight for them. At Edinburgh, pipers parade across the magnificent lawn of Lauriston House, practically within sight of the brooding battlements atop the rugged cliffs of famed Castle Rock.





Northern Ireland shares the Scots passion for bagpipes, and Banbridge, above, has a contest for the best band. In County Antrim, the Giant's Causeway, below, has inspired a host of imaginative legends and tales.



side the statues of the heroes of Scotland's war of independence in the 13th and 14th centuries. Sir William Wallace is on the right, and King Robert Bruce on the left.

From the castle battlements there is a superb view over the city and the Forth River, with the Forth bridge in the distance, reaching across to the "Kingdom" of Fife. On a clear day the vista is one of breathtaking loveliness. On not-so-clear days you will see why Edinburgh is called "Auld Reekie"—though, of course, it is not as smoky as Glasgow. If it is *really* "misty," you can recall that it was in just such a "haar" (or Scotch mist) that Queen Margaret and Mary Queen of Scots first came to their capital.

In the castle's crown chamber are the Honours of Scotland (the Scottish Regalia), historic treasures of fantastic beauty and wealth—the crown, the sceptre, and the sword of state. Here also is the National War Memorial, a monument of touching nobility and dignity, with the names of the Scottish dead of the World War I. On the castle battlements you will see the famous old gun, "Mons Meg," and each day from the battlements the "one o'clock gun" is fired by which the citizens set their watches.

If you leave the castle and head back towards the Mound you will see the Assembly Hall of the Church of Scotland, the "Kirk," the Lawn Market (i.e., "Land" Market) and, not far away, St. Giles Cathedral. The university is also an easy walk from here. American visitors may wish to walk down over the bridges and climb Calton Hill, with its classical unfinished monument to the dead of the peninsular wars, for in the Calton cemeteries is the monument of Lincoln.

Then you must certainly walk down the Royal Mile to the Palace of Holyroodhouse with its memories of Mary Queen of Scots. It is open to the public every day except when the sovereign is in residence, and contains state apartments that rival those at Windsor. Hereabouts you can see John Knox's home and the coffeehouses visited by Sir Walter Scott, Robert Burns, Dr. Johnson, and Robert Louis Stevenson. If your taste runs to the gruesome you can visit the ancient place of execution and the house where the "doomsman" or executioner stayed on these occasions. Here the great Montrose and many another gallant man had a sinister tryst with the hangman. Nearby are the haunts of Burke and Hare and of Deacon Brodie, names familiar to criminologists everywhere.

Just north of Princes Street you will find the New Town, principally George Street, where both Scott and Stevenson

worked. Here, too, are the Assembly Rooms, which have recovered much of their ancient glory as the social centre of the Edinburgh Festival.

In South Charlotte Street you'll see the birthplace of Alexander Graham Bell, inventor of the telephone, who later became an American citizen. Edinburgh claims as her sons many other distinguished Americans, among them Andrew Hamilton, who organised the first postal service in the Colonies; James Loraine Geddes, the Civil War general who wrote *The Stars and Stripes*; and James Blair, the first president of William and Mary College.

Excursions from Edinburgh

Before leaving the Edinburgh district visitors who have an interest in Mary Stuart will probably make the excursion to Linlithgow Palace where she was born. Hard by is South Queensferry, which takes its name from Saint Margaret, who established a resting place there for pilgrims going across the Forth to Dunfermline and Saint Andrews. Queensferry proper is at the southern end of the Forth Bridge, one of the engineering wonders of the world.

Excellent bus services ply along the coast through the Lothians as far south as Berwick-on-Tweed, which was for centuries a Scots town, but is now just across the border. Dunbar and North Berwick, Dirlerton, Gullane, and Haddington are pleasant holiday centres today, with some of the best golf links in the world. Few visitors will need be told of the beauties of Dirlerton Castle, of the impressive ruin of Tantallon Castle and the Bass Rock at North Berwick, or of the literary associations of Haddington with Thomas Carlyle and his wife-to-be Jane Welsh.

On this excursion you pass through Prestonpans where in 1745 Prince Charlie's Highlanders routed the English soldiers under Sir John Cope before the General was out of his bed. The march, "Hey, Johnnie Cope are ye wauken yet?" has ever since been used as the reveille call in Scottish regiments. Then there are the championship Muirfield golf links and Musselburgh with its race course, if your tastes extend beyond literature and history.

This region is well covered by day bus tours, Selkirk, Melrose, Jedburgh, and Abbotsford are all part of the legend of Sir Walter Scott, the "wizard of the north." Sir Walter sleeps in Dryburgh, alongside Field Marshal Earl Haig, the comrade-in-arms of Pershing and the American Legion. In Melrose reposes the heart of King Robert Bruce, brought back from Spain after the

last fight of his faithful follower, the Black Douglas. The king's body lies, as did Saint Margaret's, in Dunfermline.

This is the countryside of the lovely old Scots abbeys now in ruins—Dryburgh, Melrose and, farther west, Sweetheart Abbey. Newbattle Abbey, however, is still standing and is used today as an educational centre and a venue for conferences of various kinds. A new abbey has been begun since the end of World War II by the Cistercian monks at Nunraw, near Haddington.

Prelude to Glasgow

Scotland is a friendly country, and it is Glasgow's proudest boast that it is the friendliest city in Scotland. It has a good many other boasts, for Glasgow is nothing if not uninhibited; but whatever you may think of the various items in its "brag" list after your visit, I do not think you will be inclined to question its warm-hearted friendliness.

Though Glasgow was founded by Saint Mungo before St. Margaret came to Edinburgh, though its bishopric had jurisdiction as far south as Carlisle in ancient times and its university was a papal foundation second in age only to St. Andrews, its importance is almost completely modern and industrial.

Its history is less romantic—and less sinister—than Edinburgh's. The sprawling mushroom growth of the 19th-century city ruined its chances of architectural beauty. If Edinburgh deserves its name of "Athens of the north," Glasgow should be the Rome. It is built on hills, and from the centre of the teeming city—say in Dalhousie Street in Garnethill—you can look north and south, over the smoke-filled valley of the Clyde and the grey tenements, towards the western Highlands or Cathkin Braes, visions of magnificent splendour.

Glasgow's importance came with the age of iron and steam, cotton and tobacco; the age of the emergence of America as the land of new opportunities for the emigrant Irish and Scots driven out by political and economic persecution from the lands of their ancestors. It is a brash and bustling city, but it has its corners of history. Its cathedral is the finest example of Gothic surviving intact in Scotland. Its university, nobly dominating a noble site at Gilmorehill, celebrated its fifth centenary in 1951. Close by the cathedral is the oldest house in the city, Provand's Lordship, where Mary Stuart once stayed. Otherwise, with the possible exception of Glasgow's museums, the average visitor will prefer to concentrate on the scenic hinterland.

Glasgow Practical Information



WHERE TO STAY? The Scottish Tourist Board's National Register of Accommodation contains three pages of hotels, five of pensions, and one of restaurants in the central districts of Glasgow alone. Even so the city suffers from a chronic shortage of first-class hotel space. Those listed here are all in the centre or West End and represent only a selection of the many establishments available. Hotels that are members of the Tourist Association of Scotland are indicated MTAS. Station hotels are given first. All rates are average for bed and breakfast. The figures in parentheses indicate the number of rooms available with private baths.

FIRST-CLASS. *Central*, Central Station, Gordon Street, MTAS, 259 rooms (70), 47/6 and 68/6. American bar, Restaurant. Headquarters of British Railways hotels services in Scotland. Cuisine and cellar impeccable. International celebrities stay at the Central when they stop over in Glasgow. Terminus from Euston, London.

North British Station, Queen's Street Station, George Square, MTAS, 84 rooms (11), 40/- and 70/-. Terminus from King's Cross, London, via Edinburgh and English east coast, West Highlands, and Hebrides. American bar. Top-class service, cuisine, cellar.

St. Enoch Station, St. Enoch Square, MTAS, 150 rooms (10), 35/- and 60/-. Terminus for St. Pancras, London, English Midlands, and Stranraer Irish steamers. Convenient to airport coach terminal. Licensed. First-class service and cuisine.

Buchanan Street Station, Buchanan Street, MTAS, 35 rooms (1), 25/- and 50/-. Terminus for north of Scotland and western Highlands and Islands. Licensed.

Bath, 152 Bath Street, MTAS, 35 rooms, 27/6 and 52/-. Licensed.

Blythswood, 320 Argyle Street, 85 rooms 26/- and 52/-.

George, 235 Buchanan Street, MTAS, 114 rooms, 33/- and 60/-. Licensed.

Grand, Charing Cross, MTAS, 100 rooms (2), 28/- and 52/-. Licensed.

Ivanhoe, 185 Buchanan Street, MTAS, 74 rooms (3), 27/6 and 45/-. Licensed. KLM air terminal.

Kenilworth, 5 Queen Street, MTAS, 39 rooms, 23/5 and 45/-. Licensed.

More's, India Street, MTAS, 61 rooms (10), 35/- and 70/-. Licensed.

Royal, 108 Sauchiehall Street, MTAS, 56 rooms, 25/- and 50/-. Licensed.

SECOND-CLASS. There are a great many, those listed are well situated near the town.

Belhaven, Belhaven Terrace, W.2, MTAS, 60 rooms, 23/- and 45/-.

Grosvenor, Grosvenor Terrace, W.2, MTAS, 43 rooms, 18/6 and 37/-. Licensed.

Regent, 222 West Regent Street, MTAS, 20 rooms, 18/6 and 37/-.

Winton, 12 Winton Drive, W.2, 12 rooms, 20/- and 40/-.

Woodlands Gate, 10 Lynedoch Place, MTAS, 24 rooms, 21/- and 42/-.



RESTAURANTS. There are plenty of excellent restaurants in the centre of Glasgow and the cuisine is of such a standard that any preference is a matter of individual taste in every sense of the expression. Some of the principal establishments in the centre of the city are listed. The station hotels given above all have excellent restaurants with international cuisine and cellars. Similar descriptions could be applied to the 101, the *Malmalson*, *Ferrari's*, *Guy's*, the *Rogano*, and the *Royal*.

101, Hope Street. Licensed. Open weekdays noon to 2:30 p.m., 5 p.m. to 10:30 p.m. Convenient to Central Station and Alhambra Theatre. Expensive.

Malmalson, Hope Street. In Central Station block. Licensed. Weekdays noon to 2:30 p.m., 5 p.m. to 10:30 p.m. Expensive.

Bank Restaurant, 35 Queen Street. Licensed. Weekdays 8:30 a.m. to 9:30 p.m.

Ca'doro, 120 Union Street. Unlicensed. Weekdays 8 a.m. to 7 p.m.

Berkeley, North Street. Licensed. Open 5 p.m. to 10:30 p.m. Convenient to St. Andrews Concert Hall.

Copland & Lye Ltd, 165 Sauchiehall Street. Unlicensed. Weekdays 9 a.m. to 5:30 p.m., Saturday to 1 p.m. Orchestra. Favored by ladies visiting department store.

Ferrari Restaurant, 10 Sauchiehall Street. Continental cuisine and cellar. Weekdays noon to 2:30 and 5 to 10:30 p.m. Licensed.

Ferrari's Corner House, Buchanan Street. Licensed. Weekdays noon to 2:30 p.m., and 5 p.m. to 10:30 p.m.

Fuller's Ltd., Buchanan Street. Unlicensed. A special favorite with ladies. Specializes in pastry and cakes. Weekdays 9 a.m. to 6 p.m.

Grant Arms Grill, 186 Argyle Street. Possibly the best grill in Glasgow. Licensed. Weekdays 11 a.m. to 10:15 p.m.

Guy's Restaurant, 186 Hope Street. Cosmopolitan atmosphere, excellent cuisine and cellar. Weekdays 11 a.m. to 10:30 p.m. Expensive.

His Lordship's Larder, 4 St. Enoch Place. Convenient to St. Enoch Station and BEA coach terminal. Weekdays 11 a.m. to 2:30 p.m., and 5 p.m. to 9:30 p.m.

Ingram Restaurant, 138 Queen Street. Licensed. Weekdays 11 a.m. to 2:30 p.m., and 5 p.m. to 9:30 p.m.

McDonald's Ltd., 21 Buchanan Street. Unlicensed. Popular with ladies visiting department store. Weekdays 9 a.m. to 5:30 p.m., Saturday to 1 p.m.

Rogano Restaurant & Sea Food Bar, 11 South Exchange Place. Licensed. Weekdays 11 a.m. to 10:15 p.m. Expensive.

Royal Restaurant, 10 West Nile Street. "Clan" room, "Spanish lounge," private rooms, three bars. Weekdays 11 a.m. to 10:15 p.m.

Whitehall Restaurant, off Renfield Street. Leading haunt of businessmen. Licensed. Expensive.

Wylie & Lohead Ltd., 43 Buchanan Street. Unlicensed. Favored by ladies shopping.



COFFEEHOUSES AND BARS. There are innumerable excellent bars and coffeehouses in Glasgow. However, if you are with lady guests, you will be well advised to patronize bars attached to hotels or licensed restaurants above-listed. Not all other bars have special lounges for ladies, and the latter are frequently not permitted at the public bar. The licensing regulations in Glasgow and in some other parts of Scotland are not merely idiotic, they are designed with the anachronistic intention of reducing drinking to a barbarian level. You may even be unfortunate enough to happen on this puritanical attitude in a first-class restaurant at the end of the early licensed period, when last drinks must be ordered before 2:30 p.m. and cleared from the table by 3 p.m. There is nothing anyone can do about this, apparently it is the law, and the law in Glasgow is not merely an ass, it is a boor also.

Coffeehouses are a feature of Glasgow's social life, survivals of an era when presumably they made good coffee. Not many of them do so now, except possibly those favored by ladies. And the same goes for tea. One name may be mentioned—*James Craig's* chain of coffeehouses are a feature of the city center and are noted for their fine collections of paintings. Excellent "espresso" coffee is obtainable in the *Newtine Cafe* at Charing Cross.

Tipping is largely optional in coffee and tea rooms but it is more practised than it need be. If you get really good service, by all means tip, but too often the service can vary from indifferent to deplorable.



ENTERTAINMENT. Glasgow's entertainments are first-class and splendidly varied till 11 p.m. Thereafter the city tends to be something of a desert, except for clubs, and they are for members and their guests only. The best-known of these are the *Locarno Club*, near Charing Cross; the *Piccadilly Club*, at the other end of Renfield Street; the *Carrick*, Victoria Bridge, and the *R.N.V.R. Club*. These have late licenses, dancing, resident orchestras, and floor shows.

THEATRES. There are three straight theatres and four variety theatres. The "legitimate" theatres are the *Alhambra*, Wellington Street; the *King's*, Bath Street; and the *Citizen's Theatre*, Gorbals Cross, founded by James Bridie in 1943 as the national theatre of Scotland. Glasgow is a leading city on the pre-London circuit for new shows. Opera and ballet are also featured.

The variety theatres are the *Empire*, Sauchiehall Street, which is on the national circuit for all the top-ranking names in variety; the *Pavilion*, Renfield Street; the *Metropole*, Stockwell Street; and the *Empress*, St. George's Road. The last three feature typically Glasgow local entertainment. Scotland's commercial television has taken over the Theatre Royal in Glasgow and stages productions before a studio audience.

CINEMAS. There are nearly twenty leading cinemas in the center of the city. Performances are continuous and seats are not reserved. There are two cinemas that specialize in foreign language films and documentaries—the *Cosmo*, Rose Street, and the *Newcine*, Charing Cross. The *Classic News Theatre*, Renfield Street near Central Station, features news films, documentaries, and cartoon features.

MUSIC. During the winter season the Scottish National Orchestra gives a series of concerts in St. Andrews Hall. The BBC Scottish Orchestra also gives performances; enquiries for invitation tickets should be sent to Broadcasting House, BBC, Queen Margaret Drive, Glasgow, W. 2. (tel. West 8844). International singers and instrumentalists appear regularly in St. Andrews Hall.

During the summer season the public parks feature top-class military bands and good concert parties.

DANCING. Glasgow is excellently served for popular dance halls with outstanding resident orchestras. The chief are the *Plaza*, Eglinton Toll; the *Locarno*, Charing Cross; the *Albert*, Bath Street; the *Palais de Danse*, Dennistoun; and *Barrowland*, near Glasgow Cross. *Green's Playhouse Ballroom* features all the top-class touring bands.



SPORTS. There are six first-class soccer grounds in Glasgow, including Hampden Park, home of the famous Queen's Park Club and scene of all International matches. Ranking with it are Ibrox Stadium, home of Glasgow Rangers club, and Celtic Park, ground of Glasgow Celtic. There are also 11 first-class rugby grounds. In and around the city are eight municipal golf courses, four of them being 18-hole affairs, and, in addition, 25 private golf clubs. Four of

the latter may be used by visitors without previous introduction—Bonnytown Moor, Eaglesham, Fereneze, Barrhead, Hayston, Kirkintilloch, and Kirkintilloch course

There are two *ice skating rinks*—Crossmyloof, Titwood Road, and Paisley Ice Rink, East Lane, Paisley Both feature *hockey matches* and winter games

There are 14 municipally-owned indoor *swimming pools* in Glasgow and three private swimming clubs The municipal pools are all first-class, though none is up to international expectations The nearest pool offering international facilities is at Coatbridge. All Glasgow municipal pools have sun-ray and Turkish bath facilities

There are also several international class *billiard* and *pool rooms*, two of which offer table tennis facilities—the Imperial rooms 85 Mitchell Street, and the Palace, 5 Hope Street Possibly the best-known rooms are the Nile, 222 St George's Road, and the Crown, 8 Sauchiehall Street Most private clubs offer billiards, pool, and bridge facilities

The nearest *racetracks* are Hamilton and Ayr

There are excellent *sailing facilities* during the summer season on the Firth of Clyde, especially during the gala "Clyde Fortnight" when international-class sailings are on view

An endless variety of other sports and amusements are catered for in and around the city, which has five *cricket grounds*, five *greyhound-racing tracks*, 22 public parks, and three *zoos* All the public parks offer *tennis*, *bowling*, and *cricket*



TRANSPORTATION Glasgow still has an extensive network of tram services. Some of the cars are very modern, streamlined, and comfortable Fares begin at 2d, and average 1³/₄d a mile Buses also serve the city and suburbs at higher minimum fares, and average 2d a mile The municipal underground railway is also useful, describing a circle about 6 miles in circumference, beginning at St Enoch Fares start at 2d

Glasgow has four terminal stations Central serves London and south Scotland, St Enoch serves London and southwest Scotland, Queen Street serves Edinburgh and southeast Scotland, also North Clydeside and the West Highlands, Buchanan Street serves Perth, Aberdeen, and the north.

TAXIS Minimum fare for a party of two adults for one mile is two shillings Each additional quarter-mile, 4d Each person above two adults, 6d for whole journey Maximum number of adults, four First five minutes waiting time, free, each additional five minutes, 4d No surcharge for Sunday or after-midnight hires, or for return journey of taxi from point where hirer gets out Fares by the hour are subject to arrangement between hirer and driver. These regulations apply only within the city boundary If you hire a cab to go outside the city, especially late at night, the driver may quibble, though this is rare If so, you should come to a gentlemen's agreement For a short run in the city, 6d tip is quite adequate, and a shilling takes care of fares up to 7/6d For anything likely to cost more you should make a special arrangement

USEFUL ADDRESSES *American Consulate*, 97 Woodside Terrace C3 Douglas 7221 *Royal Automobile Club*, 16 Sandyford Place Douglas 5814 *Royal Scottish Automobile Club*, 11 Blythswood Square Central 3850 *Canadian Club*, 18 Woodlands Terrace Douglas 4936 *English Speaking Union*, 207 Bath Street Central 9776 *Rotary Club*, 97 Wellington Street Central 3406, *Municipal Information Bureau*, St Enoch Square, (publishes

"Getting Around Glasgow). Central 7371 and 0638. *Scottish Youth Hostels Association*, 108 Renfield Street. Douglas 5840. *Scottish Information Office*, 95 Bothwell Street. City 7853. *Thomas Cook & Son*, Gordon Street. *American Express*, 115 Hope Street. Central 4366.

Exploring Glasgow

Down the High Street, the site once occupied by the old University College is now a railway goods and freight station. At the bottom of High Street are the old clock, Tolbooth, and the Mercat Cross, scene of markets and historical proclamations. Hereabouts, in Virginia Street and elsewhere, lived the old Glasgow tobacco and cotton magnates until the American War of Independence ruined their trade.

Across to the west, in the valley below the university, stands the art gallery, on the Kelvin River. Architecturally the building has few friends, but it houses some of the finest paintings in Europe—canvases by Corot, Turner, Rembrandt, Whistler, and Rubens. Possibly the most famous are Rembrandt's *Man in Armour* and Whistler's *Thomas Carlyle*. In recent years the collection has acquired the world-famous *Christ of Saint John of the Cross* by Salvador Dali.

There is also, in the centre of the city, a well-attended art college, in Renfrew Street, designed in a modern adaptation of the Scottish baronial style by Charles Rennie Mackintosh, an architect who has a European and American reputation, though his name is scarcely known in his native city of Glasgow. Throughout the city you will admire the various classical churches designed by "Greek" Thomson.

Opposite the art gallery is Kelvin Hall, the largest exhibition hall outside London. It takes its name from Lord Kelvin, the great 19th-century scientist who was one of the glories of the university. Visitors should certainly see the Municipal Chambers in George Square, in the centre of the city. Designed in the Italian Renaissance style, they are extremely impressive both inside and out.

Since most people coming to Glasgow for the first time know only one street name—Sauchiehall Street—it may be worth devoting a moment to Glasgow's shopping and fashion centre. Occupying an area of about a square mile, it can be covered at small expense by trolley, provided you don't get off. No one has yet discovered any way of keeping the ladies on the trams, however, and considering the range, value, and attractiveness of the goods on display, no one can blame them. The big depart-

ment stores are in Sauchiehall Street, Renfield Street, Union Street, Buchanan Street, and Argyle Street.

Glasgow folk are proud of their city parks, which are superb; their library service, whose jewel is the university library with its Hunterian Museum; their Scottish Orchestra, directed by some of the greatest conductors in the world and the principal native contributor to the Edinburgh Festival; their theatres and cinemas, ranging from the largest in Europe to the most cosmopolitan outside London; and their miles of shipbuilding yards, where the *Queen Mary* and the *Queen Elizabeth* were made. In claiming these liners, Glasgow is perhaps pirating a glory that rightly belongs to Clydebank, just down the river. And, since we are filching fame, let us direct the attention of visitors to Paisley Abbey, a glorious edifice, again only a bus ride from Glasgow.

But Glasgow's glory is the river. "Glasgow made the Clyde and the Clyde made Glasgow," runs the saying, and one of the most attractive trips you can make is a sail down the estuary of the Clyde to the place where the Atlantic rolls in to die. On a summer's evening there are few sights more glorious. All along the north bank you can see the fringes of the Lochs and Trossachs country. That territory is also well covered by bus excursions—to Loch Lomond of the "bonny banks," the Three Lochs, the Rob Roy country, and right up to Fort William, gateway to the Western Highlands, or Oban, gateway to the Western Isles. From Glasgow you can also sail or fly to the Hebrides and the Western Isles.

Exploring Scotland

Near the mouth of the Firth of Clyde there is the island of Bute, seat of one of the most ancient of Scottish noble families, and a world-famous holiday resort. The principal town is Rothesay. The steamers also call at Dunoon, on the north bank of the river. Here are held the Cowal Games, on the last Friday and Saturday of August, one of the biggest Highland gatherings in the country, which ends with a massed march-past of a thousand pipers.

The whole of the Clyde provided the inspiration for many of the most famous songs of the late Sir Harry Lauder, who made as many "farewell tours" of America as the great singers of his time. If you know the tunes you will find them running in your head as you see the countryside, and if you don't know them you will quickly learn them, for there is no place where Glas-

wegians show their renowned friendliness and uninhibitedness as on a steamer "sailin' doon the watter."

Upriver by road from Glasgow along the Clyde valley you can see some of the loveliest and most storied country in the west. Lanark is where Sir William Wallace began his epic fight for Scottish independence, and his statue is bedecked at the annual Lanimer Day celebration. It is also the centre of a lovely fruit-growing region. You will understand something of the price paid by the west for industrial supremacy if you contrast the Lanark countryside with the grim wracks near Motherwell.

Hereabouts you may also wish to visit Blantyre, where David Livingstone was born, with its impressive memorial to the great missionary-explorer. Farther north, at the gateway to the central Highlands stands Stirling, where Wallace won his greatest victory in 1297, and Bannockburn, where in 1314 Bruce fought the most successful battle in Scots history and secured Scottish independence for three centuries. Stirling is dominated by its mighty castle on one side and the tall, spectacular Wallace monument on the other.

Southwards to Gollfand

Conveniently accessible from Glasgow is Ayrshire, the land of Burns—and golf. Ayr is the heart and centre of the cult of the immortal memory of "Rabbie" Burns. To those steeped in the cult of "the Bard" there is perhaps no need to mention the importance of Ayr, Kilmarnock, Maybole and Mauchline, Alloway (the poet's birthplace), and the Banks of Doon. Overseas visitors who arrive by the great airport of Prestwick may reflect, however, that if the air age had started a century or two earlier, their baggage might have been examined by Exciseman Rabbie Burns himself!

This region is also the centre of one of the most famous golfing countries in the world. Troon, Prestwick, Gales, West Kilbride, Turnberry, and Irvine are stalked by tens of thousands of golfers every year. Americans from Sarazen to Stranahan have played there in open championships, and their names are part of the local legend of "gowf."

Farther south you come to Galloway, of interest to the historian in Candida Casa, the first site of Christianity in Scotland, and shrine of St. Ninian. Litterateurs will remember also that Dumfries enshrines memories of Burns and J. M. Barrie, author of *Peter Pan*. Not far away is Ecclefechan, birthplace of Thomas Carlyle.

American visitors to Ayrshire may also feel inclined to make a detour along the coast to see Culzean Castle (pronounced Cullane), which was designed by the great Scottish architect, Robert Adam, in the 18th century. It is now the property of the National Trust for Scotland, and there is a flat reserved as a private residence for Dwight D. Eisenhower, in gratitude for his services as Supreme Commander during the last war.

The "Kingdom" of Fife

Fife, lying north of the Forth from Edinburgh, proudly styles itself as a "kingdom," and its long history lends some substance to the boast. Many Scottish kings were crowned at Scone, and it was here that King Malcolm Canmore first brought his gentle Queen, Margaret. Nearly every village has some remnant of history.

When so much is offered, we can indicate only the most interesting visits. Let us start with Dunfermline, with the ruins of the church and abbey built by King David to the memory of his mother, Saint Margaret. It was a place of pilgrimage for centuries. Bruce lay buried there, as did Saint Margaret herself. But the relics of Margaret were hidden for safety during the Reformation, and only a fragment of her tomb remains. The bones of Bruce were found again in 1818 and now lie beneath his memorial statue in the New Abbey Church. Dunfermline's modern prosperity was greatly advanced by the munificence of Andrew Carnegie, who was born there and returned there to die, after having made his millions in Pittsburgh. His birthplace, memorial, and the Carnegie Library are features of the town.

Not far away is Loch Leven, where Mary Queen of Scots was forced to sign the deed of abdication in her island prison in the Loch; she later escaped under romantic circumstances and made her last bid for her throne at the Battle of Langside, near Glasgow, in 1568. The modern fame of Loch Leven stems from the international angling matches that take place there. In one season the catch totalled 50,000 fish.

From Dunfermline the coast road takes you to Largo, where Alexander Selkirk, the original Robinson Crusoe, was born. The house he bought for his father can be seen, and so can Alexander's own statue.

A more detailed story of Fife would tell of the other coastal towns and villages, but let us push on quickly to St. Andrews, with its university (the oldest in Scotland), its ruined cathedral

and castle, and the Old Course, home of the Royal and Ancient Club, the birthplace of golf. Here Scots kings were crowned, John Knox preached, and earlier reformers were burned at the stake. Pilgrims came in pre-Reformation times to visit the shrine that traditionally housed relics of St. Andrew the Apostle.

The modern fame of St. Andrews is mainly as the home of golf. Hagen, Sarazen, Jones, and Hogan have contributed to the saga of the Road Hole and the other perils of the championship course, and Stranahan added his name to its history by winning his second British Amateur championship there in 1950.

Among other interesting visits in Fife let us mention Falkland, with its palace, once the residence of Scottish kings and happily not a ruin today. It was here that James V died, grief-stricken after his defeat at Solway Moss, leaving the kingdom to his newly-born infant daughter, Mary Stuart.

The Counties of Perth and Angus

If you are travelling by car or coach, Perth will probably be your first visit across the Tay. It is a pretty, clean, thriving town, whose most famous and vivid literary connection is Scott's *The Fair Maid of Perth*. Other historical memories concern James I (of Scotland) who was murdered here, and John Knox, who preached one of his earliest sermons here (the ruins in the town and district bear witness to the eloquence of his words). James VI of Scotland (and I of England) is said to have played golf in Perth, and Bonnie Prince Charlie lodged in what is now the Salutation Hotel.

A few miles away is Scone, where many of the Scottish kings were crowned on the Stone of Destiny, which was taken to England by Edward I, the "hammer of the Scots," and ever since has performed the same function in Westminster Abbey, London.

The whole country to the north holds memories of the Jacobite risings of 1715 and 1745. "Bonnie Dundee" was killed in 1689 at Killiecrankie at the moment of victory. At Dunkeld begins the Great North Road, which was constructed in order to put an end to the inaccessibility of the Highlands as a Jacobite stronghold. Dunkeld also holds the bones of St. Columba, which were removed there from Iona for safety from the Norse pirates in 850.

Rail travellers approach Dundee by the famous Tay bridge, a spectacle almost as famous as that over the Forth. The first Tay bridge was the scene of the great railway disaster of 1879. Dundee has a University College that is part of the University of St. Andrews, and if Dundonians have their way it may yet

become the site of a fifth Scottish University. Dundee is the fourth city of Scotland, attractive, well situated, industrious. From it you can visit places like Arbroath, whose ruined abbey was the scene of the great Declaration of Independence of 1320; Glamis Castle, where Queen Elizabeth, the Queen-Mother was born; Kirriemuir, where J. M. Barrie was born; and Carnoustie and Montrose for golf.

Up to Aberdeen, the Granite City

Aberdeen is a brisk city, built largely of granite, which gives it a new look. It stands between the mouths of two rivers, the Don and the Dee. It has a university, which managed to save some of its pre-Reformation treasures, so that its library is well worth a visit by historians. St. Machar's Cathedral (1530) is the only granite cathedral in Britain. The post-Reformation part of the University, the Marischal College, is also magnificent, dominated by the 260-foot-high Mitchell Tower, the second largest white granite structure in the world.

Visitors to the city will rejoice in the clean splendour of such monuments as the Wallace and Burns statues. Another spectacle worth an early rise is the fish market, whence the silver harvest of the North Sea is dispatched throughout Britain. Aberdeen has two miles of perfect sandy beach, stretching from the Don to the Dee. On sunny days in spring and summer it is easy to understand why Aberdeen is called "the silver city with the golden sands."

From Aberdeen as a centre you should visit Deeside, south-east of the city. Rail and road follow the river for most of its length and the scenery is superb. Dominating one of the hills along the valley is Blairs College, the Roman Catholic training seminary for priests, which contains among its treasures a portrait of Mary Queen of Scots, painted from a miniature she gave to one of her attendants just before her execution. Further on, near Banchory, is the Macbeth country of Lumphanan, where Macbeth died.

Next you come to Balmoral, the Highland residence of the Royal family during the shooting season. (The castle is closed to visitors when the Queen is in residence.) Further on is Braemar, scene of the most famous Highland gathering held in September under royal patronage. Here, too, is the house where Robert Louis Stevenson wrote *Treasure Island*. Going north from Aberdeen you may take either the shore road or cut the corner and head past the spas of Keith and Huntly for Elgin,

and thence along the coast and the Moray Firth to Inverness, capital of the Highlands.

Elgin is one of the most pleasant towns in all Scotland. Its chief monuments are its ruined cathedral and the restored Greyfriars Abbey Church. The town is a centre of the Jacobite cult, and its historical society collection includes the only surviving copy of the Proclamation offering £30,000 for the betrayal of Prince Charles Edward Stuart, when he was on the run after the Battle of Culloden in 1746. There were no takers to be found in the Highlands, a circumstance that partly redeems Scotland's honour for the venality that betrayed Mary Stuart 180 years earlier.

Hard by Elgin is Lossiemouth, birthplace and resting place of the last Scots Prime Minister of Britain, Ramsay MacDonald, a "Lossie Loon." The fishing on the Lossie is free and sporting.

So we run in through the Macbeth country around Nairn to Inverness. On the way you may wish to stop at the battlefield of Culloden Moor, where in 1746 the Highland army made its last desperate stand for Prince Charlie—and was butchered in defeat. It was the last battle fought on British soil. The burying ground of the clans is a sad and hallowed spot.

Scottish scenery is at its wildest and most majestic beyond Fort William. Ben Nevis, 4,406 feet, dominates the vista north of Loch Linnhe, then comes range on range of fine mountains liberally covered with heather and deer forests. Mallaig is the port for Skye and Stornoway; steamers sail from here through the lovely sound of Sleat. North of Kyle of Lochalsh there is no railway and only few roads. This is wild Wester Ross, home of the savage cat and last retreat of Britain's only dangerous animals. Here, too, the Golden Eagle still soars. Over 100 miles of magnificently indented coastline is softened at only one point—Ullapool—where a popular resort has been established, miraculously fringed by the world's most northerly palm trees. This tremendous coast ends at appropriately named Cape Wrath, a high foreland guarding the entrance to the Minches.

The Highlands

We have reached Inverness via the east coast route. But other visitors may come by Glasgow to Fort William, and thence by the Great Glen along the Caledonian Canal that links Loch Lochy and Loch Ness (where they may—or may not—see the Loch Ness "monster"). This is the country of Prince Charlie's wanderings, of bloody Highland feuds, and of the 19th-century

"clearances" that depopulated the Highlands and sent much good stock to America and Canada. On the way north from Glasgow to Fort William you can make a detour to see Glen Coe (glen of weeping), the scene of the most tragic massacre in Scottish history.

When King James II fled into exile, some of the Scottish clans, including the MacDonalds of Glencoe, were reluctant to take an oath of allegiance to the new king, William III, which they were ordered to do before the end of 1691. MacIan, chief of the MacDonalds, put off taking the oath until the 31st of December, when he journeyed to Fort William to comply with the edict. Contrary to his expectations, however, there was no magistrate there, and he had to continue to Inverary. Heavy snows delayed him, and it was not until January 6 that he took the oath. Enemies of the MacDonalds reported this to the king, concealing the fact that weather had hindered MacIan from obeying the royal command. A warrant was issued for the extirpation of the clan.

Under the command of Campbell of Glenlyon, a force of 120 men marched to Glencoe, ostensibly to collect taxes. The MacDonalds entertained them hospitably for twelve days. At 5 a.m. on February 13, 1692, the Campbells set upon the sleeping MacDonalds and massacred them, burning their homes and driving away their livestock. Only a few MacDonalds managed to escape in the darkness, and most of them died of exposure in the hills.

After leaving Fort William, another detour will give you a view of Glen Finnan, where Prince Charles Edward raised his standard in 1745.

Along the Great Glen visitors will be rewarded by a stop at Fort Augustus Abbey on the southern tip of Loch Ness. Thenceforward the waters of the Loch spread in splendour along the road till you join the east coast again at Inverness.

One of the most pleasant features of Inverness is the spectacle of the three suspension bridges. Another is the purity of the English spoken there, equalled only by that of educated Dubliners. In the Town Hall is a portrait of Flora MacDonald, who guided Prince Charlie in his flight to safety and final exile. Her memorial can be seen on the Castle Hill.

The royal burgh of Inverness is the only place in Britain outside London where the cabinet has met to discuss affairs of state. This historic event took place in the town hall's council chamber in 1922, and it is said that ministers were summoned with such urgency that they had to find horses, traps, or aged cars. Sir Winston Churchill was not admitted to the building when he

arrived, because he was so smeared with mud that council officers were unable to recognise him.

This fine city on the banks of the fast flowing River Ness is called "capital of the Highlands." In its comparatively modern castle the county police have their headquarters, and not far away are the barracks of the famous Cameron Highlanders. At the foot of the town cross on the Exchange is the Clach-na-Cudainn stone, dating back perhaps 1,000 years. Old washerwomen were supposed to have used it as a resting place on their way down to the river with their tubs. Men from Inverness are still called "Clach-na-Cudainn boys" the world over.

Just outside Inverness is Tomnahurich Cemetery, or "hill of the fairies," which is renowned for its beautiful layout and serene atmosphere. The farming land around Inverness and the Moray Firth is the richest in Scotland. The climate is drier than in most other parts of the country, with invigorating winds and clear skies. This is the unmatched Laich of Moray country.

North of Inverness the most accessible territory runs along the coast road by Dingwall, Tain, Dornoch, Wick, and Thurso. A detour takes you right to John O'Groat's and the tip of Scotland. The roads are good and reliable. Here you are on the fringe of the land of the midnight sun. Even in Inverness there are tennis and golf tournaments during the summer that end near midnight in very tolerable light.

Across the Pentland Firth from John O'Groat's lie the Orkney and Shetland groups of islands. Here we are in the ancient seakingdom of the Norsemen, for the islands look towards Scandinavia. The ancient Norse festivals of Up-Helly-A' are celebrated in Lerwick at the end of January with the pageantry of Norse galleys and Viking warriors. A Viking Congress of Scandinavian scholars was held in Lerwick in 1950.

This ancient kingdom of Zetland, together with Orcadia, was not handed to Scotland until the 15th century, when they formed part of the dowery of a Scandinavian princess about to marry James III, King of Scotland. The islands are virtually bare of trees, due to strong winds, but have a relatively mild climate since the Gulf Stream swirls around them. Seascares and voes (bays of unusual kinds) are unique, and attract visitors from all over Britain. The loch fishing is superb.

Lerwick, capital of the 100 islands making up the far-flung Shetlands, is quite cosmopolitan, being a base for trawlers and fishermen from many nations as well as a popular holiday resort. From Lerwick, buses and small coastal steamers can take you to the far north—the Ultima Thule of Britain—where, in summer,



The Irish are noted for their friendliness and witty conversation. Here at the Dublin bird market a bird is being taught to talk Irish style.



Irish tweeds enjoy a world reputation for fine quality and craftsmanship. Time-honored methods are used to spin the threads and weave the fabric

there is no night and from high Saxe Voorde Hill you can watch the sun set and rise within an hour.

Kirkwall, capital of Orkney, is another fascinating town. Nearby is Scapa Flow, once a great naval base and scene of the scuttling of the German fleet in 1919.

The Hebrides

Appropriately enough, the Western Islands lie within no territory but their own. You can reach them, however, by air and sea from Glasgow, or you can do most of the journey by road also from Glasgow either via Oban and the inner islands, or from Inverness via Strathpeffer and Glen Carron to the Kyle of Lochalsh, whence it is but a step to Skye, the island of Flora MacDonald. She is buried on the island at Kilmuir. Prince Charlie stayed also at Monkstadt House and Kingsburgh. In the latter house (now no more) Dr. Johnson and Boswell visited during their tour of the Western Islands. The learned doctor also stayed at Broadford and Dunvegan Castle, the seat of the MacLeods, anciently related to the Norse kings.

Beyond Skye, in a protective arc, lie the Outer Hebrides—Lewis and Harris, North and South Uist, with the intervening Benbecula, and Barra and Eriskay tagged on at the southern tip. These islands are famous for the quality of their tweed and the sturdy character of their fishermen. They have inspired some of the loveliest songs in the haunting minstrelsy of Scotland, like the *Eriskay Love-Lilt*, *Over the Sea to Skye*, *Will ye no come back again?* and many others. Barra was one of the few corners of Scotland that was never affected by the unsettling currents of the Reformation.

Farther south along the west coast lie other groups of islands that are more accessible from Glasgow—Coll, Tiree, Iona, Staffa, Colonsay, Mull, Jura, Islay, and Arran. The first six may be fairly easily seen by travelling by road or rail from Glasgow to Oban, and thence by boat. On Mull lies Tobermory Bay, which through the centuries has been the scene of treasure hunts for the Spanish galleon that was wrecked there after the defeat of the Spanish Armada in 1588.

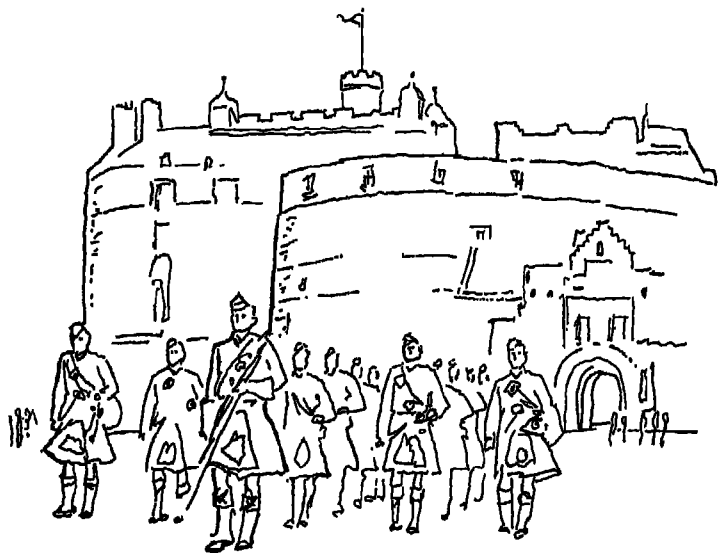
Iona is famed as the cradle of Christianity in western Scotland. It is the island of St. Columba, though as we noted earlier, his bones were transferred to Dunkeld during the 9th century. Of recent years the Church of Scotland has authorized the establishment of the "Iona Community" scheme here. Fifty-two of the ancient kings of Scotland were buried on Iona, not to mention princes, bishops, and chieftains.

Islay and Arran are best known as holiday resorts, though it was from Arran that Bruce returned from exile to begin the fight for Scottish freedom in 1307.

On Islay, near the town of Port Charlotte, stands a memorial to a number of American soldiers who lost their lives when the *Tuscania* was torpedoed near the island in 1918. Many of the victims are buried in the local cemetery.

Jura is a wild island with only a scattering of people living on it. Triple peaks, called the "Paps of Jura," are popular among climbers and hardy walkers who visit the island in summer.

The western isles of Scotland are among the most lovely corners on the earth. Well named the "isles of youth," they reward visitors to their peaty shores with unsurpassed views of charm and loneliness in sunlight and showers.



NORTHERN IRELAND

It Gave The U.S.A. Ten Presidents

by

HUGH SHEARMAN

(Dr. Hugh Shearman is one of the best known of the younger generation of Ulster writers. He is the author of Ulster, Finland, and a couple of novels.)

The province of Northern Ireland (which is often referred to by the ancient name of Ulster) forms part of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland, although it has a provincial parliament of its own that deals with certain local matters. From the point of view of travel this fact is important, for it means that there is no customs barrier between Great Britain and Northern Ireland for those who travel direct from one to the other.

The Republic of Ireland, however, which lies to the south and west of Northern Ireland, is a separate country; and there is a customs examination of travellers' luggage wherever the Republic is entered or left, either by sea or air from Great Britain or at the land frontier between the Republic and Northern Ireland. Information about the formalities necessary for bringing motor cars across the frontier between the Republic of Ireland and Northern Ireland or any other part of the United Kingdom can be obtained from the principal motoring organizations, such as the Automobile Association or the Royal Automobile Club.

The province of Northern Ireland contains within a small compass nearly every type of scenery, countryside, and facility to be found anywhere else in the British Isles. It is the great variety of interests and attractions to be found in so small an area that gives the province its special appeal to visitors. Good progress has been made by the Ulster Tourist Board in raising the standard of hotel accommodation and improving amenities. Some very attractive parts of the province, however, have hardly yet been discovered, and there the visitor may have to rough it a little.

Excluding the larger rivers, lakes, and tideways, the province has an area of 5,238 square miles. It has a sea coast of 245 miles and a land frontier of 200 miles separating it from the Republic

of Ireland. The population is a little less than one and a half millions, of whom slightly more than half are town-dwellers. The capital city of Belfast has a population of about half a million and is thus the dwelling place of more than one third of the people in the province.

Practical Information for Northern Ireland

ANTRIM (County Antrim). The county town, 17 miles from Belfast. *Hall's*, 40 rooms (none with baths), 17/6 and 35/-. Recommended roadhouse: *Pig'n and Chick'n*.

BALLYCASTLE (County Antrim). Small seaside resort in Glentow, one of the Nine Glens of Antrim, 54 miles from Belfast. *Marine*, 68 rooms (none with baths), 17/- and 35/-. *Antrim Arms*, 19 rooms (none with baths), 12/6 and 25/-.

BALLYGALLY (County Antrim). Modern village some 30 miles from Belfast. *Candlelight Inn*, 24 rooms (6 with baths), 42/- and 75/-.

BALLYMENA (County Antrim). The great linen center. Population 11,400, 28 miles from Belfast. *Adair Arms*, 20 rooms (none with baths), 18/6 and 33/-.

BANGOR (County Down). Ulster's largest seaside resort, population 12,350, 13 miles from Belfast. *Royal*, 50 rooms (4 with baths), 18/6 and 37/-. *New Savoy*, 154 rooms (none with baths), from £8.8.0. per week.

BELFAST. Population 438,000. Seat of government and main industrial heart of Ulster. *Midland*, 50 rooms (40 with baths), 30/- and 60/-. *Grand Central*, 192 rooms (23 with baths), 30/- and 60/-. *Royal Avenue*, 62 rooms (4 with baths), 35/- and 70/-. *Belgrave*, 146 rooms (1 with bath), 22/- and 44/-.

COLERAINE (County Londonderry). Linen and whisky manufacturing town (population 6,850) on River Bann. Belfast 58 miles. *Corporation Arms*, 26 rooms (2 with baths), 17/6 and 35/-.

CRAWFORD'S BURN (County Down). Quiet seaside village beside Belfast Lough, 11 miles from capital. *The Old Inn*, 14 rooms (1 with bath), 18/6 and 37/6.

DONAGHADEE (County Down). Holiday resort on the coast. Population 5,000, 18 miles from Belfast. *Imperial*, 23 rooms (none with baths), 22/6 and 45/-.

ENNISKILLEN (County Fermanagh). In the Ulster Lake District. Population 5,000, 90 miles from Belfast. *Imperial*, 40 rooms (none with baths), 18/6 and 37/-. *Railway*, 18 rooms (none with baths), 18/6 and 37/-.

GIANT'S CAUSEWAY (County Antrim). 65 miles from Belfast. *Causeway*, 40 rooms (none with baths), 20/- and 40/-.

LARNE (County Antrim). Port and holiday resort. Good center for Glens of Antrim. Population 11,100, Belfast 24 miles. *Laharna*, 156 rooms (none with baths), 21/- and 42/-.

LONDONDERRY (County Londonderry). You'll find this second city of Ulster called "Derry." Population 48,000, Belfast 74 miles. *City*, 40 rooms (3 with baths), 25/- and 50/-. *Melville*, 50 rooms (none with baths), 25/- and 42/-. *Northern Counties*, 50 rooms (none with baths), 25/- and 50/-.

NEWCASTLE (County Down). Holiday resort and center for trips to Mountains of Moine. Population 2,431, 31 miles from Belfast. *Steve Donard*, 96 rooms (5 with baths), 25/6 and 51/-. *Arkeen*, 18 rooms (none with baths), 17/6 and 33/-.

NEWRY (County Down). Cotton spinning and weaving center on Carlingford Lough. Population 18,500, Belfast 37 miles. *Breffni Arms*, 18 rooms (none with baths), 15/- and 30/-.

OMAGH (County Tyrone). The county town, good base for visits to Sperrin Mountains. Population 5,750, Belfast 72 miles. *Royal Arms*, 29 rooms (none with baths), 16/6 and 33/-.

PORTRUSH (County Antrim). Popular holiday resort near Giant's Causeway, noted for golf courses and carnivals. Population 4,000, Belfast 60 miles. *Northern Counties*, 103 rooms (11 with baths), 25/6 and 51/- *Fawcett's Royal*, 140 rooms (none with baths), 20/- and 40/-. *Skerry Bahn*, 66 rooms (1 with bath), 19/6 and 39/-

PORTSTEWART (County Londonderry). Resort at mouth of River Bann, 3 miles from Portrush, 57 from Belfast. *Strand*, 88 rooms (none with baths), 18/- and 31/-. *Montagu Arms*, 28 rooms (2 baths), 15/6 and 31/-

ROSTREVOR (County Down). Lovely

spot on Carlingford Lough with Mourne Mountains in background, Belfast 46 miles. *Great Northern*, 45 rooms (none with baths), 17/- and 34/-

STRABANE (County Tyrone). Border agricultural center at junction of rivers Mourne, Finn, and Foyle, 88 miles from Belfast. *Abercorn Arms*, 20 rooms (none with baths), 15/- and 30/-

WHITEHEAD (County Antrim). Seaside resort facing Island Magee. Noted for witchcraft until 18th century, Belfast 18 miles. *Royal George*, 50 rooms (none with baths), 17/6 and 35/-

Historic Houses Open to the Public

Castlecoole, near ENNISKILLEN. The National Trust. Magnificent 18th-century mansion by James Wyatt. Open April to end of Sept. 2-6 p.m., daily except Mon. and Thur. Admission 2/-

Castleward, near DOWN PATRICK. The National Trust. Open May-Sept, Wed. and Sat. 2-5 30 p.m. Admission 1/-

Derrymore House near NEWRY, but in County Armagh. The National Trust. An 18th-century manor. Open April-October, Wed., Thur., Sat. 2-6 p.m. Admission 1/-

Rovallane, 13 miles southeast of BELFAST, in County Down. The National Trust. Open April-October, Wed., Sat., and Sun. 2-6. Admission 2/-



TRANSPORTATION. Railways and buses in Ulster are controlled largely by the Ulster Transport Authority. Most railway lines have been closed except for the one from Belfast to Londonderry via the north coast, and the 13-mile long diesel route to Bangor. Another railway, the Great Northern of Ireland, operates from Belfast to Derry, and throws off a few branches now in danger of closure. G.N.R.I. buses also have frequent services. The world's first tramway from Portrush to Giant's Causeway (opened 1883 for electric traction) has recently been closed and replaced by buses.

Belfast is linked by rail with Larne, where ships leave daily for Stranraer, Scotland (2 hours). Belfast also has ships direct to Heysham (Lancashire), Glasgow, Liverpool, and Ardrossan (summer only). A service links Londonderry with Glasgow.

Silver City car air-ferries run frequently from Belfast (Newtonards Airport) to Castle Kennedy, Scotland (17 minutes). British European Airways operate from Belfast (Nutts Corner Airport) to London, Glasgow, Manchester, Birmingham, and the Isle of Man.

LICENSING LAWS. Public houses and places of entertainment are closed on Sundays in Ulster. Weekday closing time is 10 p.m.

Ulster Tourist Information Center is at 6-10 Royal Avenue, Belfast.

Exploring Northern Ireland

For many people coming to Ulster, Belfast is their port of entrance. Some of them will perhaps pass through it quickly, valuing it only as the gateway to one of the most beautiful areas of mountain, lake, seashore, and open countryside in Europe; but, for those with time and interest, it is worth exploring for its own sake. It also gives a key to a deeper understanding of the whole province. As the relative size of population shows, Belfast stands in the province of Ulster rather like a big house in a moderate-sized garden; and, even if we prefer the garden to the house, it is well to become acquainted with the people who live in the house.

One of the first things that must strike the visitor to Belfast, if he comes there by sea up the landlocked waters of Belfast Lough or descends upon the city from the hills by the road that leads from Nutt's Corner Airport, is that Belfast is beautifully situated. Lying in a broad natural amphitheatre, gracefully surrounded by hills, and looking down a deep inlet of the sea, Belfast has rich variety and offers many pleasant surprises. The centre of the city is built like Amsterdam on piles driven into mud, a tight-packed area of industrial and commercial buildings; but as the broad roads that radiate from the centre bring us out into the suburban districts on the hillsides or by the sea or southwards along the valley of the River Lagan, we find the city ringed with open and attractive residential suburbs.

Belfast is a modern city, a city of the 19th century and of the industrial revolution. Its expansion was rather later than that of most other British industrial cities and it thus avoided some of their worst features. There are a few trim Georgian buildings and one or two houses dating from the 17th century, but the mass of the city's buildings are late Victorian or belong to the present century. The City Hall in Donegall Place, with its lofty dome, is one of the chief landmarks. There are a number of public and ecclesiastical buildings worth seeing, including the new Law Courts and the Protestant (Church of Ireland) Cathedral. On the outer edges of the central area are a number of great industrial concerns, many of them connected with linen manufacture. The Belfast shipyards of Messrs. Harland and Wolff form the largest single establishment of their kind in the world and provide an impressive spectacle.

To the north and west lie the Belfast Hills. The most commanding viewpoint among these, though not the highest, is the Cave Hill, which can be ascended if one has an energetic dis-

position. The usual approach is through one of the three public parks that stretch along its lower slopes, Belfast Castle grounds, Hazelwood, and Bellevue. These parks give access to fine scenery of forest and cliff and command excellent views across the sea, the city, and the surrounding countryside. In Bellevue is a zoo.

The principal feature of the south side of the city is the river Lagan. Some of the urban reaches of the river have been much improved in recent years by an extensive engineering scheme. A lock and weir keep the otherwise tidal waterway at a constant level; broad boulevards have been made beside the river, and the banks have been lined and planted. Along one pleasant stretch of river stand the great trees of the Ormeau Park, another of Belfast's many public parks and playgrounds. The best access to the valley south of the city is by the Malone Road, a route that leads past several institutions worth the attention of a visitor. They include Queen's University, the principal place of higher education in the province, the Botanic Gardens, a delightful public park just beside the university, and the Museum and Art Gallery in a corner of the Gardens. The Museum and Art Gallery are relatively small and happily laid out, having somehow avoided that atmosphere of solemnity and boredom so typical of their kind. At the edge of the city, at the end of the Malone Road, lies Barnet Park, a lovely riverside place with fine old trees. The Lagan valley is full of delightful variety, the river curving among little hills, and the countryside being well wooded.

How the Government of the Province Operates

To the east and southeast of Belfast are two groups of low hills, the Holywood Hills and the Castlereagh Hills, low and cultivated to their summits in most places, but giving fine views across the city. At Stormont, on a slope of the Holywood Hills, stands the Parliament House of Northern Ireland, a massive and commanding building occupying a splendid situation. Here the parliament of the province meets, consisting of a house of commons of 52 members and a senate of 26 members. The power of this parliament is confined to local matters, particularly social services. There is a prime minister, and ministerial departments deal with finance, home affairs, labour and national insurance, education, agriculture, commerce, and health and local government. In other matters the province is under the direct rule of the Parliament of the United Kingdom to which it elects 12 members. The taxation revenue of Northern Ireland goes into

the United Kingdom Exchequer, and out of this a sum is handed back to the Government of Northern Ireland to pay for the services for which it is responsible.

Apart from sights and scenes, Belfast contains or has immediate access to innumerable kinds of sports and entertainments. The visitor can enjoy every kind of recreation from road racing to golf, from theatres to bathing, from giddy social engagements to solitary rambles amid lovely scenery.

Just before leaving Belfast, a word should be said about the people who live there. Most of them had their ancestral roots in the surrounding Ulster countryside, and in many ways they provide an epitome of the population of the whole province. The observant visitor will learn something about the Ulster people if he studies the names that appear over shops and in other places in Belfast. Most of them are not Irish names. They are English and lowland Scottish names. A great proportion of the modern population of Ulster is of British origin, descended from ancestors who came to the province as settlers at various times from the beginning of the 17th century. A strong Scottish element can be distinguished in the speech of the people and also some traces of accent not dissimilar to the speech of New England; for the colonizing of Ulster and of New England took place about the same time. These origins show themselves also in other ways, in religion for example—three-quarters of the people of Belfast and two-thirds in all Northern Ireland are Protestants, the largest group being the Presbyterians. Ulster Protestants, known as Orangemen, parade every July 12th.

Ulster Characteristics

In temperament Ulster people are practical and executive, blunt in speech but friendly in intention. Visitors need not feel alarmed or offended if they encounter in Ulster someone who speaks to them not only straight from the heart but also straight from the shoulder. Good sense, reliability, and initiative are qualities much in evidence in Ulster, and the province has had a remarkable output of talented men and women. In World War II, for example, it was astonishing how many prominent military leaders were either born in the province or were of immediate Ulster ancestry, including such well-known figures as Field Marshals Lord Montgomery, Lord Alanbrooke, Lord Alexander, Sir John Dill, and Sir Claude Auchinleck.

This export of talent from Ulster has extended to many lands, but particularly to the United States of America. There was a

heavy emigration of Ulster Protestants to the American colonies during the 18th century, until, at the time of the Declaration of Independence, about one-sixth of the entire population of the colonies was of Ulster stock. The Declaration of Independence, composed by Jefferson, was actually written down by an Ulsterman, Charles Thomson, first Secretary of Congress, and was first printed by an Ulsterman. Of Washington's first cabinet of four men, one, Henry Knox of Massachusetts, was an Ulsterman. John Rutledge, of South Carolina, second Chief Justice of the Federal Supreme Court, came of the same stock. Of the 33 men who have been Presidents of the United States since the time of George Washington, at least ten were of Ulster ancestry, and some historians have claimed 14. The most prominent of these were Andrew Jackson, James Knox Polk, Ulysses Grant, and Woodrow Wilson. Other Presidents of Ulster ancestry included James Buchanan, Andrew Johnson, Chester Alan Arthur, Grover Cleveland, Benjamin Harrison, and William McKinley. It may also be remarked that in the American Civil War, Thomas Jonathan Jackson, famous as "Stonewall" Jackson, also came of Ulster stock.

A strong tradition of enterprise and ability continues to run through the life of this relatively small Ulster community. Ulster people are often rather reserved and unassuming, but when crisis or opportunity comes, they have always displayed their intelligence and moral energy.

County Antrim

In County Antrim, which lies to the north of Belfast, there are many delightful holiday resorts. The county is bounded by the sea on the north and east and by the river Bann and the lake of Lough Neagh on the west. The eastern part of the county consists of a basalt plateau through which deep glens descend northeastward to the sea, a wide area of splendid moorland scenery. At its northeast corner at Fair Head the county looks out towards Scotland with a black perpendicular cliff 636 feet in height. Along the north coast, Antrim meets the Atlantic Ocean with a line of stern and splendid cliffs. Some of the ships of the great Armada sent by Philip II of Spain against England were smashed to pieces against these in the wild weather of 1588. At gaps in the cliffs, at the foot of glens, there are many pleasant seaside resorts and some fine beaches.

If we set out northwards from Belfast by the road along the side of Belfast Lough, the first town of importance is Carrick-

fergus, once the principal town in Ulster, with its 12th-century castle in good preservation. Then we come to the pleasant residential and seaside town of Whitehead. From there the road runs beside Larne Lough, a long inlet of the sea, beyond which lies the peninsula of Islandmagee, popular as a seaside resort of the quieter kind. Larne is a port town and has a steamship service to and from Stranraer in Scotland, the shortest sea crossing between Great Britain and Northern Ireland. The town is also a holiday resort and a centre for an extensive area of coastal and mountain scenery.

Coastwise to Ballycastle

It is after Larne that we enter the famous Antrim coast road, counted as one of the two finest in Europe. It skirts a succession of bays and promontories, with cliffs, mountains, and glens coming down to the sea from the west, and with the sea (the coast of Scotland often visible across it) on the east. Along the way there are a number of attractive seaside resorts—Ballygally, Glenarm, Carnlough, Waterfoot, which lies at the mouth of Glenariff, one of the loveliest and most accessible of the Glens of Antrim, Cushendall, and Cushendun. It is possible to follow the coast still farther by a wild and precipitous road passing near Torr Head and Murlough Bay and within walking distance of the cliffs at Fair Head; but the prudent driver will choose the main road, which turns inland at Cushendall and goes up over the mountains to Ballycastle, giving splendid views back over the glens and the sea and across the sparkling water to Scotland.

Ballycastle is a popular resort, situated on a bay beside a pleasant strand at a place where two glens converge from the two sides of the mountain mass of Knocklayd. Out to sea lies Rathlin Island, a place with many ancient historic associations. As well as being of interest to the geologist, this area of north-east Ulster has notable archaeological value. The abundance of flints made it a sort of Stone-Age industrial centre, and many prehistoric invaders crossed the narrow sea from Scotland. The whole country is rich in the relics of ancient man, and it is the scene of many legends. The Waters of Moyle, or the North Channel, lying between Antrim and Scotland, were, for example, the scene of the story of the sorrowful fate of the children of Lir, who were turned into swans and condemned to haunt its cold waters for many centuries.

Going west from Ballycastle we pass several small holiday

resorts, including Ballintoy, which is close beside the famous salmon fishery and rope bridge of Carrick-a-rede and the beaches of Whitepark Bay and Dunseverick, while beyond we come to the Giant's Causeway. Here there are magnificent cliffs of black basalt, but what made the place famous was the fact that, when the basalt forced its way up in a plastic state in some ancient seismic disturbance, it cooled into the shape of regular columns, usually six-sided, creating, in less scientific days than ours, the idea that it had been built by a giant. A similar formation across the water in Scotland gave rise to the further theory that the giant had built a regular causeway of rock right across the sea. The causeway is a holiday resort and has hotel accommodations.

Between the causeway and Portrush lie the little seaside town of Portballintrae and the noble ruin of Dunluce Castle perched on a crag near Portrush. Situated on an isthmus putting out into the sea, with strands on both sides, Portrush is one of Ulster's busiest resorts. Its bracing oceanic air, famous golf links, and holiday attractions of all kinds draw many visitors.

The inland part of County Antrim is not so notable a tourist area, but it offers delightful scenery, particularly along the western edge of the Glen country. Among its several substantial market towns probably the most famous is Ballymena. Like Aberdeen, in Scotland, it has many jokes made about its thrifty, able, and strong-minded inhabitants, but the high reputation of Ballymena men for competence and reliability is widespread and well deserved. It was at a big store in Toronto that an oriental person attempted to obtain employment with no English but the words, "Me Ballymena man!"

The County of Londonderry

Resuming our westward journey along the north Ulster coast, we enter the county of Londonderry. When Ulster was colonized in the early 17th century, this county was settled under the care of the merchant companies of the City of London. Hence the name Londonderry. After passing the popular seaside resort of Portstewart, we cross the river Bann by making a slight detour through the town of Coleraine. The north coast of Londonderry continues the cliffs and strands of north Antrim. After Portstewart, Castlerock and Downhill are the main seaside places. From Downhill, Magilligan Strand runs for many miles with a fine background of mountain scenery.

Travelling close to the broad waters of the estuary of the

Foyle, through the town of Limavady, we can end our northern journey at the city of Londonderry, the second largest place in the province, with a population of nearly 50,000. The walls of Londonderry are the most complete city walls existing in the British Isles. They have a circuit of about a mile and are pierced by seven gates. The ancient guns still remain in position at many places, the best known being the great cannon called Roaring Meg. The city was attacked on several occasions, but the great siege of Londonderry took place in 1689 when James II of England, who had in that year lost his throne to William III of England and stadtholder of the Netherlands, tried to capture the city with a French and native Irish army as part of his plan to regain control of the British Isles. Londonderry was crowded with refugees and inadequately supplied with food and its defences were in bad repair. The defenders were mostly untrained civilians with a garrison of rather inexperienced troops. Under the command of their elected governor, Major Henry Baker, and his assistant, the Rev. George Walker, a local country clergyman, the defenders endured desperate conditions for 105 days and were finally relieved, the besiegers abandoning their attempt, having suffered much demoralization and lost 8,000 men, heavier casualties than the defenders. Many relics of this siege can be seen at Saint Columb's Cathedral. Other interesting antiquities are preserved at the guildhall. History and romance are to be encountered in many places in the steep, quaint streets of this beautifully situated community, proudly called since the siege "the Maiden City."

County Down

South of Belfast lies County Down. The County Down shore of Belfast Lough is fringed with pleasant holiday and residential places, such as Holywood, Cultra, Helen's Bay, and Carnalea. Then we come to Bangor, Ulster's largest seaside resort, a town of about 20,000 inhabitants, founded 14 centuries ago and once the site of one of Europe's greatest monastic schools, where the lamp of learning was kept alight in the Dark Ages. Today Bangor's repute rests more on its happy combination of holiday attractions and city conveniences. It has a sea front of nearly four miles and is a famous yachting centre. There is a good strand at Ballyholme.

Along the east coast of Down there are many pleasant small seaside resorts, including Groomsport, Donaghadee (a popular little town), Millisle, Ballywalter, Portavogie, Cloughey, and

Portaferry. Most of these places lie along the Ards peninsula which encloses a long inlet of the sea called Strangford Lough, with the town of Newtownards at its head. Although tidal, the enclosed waters of Strangford Lough have a lakelike appearance. There are many small islands and much beautiful scenery along the border of the Lough.

South of Strangford Lough is the peninsula of Lecale, once a territory held by Anglo-Norman lords whose castles can still be seen at many places. At the western mainland end of this peninsula is the pleasant county and cathedral town of Downpatrick, beautifully situated by the river Quoile. It was near Downpatrick that Saint Patrick began his mission, attempting to convert the Irish to Christianity. Round the shores of Lecale are several seaside places, including Ballyhornan, the fishing town of Ardglass, and Killough.

Along the shores of Dundrum Bay splendid views can be had of the stern-looking granite Mourne Mountains, which occupy a great part of the south of the county. The highest, Slieve Donard, overhangs the town of Newcastle, which has a fine strand and promenade, a famous golf course, and every seaside attraction.

Beyond Newcastle a coast road skirts the base of the Mournes, passing places whose names carry grim and dramatic memories of the past, such as Maggie's Leap and Bloody Bridge.

The inland parts of County Down are particularly beautiful. A feature that gives great charm to large parts of Down and south Ulster generally is the great number of tiny hills, called drumlins, which were left by the retreat of the Ulster ice cap during the last Ice Age. They impart a miniature charm and variety to much of the countryside and give rise also to little lakes. In the centre of the county is the market town of Ballynahinch, with an inland holiday resort at Ballynahinch Spa, close to the wild mountain area of Slieve Croob. The many pleasant country towns of the county cannot all be listed here, but one well worth a visit is Hillsborough. It is a lovely old town with a castle, a beautiful church, antique houses, and many historic associations. At Government House is the official residence of His Excellency the Governor of Northern Ireland.

The Western Counties

Although the inland parts of Northern Ireland are full of interest and beauty, they have not, in most districts, been much developed from the visitor's point of view. Thus, while they

have the advantage of being unspoilt, they have also the disadvantage that there is little tourist accommodation to be found in them.

County Armagh, which lies south of Lough Neagh and west of Down, is full of lovely variegated country and contains many pleasant country towns. It is the principal fruit-growing area of Ulster, very beautiful at blossom time. In its centre is the small historic city of Armagh, the Canterbury of Ireland, for it is here that Saint Patrick founded his metropolitan church.

The city of Armagh and its neighbourhood form the scene of some of the few ancient stories in Europe that can challenge the tales of Homer in pathos if not in literary form. Armagh was once the chief stronghold of an ancient kingdom of Ulster, which flourished about the beginning of the Christian era; and many accounts of those times have come down, tales of King Conor MacNessa and his order of chivalry, called the Red Branch, tales of the great Ulster hero Cuchulainn, whose father was the sun-god Lugh, or the tragic story of Deirdre, the lovely maiden shut up in a tower in a forest. Destined to be the bride of the aged Conor MacNessa, Deirdre escaped to elope with a younger man, and tragedy pursued them.

County Tyrone, with its seat at the town of Omagh, has wide moors and historic associations. People go to Tyrone for shooting and fishing. To the north of Tyrone, forming a frontier between that county and Londonderry, lie the little visited but very rewarding Sperrin Mountains.

The inland portions of five counties touch the great central lake of Lough Neagh, the largest in the British Isles, Ulster's longest river, fed by the Bann. But little has been done to enhance its tourist appeal. The real lake district of Ulster is County Fermanagh, across which stretch the lovely intricate lakes and islands of Upper and Lower Lough Erne. Enniskillen, the county seat, lies between the two lakes, and Belleek, the pottery town, lies at the outlet of Lower Lough Erne. Fermanagh is a chalk county, and in several places the chalk has been carved by underground waters into caverns of unknown extent.

There are many scenic motor drives to be had in the inland parts of the province. Among them may be mentioned the drive to Londonderry over the Glenshane Pass, the road over the Glens from Ballymena in Antrim, the road over the Spelga Pass or round Slieve Croob in Down, drives through the fruit-growing district in Armagh, the road over Gortin Gap in Tyrone, and the lakeside drive by Lough Erne in Fermanagh.

THE IRISH SCENE

THE IRISH

Imaginative, Hospitable And Complex

by

ARTHUR AND EVELYN PASTORE

(A free-lance team who contribute travel and feature articles to American and Canadian publications, Arthur and Evelyn Pastore have published Where To Eat In Europe. Arthur Pastore is also co-author of Mexico And Canada On Your Own. Together they have written this and the subsequent chapters on Eire.

The difference between an Englishman and an Irishman, the old saying goes, is that to the Englishman things are hopeless but never desperate but to the Irish, things are always desperate but never hopeless.

If nothing else, the Irishman's sense of drama makes the statement at least halfway valid. Pallid sentiments do not make good theatre, and if the Irish are dramatizing for you or for themselves, they leave no doubt about their emotions. If an Irishman is down in spirits, he's way down and there's no secret about it—the same is just as true when his spirits take a swing in the other direction. In a way, it's undoubtedly this sense of drama that makes the Irish the storytellers they are. An Irish woman painter at a party recently dominated the whole conversation with a tale of being disturbed by some children in the neighborhood. Everyone was entranced with her story into which she'd interject one phrase repeatedly, "And I a hard-working artist," with all her fiery conviction.

But the coin has its virtuous side. It's this same verbalized sense of role and drama that allows for the sometimes unwarranted Irish optimism. In truth it's again the optimism of a person playing a role in an unfolding sequence of events. In the Irish, you'll find a glorious cheer or an unremitting despair. Uncover the weighted wrappings of one and you're sure to find the other.

The stock Irishman is a loquacious, witty extrovert, a character that evolved in Irish theatre and letters in the 18th century when the romantic movement induced even the Ascendancy to look to the Irish peasantry. The Irish still haven't recovered their balance on this subject. They detest the stereotype just

as the negro resists the "Yassuh boss" caricature of his race. It's one of the reasons O'Casey plays in the old days were hooted out of the Abbey Theatre—the Irish thought that Captain Boyle was a recreation of the English stereotype of themselves. Just start telling some Irish friends about an encounter with an amusing Irish personality and notice how feathers begin to ruffle nervously.

Of course, there's a thin line of truth in every stereotype and that's just its fault—the characterization is too thin. To think of the Irish in these terms is like calling Ireland green. Where the country's is green, it's as green as you'll ever see anywhere, but much of it is deep brown bog land or shadowed hills of blue, purple, grey, and black. The fact of the matter is that the Irish are most of all sombre and introspective, but their moods shift with the speed of a wind-blown leaf. Some change in the atmosphere, a rise in some inner barometer is much more the cause than any logical reason you can see or understand.

When you're in Ireland, you'll see the kindly, loquacious side of the Irish most often. You'll wonder at the kindness of this people. And talk—if you stop in a pub, and how can you possibly avoid it?—no sooner will you have ordered your Guinness than the bartender will start with that conversational gambit of the ages, the weather, and you're off. Politics, sports prospects for the year, the health of the bartender's father, and there's no telling what will follow. Everyone around the bar is soon joining in to help pass the time of day. This routine is universal in Ireland and not at all restricted to tap rooms. Stop at a filling station for gas and the attendant acts as a self-appointed chamber of congress, tourist office, good will officer, and ambassador of Gaelic-American or Gaelic-Anglo relations—whatever the case may be. He'll tell you how many relations he has in your country, how he visited your homeland and with tears in his eyes make you feel that you're responsible for his nostalgia. It was a Kerryman who told us about his trip to the States and how, when he sailed from New York harbor, eighty—*eighty* mind you—relatives saw him off at the pier.

Unless you're in a hurry and let's face it, no one's in a hurry in Ireland, you'll not only be enchanted with the small talk and warm hospitality you meet, but you'll be absolutely delighted with the sound of the Irish accent, the lyricism of tongue, the musical rise and fall of voice, the spicey imagery that colors everyday speech born of the ancient storytelling tradition of the country. A Dubliner will inform you, complaining of the weather, that "it blew heaven-hard and rained like hell," or

the bus conductor will caution passengers that the bus isn't at a regular stop, saying, "Hopping stop—mind how you fall." Alliteration, rhyme, meter have been the province of the Irish for too many centuries to count. I once asked Padraic Colum, Irish poet, dramatist, and writer, how he explained the lyricism of Irish speech and writing, and he attributed it to the long-standing oral tradition in Ireland. Writing—except for primitive markings on the Ogham stones—came to Ireland with Christianity in the 5th century, and until then legend, history, and law were all committed to memory—a feat that staggers the imagination of modern man. To facilitate this prodigious task, rhyme and meter were often employed. But the introduction of writing did not end this institution. Irish bards and storytellers flourish today with men like the late Padraic O Conaire, whose statue graces Eyre Square in Galway. It's often pointed out that the suppressed Irish could neither afford nor cultivate any other art during the past four centuries, but there was no charge for words—especially spoken ones.

Love of Words

Still the character of Irish talk doesn't stop with mere profuseness, lyricism, and pageantry of expression—there's a talent for big words that somehow seems entirely appropriate. They speak of "amenities" and "demesnes" and a small word is never used where a bigger one will fit. "Plase your honor," says a character in *The Pudding Bewitched* by William Carleton (1784-1869), "she only spaiks the truth; an' upon my voracity, we both feels much oblaiged to your honor for your quietness—" Or again, "Why, the sun's in the suds and the moon in the high Horicks; there's a clipstick comin' an, an' there you're both as unconcerned as if it was about to rain methers. Go out and cross yourselves threc times in the name o' the four Mandromarvins, for as prophesy says; fill the pot, Eddy, supernaculum—a blazing star's a rare spectaculum. Go out both of you and look at the sun, I say, and ye'll see the condition he's in—off!"

It's not to impress you with learning—it's love of the sound of words. How often you'll hear an Irishman remark, "That's a beautiful word." He likes the feel of all those polysyllables rolling on his tongue—words are much more than a vehicle for thought—they're important in themselves.

A word should be said for the Irish habit of exaggeration. It's drama again. One Cork man told us, "It's merely an over-extension of the truth as it exists." You don't go to a "bookie"

to place bets in Ireland, you go to the "Turf accountants," and you'll see this dignified sign all over Ireland. Any fool can say that there are so many hundreds of thousands of salmon in Ireland's rivers but an Irishman would comment grandly, "There're more salmon here than there are angels in the kingdom of heaven." No lie—an embellishment of the truth is all.

With this talent it's no wonder that when the Irish excel it's so often with words—spoken or written. Many of the giants of literature in the English language in the past two hundred years have been Irish or Anglo-Irish. Swift, Congreve, Goldsmith, Sheridan, Laurence Sterne, and Sir Richard Steele. Later came Oscar Wilde, and Shaw, AE (George Russell), and George Moore. According to many critics, there is no greater 20th-century poet in English than Yeats and no greater prose writer than Joyce. Certainly these two Irishmen have put their indelible mark on 20th-century English literature, but in that upsurge of creativity early in this century many names like Lady Gregory, James Stephens, Synge, the Colums, and O'Casey also made history. Today Frank O'Connor, Sean O'Faolain, Patrick Kavanagh, Liam O'Flaherty, Joseph Hone, Arnold Ussher, Francis Stuart, and Francis McManus convince the world that the Irishman's best talents are with words and that he can excel in any literary form.

It may be this same skill that makes the Irish excel in politics—both at home and abroad—and in the priesthood. It's been said that they're great propagandists, these people. Intending no compliment, Tom Penhaligon turned one anyway in *The Impossible Irish* when he said, "Now you can beat the Irish in battle, you can beat them in industry, you can beat them in scholarship, you can beat them in statesmanship, you can shame them in art and dwarf them in letters—But you cannot beat the Irish in propaganda. In the hands of an Irish apologist, not only is white made black and black made white, green made purple and orange made red, but pale pink, at one swift gesture and the briefest of incantations becomes all the bloodier colors of the spectrum." This is no inestimable talent in many walks of life.

The Role of the Church

They say there are three conversational topics to steer away from in Ireland. sex, the six counties, and religion. Irish Catholicism is strongly puritanical but no matter, Catholic or Protestant, the Irish care little for discussions on sex or even

the most tepid of risque stories. A perfect example of this is the fury of the prostitute in O'Casey's *The Plow and Stars* when another character calls her what she is.

The six counties in the north are, it might be said, the proverbial thorn in the Irishman's side. There's no difference of opinion between people in the south about the eventual return of those six colonies—differences arise over methods and timing. The whole problem of the north is closely tied in with religion, and again here's a conversational topic that's as tricky as bog land. In Ireland, when it comes to religion, better look, listen, and keep your observations to yourself. Religion plays an important part in the everyday life of the people, and the Church is a tremendous power. Notice the pride of the Irish mother who says, "I have a son a priest," and you'll get a hint of what religion means in a country like Ireland. Drive through the country on Sunday and you'll see the world on the road—on foot, on bicycle, pony cart, and a few in cars—on the way to church. If you stop at a small hotel over Sunday, a pound to a penny someone will ask, "And have you been to church already this morning?" If you haven't been to church, the assumption is that you're non-Catholic, which sets you apart. In Galway a woman was telling us of a friendship that sprang up between a man and a woman, "—and they weren't the same kind at all, you know." Which meant that one of them was Protestant. But that does not mean you won't be well treated—the Irish are always nice, and they like to see you pleased.

No matter, or almost no matter, where you go in Ireland, you'll see priests—at all social functions, at dances, (not dancing but present), in restaurants, at sporting events—but remember, the people want them there. At parties, the priest will be called upon to tell a few stories and he generally obliges with success. They belong to the community and play an important part in its hour to hour life. Statistically, there are fewer priests per population than in many other Catholic countries.

Nevertheless, the influence of the Church on public and private life is phenomenal. It's been said that the most stringent veto in Ireland is the voice of the Church. Many people feel that its effect is completely salutary in a country where impulsiveness is such a common characteristic. Many other Irish resist the infringement of the Church on what they feel should be left to personal choice. For example, censorship of books, though done by an official public agency, is certainly rigorously effected by the Church. To the outsider, it's startling to discover that several of James Joyce's books are outlawed in his native

land. But this is just one name on a long list of authors censored in Ireland. The rigid hours for public houses and laws on licensing are due to Church dictums for the most part. In a few places it is even forbidden to serve alcoholic drinks where dancing is going on. But the Irish are a conservative people and, be warned, all in all they like their way of doing things.

One wonders if it's really a climate that encourages the creative spirit. There are many writers and artists who live on and work in Ireland and yet, many of the great names have left their native land to work abroad—Joyce lived many years on the Continent, Yeats died in the south of France, Shaw called England home, Frank O'Connor and Sean O'Faolain spend much of their time outside of Ireland, and the list goes on and on. Perhaps the community that's as friendly and interested as the Irish is, seems meddling and restrictive to the artist who insists on living his own life. But it's possible that the artist leaves Ireland as part of that high emigrating percentage—one out of every three persons in Ireland emigrates. This is only one of the telling social statistics that surely reflect life on this island. This little country has the lowest marriage rate in all Europe—one person out of four never marries and then the usual marriage age for a man is 35 years—for a woman, 29 years. Despite this the Irish birthrate is high. Whereas population in most European countries has doubled in the past century, Ireland's population has halved—in one hundred years, over six million persons have emigrated. Women in particular leave the country and, except in the cities, there are many more men than women among the population.

Fairies and Suchlike

But let's get back to something really important—do the Irish honestly believe in fairies and ghosts? W. B. Yeats in his wonderful book *Irish Fairy and Folk Tales* tells of asking an old man in county Sligo if he'd ever seen a fairy or suchlike. The man answered, "Amn't annoyed with them." But Yeats points out something that seems to be true—as a stranger you're not going to get in much on the fairy stories and ghost tales. The time and company have to be right for anything this confidential. But if you want to hear some, try to get close to some old men and women—they're the ones with the stories—or failing that, there are lots of books on the subject. Or just ask people outright. With no invitation at all, a man in Dublin spun a few hair-raising stories for us, and an Italian countess who spent

World War II in Ireland, told us she was constantly covering up after the ghosts or she wouldn't have had a servant left in the old mansion she was subletting. "Ma'am, there was someone in the music room last night," the maid would report. "Of course," the countess would answer, a shiver running up her back, "We were." Telling us, she added, "Why ever would we be in the music room?—it was dead winter and we hadn't the fuel to heat it."

But besides ghost stories, Ireland has a wealth of folk legend well worth investigating. There are three principal cycles dating from different periods in Ireland's history. It's not amazing that one of the ancient gods in Ireland was Oghma, the god of eloquence and literature. Even in prehistoric times the Irish, though they valued physical prowess, thought that real power stayed with the eloquent and ready-witted. The Irish love of words, oratory, and facile speech goes back to their earliest roots, so when you hear an ordinary-looking Dublin man burst out in a story full of color, imagery, and smiles, know that he comes by it naturally. If you observe a sly maliciousness in Irish talk, that, too, is an old custom. The Irish would rather make fun of their friends and relatives, to use words to ridicule, to make puns with words, than eat.

But to prove to yourself that the Irish can (in the words of an Irishman) work with a tool heavier than a pen or his tongue, go to some of the ancient monasteries like Clonmacnois, to cathedrals like Clonfert, and see the intricate sculpture on church doors and crosses, see the Cross of Cong in the Dublin Museum, where you'll also find the elaborate work in gold of Bronze Age Ireland. If it weren't for the country's many centuries of raids and lootings and burnings of public and private buildings, Ireland would be much richer in art works. The Book of Kells demonstrates patience and skill and a vivid imagination. In other fields of art today, there are the well-known sculptors, Oisín Kelly and Hilary Heron, and the painters Jack B. Yeats (the artist brother of poet, W. B. Yeats), Sean Keating and W. J. Leech, just to mention a few.

But the best way to know the Irish is to go out and talk with them, to see them in their everyday life—at home, in their shops, on their farms, at the races and hunts and at dances. George Bernard Shaw, one of Ireland's great playwrights, perhaps caught something of Ireland when he had one of his characters say, "Ireland, Sir, for good or evil, is like no other place under heaven; and no man can touch its sod or breathe its air without becoming better or worse."

IRISH HISTORY

Ancient Culture—Tragic Conflicts

Ireland's thousands of years of sad and romantic history turn principally on three pivots. The first of these might be termed influence in absentia. The fact that Roman Legions and the train of Mediterranean culture did not invade Ireland set the mold for subsequent Irish history.

Caesar's Rome knew of Ireland's existence. Ancient writers labeled Ireland as a seat of culture, and in Sanskrit and Greek it was called *Iernia*. Both Tacitus and Ptolemy—even Caesar himself—wrote accounts of the island, and Plutarch referred to it as *Ogyia*, which means "most ancient."

Just how ancient is a question for experts to determine. Some say man first settled Ireland in 5,000 B.C., others put the date at 3,000 B.C. There were three major groups of first settlers, *few of whom survived, before the Celts came themselves* in three main waves in the years between 1,500 and 1,000 B.C. These Celtic tribes were Firbolgs, the Tuatha De Danann, and the Milesians, and their stories and legends have come down to the present day.

To trace their historical background very briefly, the Firbolgs came from the Isles of Greece. Today, there are families in the west of Ireland claiming direct descent from these early people. Listen to a Galway man singing some of the old songs in Gaelic and you'll never doubt the Irish link with the Mediterranean.

But the Firbolgs were overcome by the Tuatha De Danann, a highly cultivated people skilled in war and rich in mythology. Centuries later, the Tuatha De Danann were in turn conquered by the warlike Milesians. According to Irish legend, the defeated De Danann withdrew beneath the hills of Erin and will again come forth whenever a great leader appears in Ireland. Much of the Irish belief in fairies and the good people is a part of the heritage of the Tuatha De Danann.

The Milesians gave Ireland its last and most durable Celtic stamp, an imprint virtually undisturbed for nearly 2,000 years. It's this feature of an unmixed Celtic society that makes Ireland interesting and, at the same time, primitive. The society was too loosely organized to resist Norse invasion and the Anglo-Norman rule that subsequently sapped its strength through the long centuries.

A word should be included about the life of these ancient people, which was highly advanced in some respects. The Milesians divided up the country into parcels of many small kingdoms, subject to the rule of a high king. A unique feature of this early society was that kingship was only partially hereditary. The king also had to meet rigid requirements to hold his office and had to be elected. The aristocrats relied on merit rather than on birthright. At the top of the social scale were the bards and the poets, with their quasi-religious functions as the lawgivers. The Milesians had no writing system, except for the crude Ogham Stones which are scattered today in various parts of Ireland. Therefore, everything of importance had to be committed to memory, a task so formidable as to stun the modern mind. Public opinion was—and still is today in Ireland—a powerful force in enforcing the law. All historical records, genealogies, and the tremendous body of law, which covered practically every phase of everyday life, had to be memorized.

It's to St. Patrick that we owe our knowledge of the Brehon Law of the Celts. This remarkable man adopted vast portions of this important law—since the Celtic ethnic was kindred to Christian thought—and Patrick exhibited his genius by using it.

The Age of Faith

Christianity, which came to Ireland in the first half of the fifth century, was the second dominant factor in the country's history, both for its meaning to the people and because with it came Roman culture. The structure of society remained much the same—a tribal ethos loosely constructed, decentralized, and agrarian. But with the spread of Christianity, monasteries sprang up in great numbers, and the "Island of Saints and Scholars" was in the making. The Celtic mind took eagerly to this new knowledge. The Dark Ages of Europe became the Age of Light in Ireland.

To the monastic scribes of the sixth century and later, we owe our knowledge of ancient Celtic history and legend. They were the ones who spent long years in dimly-lit cells to put down the vast body of Celtic literature, genealogy, and law. What is even more amazing is that the scribes wrote it all down in Gaelic, instead of cultured Latin or Greek—the first country in Europe to use its own tongue for this work. The Irish scribes kept the torch of learning burning brightly, and Ireland became the scholastic center of the Western World, when Europe was plunged into the Dark Ages of barbarian rule.

This flowering of scholarship and asceticism came to an abrupt end with the Norse invasions from the north. The Vikings settled along Ireland's long coastline, and founded some of the principal cities of Ireland—Dublin, Wexford, Waterford to name just a few—but at the same time raided many of the monasteries, and destroyed them by pillage and fire. The Danes were finally crushed by Irish armies led by Brian Boru in the 11th century.

Barely a century and a half had passed when once again Ireland was besieged, this time by Normans whose military successes in England and on the Continent had won them vast territory and self-assurance. Like the Norse, Norman rule was limited to certain areas, and eventually time and troubles—those great amalgams—brought the Irish and Normans together. Thus began the third great factor in Irish history. For 750 years, the Irish fought for independence they won only in this current century.

In the mid-16th century, the tradition-shattering Reformation, and a number of Anglo-Continental antagonisms and power politics all served to force England into a harsh, imperialistic policy against Ireland. One of Britain's techniques was called "plantation," a term that meant the seizing of Irish property for resettlement by Englishmen. It was not a policy the Irish took to kindly. With the assistance of the dispossessed clergy, the French (who were always glad to take a thrust at the English), and the Stuarts, the Irish fought through centuries of English oppression. To the resettlement plan, Queen Elizabeth added the efficacy of a "scorched earth" policy, and in the 17th century Cromwell followed his wholesale massacres with another more thorough resettlement plan. Anyone—Irish or Anglo-Norman—with a wealth of more than ten pounds had to move across the Shannon, which gave rise to the expression: "To hell or to Connacht." By the thousands, Irish of all ages walked with whatever they could carry to the land of the west. O'Faolain defines it evocatively: "They lived on a rag and a bone to tell the tale to rag and bone."

The Irish made a bid for independence by supporting the Stuart, James II, in the Williamite Wars, losing decisively at Boyne and then at Aughrim. It was then the British promised religious tolerance, only to counter with a penal code that took away from the Irish whatever was left in the way of property, social status, and educational rights, thus stamping out any inclination for rebellion.

The 18th century, the Age of Enlightenment, developed a shifting of loyalties among certain members of the Ascendancy—Swift in his satirical essays, Grattan in his parliament—that

drew attention to the Irish. Revolution was in the air, and the Irish Parliament gained a measure of independence from British control. The Rebellion of 1798 led by Wolfe Tone was quelled, but the tradition of violent action against British rule was established by a revolutionary society called United Irishmen.

With patriot Daniel O'Connell in the saddle, the Irish were enfranchised and could hold most political offices. From 1845 to 1847 the cloud of the potato famine spread over Ireland. The British had imposed a sweeping economic plan whereby corn and cattle in tremendous quantities were exported from the country, and one-quarter—or more than 2,000,000—of the Irish population was killed off by the serious famine.

The 19th century marked a series of rebellions, all of them unsuccessful, but these outbreaks gathered force and followers for the Irish cause. The Young Ireland Movement was followed by the Fenian Movement, all striking against British rule. In Parliament, Parnell's Irish Party tried to shove through advantages for the Irish in politics as well as economic matters. In 1914, the English Parliament granted home rule for the Irish, but World War I in Europe took precedence, and the whole Irish question was shelved for the time being. The Sinn Fein moved in, and with the Easter Week Rebellion of 1916, a war began that in 1922 finally ended in a treaty recognizing the 26 counties in the South of Ireland as a self-governing dominion, while the six counties in the North went to Britain.

There were many in Ireland who fought against partition of the country. The period of the civil war that followed is called "the troubles." In 1948, the Irish Gael changed the name of the country from the Irish Free State to the Republic of Ireland. However, the six counties in the north still under British rule, are a constant burning issue in Ireland, and the adherents of a United Ireland without partition keep raising the question, hoping for a solution to the long, costly series of invasions, wars, and conflicts that have made Ireland's story an interesting but turbulent one.

Tens of thousands of Irish men and women cross to Britain to work, sometimes for years on end. The anti-British sentiment is usually a pretense, as is so well demonstrated by a true story of the last war. Meeting on the Holyhead-Dublin steamer, an Englishman and an Irishman—both in civilian clothes—began to argue about the Six Counties. The Irishman shouted, "I hate Britain, and I'm going to kill all the English." Later, when asked why he was crossing to England, he said, "I'm returning from leave. I'm a fighter pilot with the R.A.F."

IRISH FOOD AND DRINK

Itinerant Drinking, Staid Cuisine

Drinking is a universally noted Irish indoor sport. And in Ireland it becomes serious business indeed. As a result, the Irish don't usually fool with mixed drinks and cocktails. They prefer their liquor straight—without fancy touches. Irish whiskey is plentiful, cheap and, as any initiate will tell you, potent. It's much stronger in alcoholic content and ultimate effect than the more expensive and less powerful Scotch. The best-known brands are Jameson's, Power's and, if you prefer an after-dinner liqueur, Irish Mist, also made from Irish whiskey. It's best to take a water chaser with the whiskey, and not soda.

Dublin is the home of the famous Guinness Brewery, and you will soon discover this fact from the signs that stare down on you from all sides saying, "Guinness is Good for You." It's worth a visit to the brewery in Dublin, where Guinness Stout is made and exported to worldwide markets. Naturally, Guinness and other beers and ales are popular all over Ireland, and you'll find them on tap or by the bottle in most pubs.

The main difficulty with drinking in Ireland is the complicated licensing laws, designed to limit consumption. It works like this: Sundays in Dublin, the hours are from 1:30 p.m. to 3 p.m., and 5 p.m. to 7 p.m. Same evening hours apply to Waterford, Cork and Limerick on Sundays, whereas on Sunday afternoons in other cities you have to concentrate all your toping between 1 and 3 p.m. Outside these cities there is no Sunday drinking except for "bona fide" travelers. During weekdays you may guzzle all you wish from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. in winter, and from 10:30 a.m. to 10:30 p.m. in summer.

All this rigid regulation has a convenient loophole in it for thirsty travelers, who drink by the mile and clock. If you can prove you've traveled more than three miles from the place where you slept the night before, you're entitled to order all you want between 6 a.m. and midnight on weekdays and from 1 to 7 p.m. (8 p.m. in summer) on Sundays. This business of the "bona fide traveler" has kept most of Ireland's population on the move constantly—at least three miles from home, and then another three miles, etc. Of course, if you are foresighted about registering in a hotel with a licensed bar, you may, as a resident, be served drinks at any time.

As in England, old-fashioned pubs abound in Dublin and other towns of Ireland. These 19th-century institutions, with or without swinging doors, long bars, and aproned waiters of the old school, flourish for good fellowship, congenial conversation, and mellow beer and whiskey, mixed in equal parts. A few of Dublin's oldest and best known bars are Davy Byrne's, on Duke Street near bustling Grafton Street; O'Neill's, located in Suffolk Street; the Pearl Bar of Fleet Street, frequented, as you might expect, by journalists and the literary-minded; and Dwyer's, on Stephen's Green and Leeson Street, a favorite haunt of National University students.

As far as Irish food is concerned, it's good, inexpensive, and served in ample portions. By European and American standards, even the best restaurants in Dublin are reasonable and offer varied menus, although they cannot hope to compete with French or Italian cuisine in delicacy and selection. Largely you'll find good, solid fare, such as fine grills: the thick steaks are famous. Then, there is plentiful game in season in this sportsman's heaven. Menus feature all the fish—salmon, trout, even lobster—you can eat, plus game birds such as wild duck, snipe, plover, pheasant, partridge, etc., during the hunting season.

Most hotels include breakfast on the room rate. And this means a hearty English-style breakfast with cereal, eggs and bacon, and piles of good, thick bread with lots of butter and jam. In most restaurants "dinner" is the noon-time meal, and you'll frequently have to ask for "high tea" to get a hot, full-course meal with steaks and chops in the evening. At night, the Irish are content with cold cuts, bread and jam, and a pot of tea. Incidentally, coffee in Ireland, unless it is heavily spiked with Irish whiskey, is usually not potable. But the delightful tea makes up for the other.

SPORTS

From Horses To Hurling

As practically everyone knows, Ireland is a great sporting country. What is even more important, the love of sports is almost as vital to the average Irishman as breathing and the joy of being alive. Of Ireland's four million people, at least three million belong or have belonged at one time to the powerful Gaelic Athletic Association, the sports organization that for more than 70 years has controlled and promoted many typically Irish games such as hurling and Gaelic Football.

To see how important a part sports play in Irish national life, one has only to consider that a big jumping contest at Dublin's star-studded Horse Show will draw 50,000 paying customers, and an international rugby event will pack in 40,000 rabid fans of the game. At the all-Ireland finals of hurling and football, 90,000 Irishmen crowd into Dublin's Croke Park Arena—and thousands more tickets could be easily sold, if there were places in the stands to hold all who want to see it.

But while spectator sports abound in Ireland, the whole country's naturally-endowed 32,000 square miles of green carpeted hills and beautiful blue lakes and streams offer a vast, wide-open game reserve for the hunter and fisherman. For the angler's delight, Ireland has thousands of miles of rivers, plus 950 square miles of freshwater lakes, most of them teeming with sea trout, brown trout, and, of course, salmon galore. In fact, there are at least 15 major salmon rivers, including some of the most rewarding beats in the world. Since Ireland produces about one-fifth of the entire salmon harvest of all Europe, the choicest grounds are obviously well-stocked with big fish, and certain stretches of the waters are rented out to game fishermen. Tickets are usually sold by the day, week, or month at regular fixed charges that are not generally expensive at all for this fisherman's dream catch.

Outside of salmon and seatrout, no licenses are required, since most angling is free for the asking. Spoons and spinners are the most popular lures used, but a good variety of fishing tackle is available in Dublin supply shops at reasonable prices. All other fishing, like coarse fishing, is as free as a breeze in Ireland, whose limestone rock breeds an almost unlimited fish population, such as perch ranging up to three and four pounds,

though most varieties tip the scales at a half-pound to two pounds. Then, there is the Irish pike, with one prize catch recorded at a hefty 53 pounds! And five and six-pounders of bream fish, to say nothing of leaping, speckled trout to be found in great abundance all over the Emerald Isle.

Perhaps the best fishing grounds in Ireland can be pinpointed as the area around the River Shannon and the three big lakes through which Erin's fabled river flows to the sea. Excellent pike fishing is available in three lakes also—Lakes Corrib, Mask, and Conn. Then there are plenty of fish to be had in Westmeath County, particularly in Ennel, Owel, Derravarraugh, and Sheelin. If you take your reel and tackle to the other counties—Cavan, Monaghan, Leitrim, Sligo, to name a few—there are a good 50 lakes loaded with pike and perch to choose from. In County Roscommon's three lakes, Arrow, Gara, and Key, the average pike runs around 20 pounds.

There are, in all, some 35 lakes plus 500 miles of rivers and streams in Ireland controlled by the Inland Fisheries Trust, set up by the Irish Government to conserve the fine salmon and sea trout areas. Visitors permits are sold by the Trust, 3 Kildare Place, Dublin at the following rates: one day, 2/6, one week, 10/-, entire season, £1. Visiting anglers can get helpful information from the more than 80 local fishing clubs all over Ireland, by contacting the secretary of the club located in the region where they intend to fish, including latest data on weather, what flies to use, prices on guides, boats, tackle, etc.

Hunting and Shooting

To the hunter whose heart thrills to the resounding notes of the horn and a pack of hounds in full cry coursing through the countryside, Ireland is a perfect place to spend a hunting holiday. Between November and mid-April, he has a choice of more than 40 leading packs of staghounds, foxhounds, harriers, and beagles, to pick from.

Game birds, like grouse, pheasant, and partridge are plentiful all over Ireland, and in winter there is good shooting for duck, geese, woodcock, snipe, plover, and other varieties of migratory birds. In some districts like County Donegal, for example, shooting is entirely free, but elsewhere farmers usually charge a modest fee such as £1 (\$3) for a brace of grouse bagged. Sometimes the landowners don't even bother to charge hunters since there is so much game available.

In a land where horses are a national pride, finding good hunting mounts is no problem at all, and many of Ireland's farmers breed fine horses that can be rented at low rates. And for sheer sport, the grounds vary widely from the great banks of Kildare, Meath and Tipperary to the stone wall county of the famed Galway Blazers.

If you have limited time for hunting, it's best to try the bigger cities. In Dublin, for example, there are eight packs of hounds available in the vicinity of the capital. Most of these packs hunt anywhere from two to four days a week, including beagling on Sundays, and it's even possible to hunt seven days out of a week. All visitors are welcome at most Irish hunting clubs and the fees, if any, are little indeed.

Horse Shows and Racing

The top event on the sports as well as the social calendar each year is the Dublin Horse Show, that world-famous exhibition of fine thoroughbreds. Annually, there are some 1,000 to 1,200 entries of all kinds, from hunters, children's ponies, bloodstock thoroughbreds, polo ponies, Connemara ponies, show-jumpers, even to harness classes. Almost every kind of riding horse in Ireland is on display for this week-long, red-letter event which lies deep in the tradition of the Royal Dublin Society's founding in 1731—over two and a quarter centuries ago. It is often said, not to be in Dublin for Horse Show Week is not to know Dublin or Ireland at all.

It is scheduled in August, when some 50,000 visitors a day flock to Ballsbridge, a pleasant, tree-lined suburb of Dublin, to watch the bloodstock sales and jumping events. Fifty or sixty horses of international teams compete yearly in the International Military and Civilian Jumping Competitions, carrying the colors of many foreign nations. This is one of the highlights of this ancient horse fair, where farmers and great stable owners come to look over the fine selection of some of the best horses to be found anywhere in the world.

The heart of the horse-breeding country is in Tully, County Kildare, where Ireland's National Stud, nursery of some of racing's most famous horses, is located. Here in this green land of turf are located some of the top stud farms belonging to many of the world's most famous sportsmen. It is a place well worth a visit for real horse enthusiasts.

Then, there is the full card of racing events held all over Ireland, which include the Irish Derby, St. Leger, the flat

racing season (March through November), and steeplechase events all year round in various parts of Ireland. Among the better known Irish tracks are: Leopardstown; Balydoyle; The Curragh (in Kildare) where the Irish Derby is held; Punchestown, where the Steeplechase takes place in April; Naas; Fairyhouse (Dublin), scene of the Irish Grand National on Easter Monday and Tuesday; and Galway where races are held for two days at the beginning of August.

Golfing and Other Sports

Ireland ranks after Scotland as perhaps the most important European golfing country and, as you might expect, the Emerald Isle abounds in fine golf links. In Dublin County alone, there are some 27 golf courses—seven of them located right around the capital itself, and Cork County has 19 to choose from. There are some 200 golf links scattered all over Ireland, providing enough variety to suit every golfer's taste.

Visiting golfers are welcome at clubs throughout the country, but it's best to contact the local secretary first. Even tournaments are often open to outsiders. Green fees are quite cheap, ranging from 2/6 (35 cents) to 7/6 (\$1.00) for a day's play. Caddies are reasonable, too. A member's introduction or a monthly card will slice even these low prices down considerably.

Golf is a popular year-round sport in Ireland, with May the big month for tournaments, when the Open Challenge Cup and the President's Cup are staged for prize play. Another interesting golf event is the Golden Ball Marathon, with the course limited to only one hole, about five miles long. The players can use only three clubs (their choice) and the one who makes it in the least number of strokes gets as his trophy—a solid gold golf ball.

Since Ireland is completely surrounded by water, it is no surprise that yachting has a wide following in the coastal towns. The Royal Cork Yacht Club holds the distinction of claiming to be the oldest yachting club in the world. One of the main boating centers is Dun Laoghaire, not far from Dublin, where a big yearly event is the annual regatta. Other good sailing is offered around Cork Harbor.

In addition to their great interest in horseracing, the Irish favor other forms of racing such as greyhound coursing. The crowning event in this sport is the famous Breeder's Stakes, which annually attracts greyhound fans from all over the

globe to Clonmel, Tipperary's capital, in July. As real greyhound breeding country, Clonmel is the headquarters of the Irish Coursing Club.

There are also midget-car and motorcycle races, often run over open roads as well as on stadium tracks. A complete listing of all these outdoor racing events can be had from the Irish Tourist Bureaus in New York, Chicago, London, Dublin, and other Irish cities.

No account of Irish sports would be complete without at least mentioning the two great Gaelic games, native to Ireland, hurling and Gaelic football. Since its founding in 1884, the Gaelic Athletic Association has grown to more than 2,000 local clubs in Ireland alone, with 250,000 playing members. The G.A.A. influence has spread as far afield as Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, Argentina, the United States, Canada, and Great Britain, where there are branch clubs, many of them engaging in international matches.

Of the two famous local sports, hurling is the more ancient. The Irish were hurling far back into ancient times, and so old is this native sport that it is interwoven with legend. Old Irish heroes such as Cuchullain and the renowned Finn Mac-Cool, were said to have been experts with the four-foot curved stick called the *camán*, used to speed the small ball on its flight.

Gaelic football is equally as popular as hurling, and teams play in all counties of Ireland. The Irish version of this well-known European sport differs in certain rules and variations of play. But the game is followed with the same feeling and love of sport that dominates Irish sporting life. Like all things Irish, it is sprinkled liberally with good humor, good companionship, and good teamwork.



SHOPPING

Ireland's Best Buys

Of all Ireland's lures—and she has many to beguile us—none undo us as quickly as her shopping bargains. Here is a country where you can't afford to say "No." Going extravagantly overboard here, you somehow never regret it. The value is there and allows you even in retrospect—which isn't always the case—to thrill to the bargain. But let's be on with it. What's to buy in this land of low price tags?

Handwoven Tweeds

What's your weakness? Do you revel in the uninhibited weaves of bold Donegal? Or do you prefer the soft-spoken subtleties of a tightly-woven, lightweight Avoca tweed? There's a couturier's dream, called white-wash bawneen—white and rough-textured—perfect for a dramatic coat, 21/6 (\$3) for a single-width yard (30 inches, that is). A bawneen (*Báinín* in Gaelic) is, in truth, the short, white jacket worn by men on the Isle of Aran, but the name's been attached to white tweeds. There's another smoother, lighter weave in white, called bubble bawneen, which adapts beautifully to dresses and blouses. In fact, there are blouses available in it in Dublin. They cost about 48/–, (\$7).

We're talking, of course, about Irish handwoven tweeds. The price for them, lightweight or heavyweight, is remarkably standard, 14 or 20 shillings (\$2 or \$3) a single-width yard. You'll find these tweeds in shops and department stores all over Ireland. *Switzer's* on Grafton Street, *Kevin and Howlins* in Nassau Street, and the *Irish Cottage Industries*, Dawson Street, all in Dublin, have extensive stocks. For the man who wants to have his sport jacket made up right away, *Kevin & Howlin*, or *Gibson Price* at 16 Suffolk Street, or *O'Beirne & Fitzgibbon*, 14 Upper O'Connell Street, specialize in this department, and the tailoring, fabric, and all will rarely cost more than £9 (\$25).

Even men can't resist a whirl at Ireland's shopping, with a weatherized, reversible coat tagged at £10 (approximately \$30), handwoven tweed ties for 10/– (\$1.40), 100 % orlon or dacron shirts at about £2 (\$5.60), custom-made suits approximately £10 to £15 (roughly \$30 to \$45). The Irish cut in suits is somewhat

different from the American or international cut, so you might prefer to take the fabric back home to your own tailor.

In the country areas of Ireland you can see the tweeds being made and buy your fabric right on the spot for lower than retail prices. There's C. O'Sullivan in Glengarriff, for example. When you see O'Sullivan's sign "tweeds," you go through a pub, out the back, up a steep flight of wooden stairs, and there in a hut on a hill top is a choice of splendid tweeds that were being made in lonely stillness all last winter. In one side of the hut, there are the looms where there's more tweed in the making. Besides watching the fabric being woven, you can see how it's spun by hand. In the cottages in Donegal, you will find the wool being washed, dyed, and teased, too—and if you can resist buying at 14 shillings (\$2) a yard, you're a stronger soul than most.

Up and Coming Haute Couture

At least one of the Irish couturiers, *Sybil Connolly*, who's with *Richard Alan & Co.*, 58 Grafton Street, has made an international reputation with her skilful and imaginative use of tweed. It's Miss Connolly's credo that there's a tweed for every occasion, and she proves it. But she's not alone in the field of Irish haute couture. *Irene Gilbert*, 22 South Frederick Street, *Elizabeth James*, 8 South Mall and *Raymond Kenna*, 119 Capel Street, are well-known names in Dublin's world of fashion and elegance. You will find their prices way over the normal Dublin figure but way below the usual couture prices anywhere else in the world. Any woman roaming those streets that go east off Grafton Street will react to the tingle of quality. On Wicklow Street, *Marjorie Daly's* shop specializes in designing a dress just for you as will *Allshires* and *Femina*, two other establishments in this area. The *Mansfield Sisters* are masterful creators of chic hats, and will make you up a very special one on command. Why not something smart in tweed to match your suit? You can get tweed bags at the *Cottage Industries Ltd.* that give a handsome lift to casual clothes.

In this same area, at 3 Molesworth Street, there's a unique shop called *Cleo's*. It's a cosy place down a flight of stairs and crammed with those magnificent sweaters made by women in the Isle of Aran. They cost about \$4 to \$5—\$12 to \$15. Mrs. Ryan has sold these big warm sweaters in Bawneen wool to Arctic explorers, ski champions, and people from all over the world. You can't beat them for warmth and durability. Besides sweaters you'll find the colorful crios (handwoven, colorful

belts), hand-knitted shoulderettes, stoles of gossamer, and always a warm welcome, whatever your quest.

Linen

But to get back to Irish products, let's look at the linens. Of course, "Ireland" is almost a synonym for linen, and you can have them of all types and in all guises, as tablecloths, bed linen, clothes. Especially attractive in the latter category is a summertime fashion of linen blazers with knitted touches. For the more serious matter of household linens, you'll find a fine selection in all the department stores in Dublin and elsewhere. *Arnott's* on Henry Street, *Brown Thomas & Co Ltd.* on Grafton Street, and *Switzer's*, also on Grafton, have good selections. An embroidered luncheon set with eight place mats and napkins would cost you £3 (\$10); an Irish linen, double damask with Celtic design 70" x 106" tablecloth would cost about £3 to £4 (\$10 to \$12); a set of hemstitched pillow cases and sheets (sheet size 90" x 108") would not run more than 10 guineas (\$30); men's handrolled linen handkerchiefs, 6 for 28 shillings (\$4.00).

But where can one draw the line in this tabulation of bargains—how can you stop buying when you get back on the old sod? We've said nothing of Waterford glass, Bealeek china, pottery, or the antique shops with their buys in period furniture and old silver. Connemara marble is in itself lovely in color, and it would certainly lend itself to sculptured jewelry in modern designs.

If there's anywhere that Ireland's amiss in shopping it's in the souvenir field. In shops and on counters, all over the country you'll see mountains of items in bog oak—often these items have a religious motif, sometimes they're crudely patterned. The leprachaun theme is fairly well exploited both in ceramics and fabrics. Then there's the ubiquitous shillelagh—which is, it's said, not native to Ireland at all. If you're Irish yourself or are looking for an inexpensive and fanciful gift for a friend who's Irish, you couldn't do better than buy a handsome ashtray in fine bone china whose only decoration is the family crest. The crest is absolutely authentic and can be checked at the Heraldic Museum in Dublin.

The Bord Fáilte Éireann (the Irish Tourist Board) has taken the initiative in raising the standards of typical Irish souvenirs. By encouraging craftsmen to develop their skills and by assisting them in finding a market for their products, this organization

has been successful in preserving some of the traditional hand-work in its authentic form. This action happily reversed the trend towards trivial and carelessly made items for sale to tourists.

Of Lace and Fabrics

Ireland has another long-standing reputation and that's with lace. Fashion doesn't favor lace right now, but a lace wedding veil from Carrickmacross could become a family heirloom. The making of this lace is a family trust, and the patterns are handed down from mother to daughter over the centuries. If you want something, say a tablecloth, to your own design and specifications, however, the sisters in the St. Louis Convent in Carrickmacross, County Monaghan, will see that it's made especially for you. In Dublin, you'll find a wide selection of laces at *Walpoles* on Suffolk Street and at *Brown Thomas* on Grafton Street.

Besides tweeds, there's a wealth of other attractive fabrics. Local prints and poplins designed by Irish artists combine quality and beauty in these textiles, and are opening new frontiers in home decor. At *Brown Thomas* you can buy these fabrics with the artist's name in the selvedge. In the *Country Shop* on St. Stephen's Green, craft articles in wood, straw, pottery, and wrought iron are ingeniously contrived for use in home decorations.

Walking Sticks and Pipes

Nowhere in the world does a cane or walking stick seem to come more naturally to a man than in Ireland. A nicely gnarled walking stick seems the natural accoutrement of any Irishman walking a country road, and the male visitor to Ireland is likely to succumb to the local fashion. Walking makes one think of shoes and here's another profitable investment, either for men or women. For women, the heavy walking shoe is the best buy, provided that you're the type, of course.

Either for a gift or for yourself, Ireland has excellent values in Peterson pipes. You'll find them in different grades from 13/6 to 55/- (\$2 to \$7). A briar pipe with an amber mouthpiece in a case is marked #5 (\$14). These are subject to a 100 % duty in the United States, so buying one here is good saving and good sense.

If you wish, you can have your purchases sent right to your

ship or, if you're going on to the Continent from Ireland, you can have them sent home. All stores will gladly handle this matter for you. If you're stocking up on Irish whiskey for example, you'll do well to have it sent right to your ship.

For those who are flying and pass through Shannon, there's a well-provided shop of most of these Irish goods as well as European goods at duty-free export prices at the airport. Here, you'll find the tweeds, the lovely plaid knee rugs, the linens, the ties, the Belleek and Waterford, the sports jackets, and many other things that make Ireland a shopper's paradise.



THE FACE OF EIRE

FAIR DUBLIN

Eire's Leisured Capital

"In Dublin's fair city—where girls are so pretty . . ." so runs the old Irish ballad of *Molly Malone*. More than half a million Irishmen live in the capital of the Republic of Ireland, a city of quiet and stately European charm, filled with 18th-century mansions. Through it flows the fabled River Liffey, famed in song and story, and fresh, salty breezes blow in from the sea. Surrounding it are the verdant hills of Wicklow, rising sharply from Dublin's suburbs and ringing the grey city with a mantle of greencry. It is a city where the breath of the 18th century still lingers; the pace is as leisurely as a horse-drawn carriage ride through St. Stephen's Green in old Dublin.

Dublin Practical Information



WHERE TO STAY? Dublin just doesn't have the hotels she needs and could use, a problem never more apparent than during the August Horse Show when there's a real crisis for sleeping space. Many old hotels were destroyed during the insurrection that finally gave Ireland her independence, and they've never been rebuilt or replaced. It's well to make your reservations in advance if you're coming to Dublin during big events such as An Tostal.

Luxury-class hotels where rates run from 30 to 55 shillings (\$4.20 to \$7.70) per person per day for bed and breakfast:

Gresham, Upper O'Connell Street. A swank, brand-new hotel known for its American-style accommodations and service. It's on busy and businesslike O'Connell Street, in the hub of downtown Dublin. 150 rooms (70 with baths). Excellent restaurant.

Royal Hibernian, Dawson Street. Old, traditional elegance with fine accommodations, excellent dining room, and its Buttery is one of the meeting places of Dublin Society. 100 rooms (36 with baths).

Russell, 102 Saint Stephen's Green.

Ideally located facing a lovely park and within a few steps of Dublin's most fashionable shopping area, this luxurious hotel has a definite Continental flavor. 35 rooms (15 with baths). Noted for its superior cuisine.

Shelbourne, Saint Stephen's Green. A top hotel with a noted reputation for fine service, excellent accommodations, and first-class restaurant. It has a dignified, old-fashioned atmosphere. 143 rooms (84 with baths).

First-class hotels where prices range between 22 and 38 shillings (\$3 and \$5.30) per person a day, breakfast included:

Clarence, 6-8 Wellington Quay, 70 rooms (3 with baths).

Central, Exchequer Street, 107 rooms (no private baths).

- Dolphin*, 49 Essex Street An old-fashioned hotel with a good, low-priced dining room. Much favored by the sporting set 15 rooms
- Four Courts*, 9 Inns Quay. This hotel has low rates for its category 80 rooms (16 with baths)
- Ivanhoe*, 7-8 Harcourt Street, 40 rooms (2 with baths)
- Jury's*, College Green Near the courts and public offices, 75 rooms (? with baths)
- Standard*, 82 Harcourt Street, 67 rooms (4 with baths)

Second-class hotels in Dublin are usually more like family-style places with an air of hospitality and friendliness Prices run roughly from 21 to 27 shillings (£3 to £4) per person a day, though during the horse show, Christmas, and other special events, prices may shoot up to 30 shillings No rooms have private baths unless specifically noted below

- Anchor*, 2 Parnell Square Conveniently located near Dublin's main street, 24 rooms (3 with baths)
- Belvedere*, Great Denmark Street A clean, pleasant place with a popular lounge, 35 rooms
- Grosvenor*, 5 Westland Row, 21 rooms
- Landsdowne*, 27 Pembroke Road, 18 rooms (3 with baths)
- Lenahan*, 24-25 Harcourt Street, 21 rooms
- Mont Clare*, 13-14 Clare Street, 30 rooms
- North Star*, 26-30 Amiens St., 33 rooms (2 with baths)
- Ormond*, 8-11 Upper Ormond Quay, 55 rooms
- Swiss Chalet*, 2/3 Merrion Row, 20 rooms

Third-class establishments run a much wider range of prices than most groups of Irish hotels Prices start at about 15 shillings (£2 10) in some hotels and ascend as high as 25 shillings per person per day during special events The figure in parentheses indicates number of rooms

- Abbotsford*, 72 Harcourt Street, (22) rooms (two with baths)
- Barry's*, 1/2 Great Denmark St (26) Great Northern, 12 Amiens St., (20)
- Eastwood*, 19/92 Lower Leeson Street, Powers, 47 Kildare St., (27)
- St Stephen's Green, (19) Regent, D'Olier Street, (25)
- Forty Four*, 44 Harcourt Street, 10 *Rothsday*, Eden Quay, (24).

There are many guest houses To list a few in the B and C classes

- Adare House* (B), 277 North Circular Road, 12/6 to 15/-
- Old Vienna House* (B), 6 Lower Hatch Street, 11/6 to 15/6
- Western House* (B), 115 Lower Baginbode Street, 15/6 to 19/6
- Grosvenor House* (C), 26 Grosvenor Road, Rathgar, 15/- to 21/-

At Youth Hostel headquarters at 39 Mountjoy Square is an 18th-century house that has a good many accommodations for hostellers Limited to three-night stay for any one person



RESTAURANTS. As in most places in Ireland, the top hotels have excellent dining rooms that rate high in cuisine, wine cellars, décor, and service Another point to remember is that the cinemas frequently have at least one and often several restaurants, snack bars, tea rooms, and the like Someone did a study to determine why this situation—peculiar to Ireland—ever developed and determined little beyond the fact that restaurant revenues seem to parallel movie popularity. Most Dublin restaurants close between ten and eleven p.m. though there are still a few places where

you can get a plate or light meal until one or two a.m. To give you a sampling of Dublin restaurants:

Jammet's, 45-46 Nassau Street, has real French cuisine and several bars, lounges, and dining rooms. The main restaurant is in elegant Adam's style, and Roger, the maitre d'hôtel, will be on hand to recommend the house specialties.

Bailey Restaurant, Duke Street, is another traditional place with fine atmosphere and good food. In business for over a hundred years. You'll like its small cosy rooms. Piano music upstairs.

Red Bank Restaurant, D'Oller and Hawkins Streets. Wonderful seafood specialties, oyster bar, cocktail lounge.

Hotel Dolphin Restaurant, 49 Essex Street, is an old-fashioned spot with a full menu featuring a wide assortment of specialties. Steaks and grills outstanding.

Russell Hotel Restaurant, 102-04 St. Stephen's Green. Considered one

of Dublin's most elegant dining rooms with a high standard of Continental cuisine. Blue trout, game a specialty. Excellent cellar.

Jury's, College Green. Grill room, restaurant, American bar.

Shelbourne Hotel Restaurant, St. Stephen's Green. Famed for fine food in a delightful setting. Try the Poulet à la Maryland. The cocktail lounge has an authentic 18th-century interior.

Pim's Restaurant, George's Street. Connected with Pim's department store, offers a four-course table d'hôte lunch and an à la carte menu. Open until 5:30 p.m. and until 2 p.m. on Saturday.

Flynn's Restaurant and Lounge Bar, D'Oller Street. Good food and drinks.

The Green Rooster, Lower O'Connell Street, is a fast order place that stays open late at night.

BEST BARS. *Pearl Bar*, Fleet Street, meeting place for journalists and the literati. *Palace Bar*, Fleet Street, more of the same journalists and literati. *Scotch House*, Burgh Quay, and again, journalists and literati. *Davy Byrne's*, Duke Street, typically Irish and very popular. *Shelbourne Rooms*, St. Stephen's Green, where the VIPs of business, government, and industry meet. *International Bar*, Wicklow Street, catches the businessmen of Dublin. *Mooney's*, Abbey Street. *The Buttery* in the *Royal Hibernian Hotel* is a fashionable meeting place. *Jammet's Bar*, Nassau Street, charming old-fashioned titles, crowded with students during the winter. *Adam Room*, *Metropole Restaurant*, O'Connell Street. Quiet sophistication.

USEFUL ADDRESSES. *Irish Tourist Bureau*, 14 Upper O'Connell Street. Tel. 44719. *American Express*, 118 Grafton Street. *Thomas Cook*, 118 Grafton Street. *General Post Office*, O'Connell Street. *United States Embassy*, 15 Merrion Square. *Canadian Embassy*, 92 Merrion Square. *British Embassy*, 39 Merrion Square. *C.I.E.*, 59 Upper O'Connell Street. *G.N.R.*, 2 Lower O'Connell Street. *Aer Lingus*, 40 Upper O'Connell Street. *Automobile Association*, 23 Suffolk Street. *City air terminus*, 4 Cathal Brugha Street.



WHAT TO SEE? You shouldn't miss Trinity College and the Book of Kells; the old Parliament House (now the Bank of Ireland); the Custom House on the north bank of the Liffey, Dublin's noblest public buildings. Near the Custom House is Dublin's most spectacular building, the ultramodern glass-walled Arus Mhic Dhiarmuda, housing the Department of Social Welfare and popularly called the "bus station." Dublin Castle is surely a "must," as is St. Patrick's Cathedral with its memories of Dean Swift, The Four Courts is an impressive building; Christ Church Cathedral has both a

handsome exterior and interior For a change of pace you might visit the Guinness' Brewery Or for an experience on the macabre side go to the vaults of St Michan's church, where you see bodies that have been there for centuries, still perfectly preserved Arus An Uachtarain official home of the President of Eire is in Phoenix Park

Dublin has more than its share of museums, and you'll want to view the antiquities at the National Museum—the torques from Tara, the Tara brooch, the famed Ardagh chalice and the Cross of Cong The National Gallery has an important collection of art masterpieces, and the Modern Art Gallery houses a fine group of paintings and sculptures



MUSEUMS *The National Museum of Irish Antiquities*, Art and Industrial and Natural History Division Between Kildare and Merrion Street Open from 11 a.m. to 5 p.m. on weekdays and from 2 to 5 p.m. Sunday *National Gallery*, Merrion Square, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Monday to Friday, 10 a.m. to 1 p.m. on Saturday and 2 to 5 p.m. on Sunday *Municipal Gallery of Modern Art*, Parnell Square 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. daily (except Thursday when it closes at 12.30 p.m.) and Sunday from 11 a.m. to 2 p.m. *Royal Irish Academy Library*, open from 9.30 to 5.30 p.m. on weekdays and from 9.30 to 1 p.m. on Saturday *Trinity College Library*, College Green, open from 10 to 4 between February and October and from 10 to 3 from November to January Closed two weeks in July *National Library in Ireland*, Kildare Street open weekdays from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m., and 10 a.m. to 1 p.m. on Saturday *The new Civic Museum*, South William Street, open from 11 to 1 and 2.30 to 6 weekdays except Thursdays (11-1) and Sundays (closes at 5 p.m.), is full of interesting sidelights on old Dublin

GARDENS AND PARKS *Phoenix Park*, main gate at end of Parkgate Street *Zoological Gardens*, on right through main road of Phoenix Park *Botanic Gardens*, north side of city near Glasnevin Cemetery *St Stephen's Green*, at top of Grafton Street *Herbert Park*, near Ballsbridge *Croke Park*, a stadium of the Gaelic Athletic League



NIGHTCLUBS AND CABARETS With one exception, these just don't exist in Dublin The exception is the Georgian Room at the Metropole, O'Connell Street, which opens for dinner weekdays at 6 p.m. Dancing begins at 8 and the cabaret about 10.15 You can order wine until midnight Closes at 12.30 a.m. and Sundays Young people usually meet at dances sponsored by suburban tennis clubs (open to non-members) where it is perfectly proper for girls to arrive unescorted and accept invitations to dance The same applies to commercially-run ballrooms in the city itself, but check with your hotel porter first Weekends there is the Gaelic equivalent of square dancing, a *Céilí* (pronounced "kay-lee") which is fun but strenuous Your partner will show you the steps



ENTERTAINMENT THEATRES *Abbey Theatre* is now operating in the *Queens Theatre* on Pearse Street Tel 44505 *Gaiety*, South King Street, grand opera, musical comedy, drama Tel 78205 *Gate Theatre*, Parnell Square, for modern drama and Irish plays (in English) Tel 44045 *Olympia*, Dame Street, for modern drama and ballet Tel 78962 Dublin's two experimental intimate theatres are the *Pike*, Herbert Lane, for Irish and Continental drama and revues, and the *Globe*, George's Street, Dun Laoghaire, for modern drama

MUSIC. There are many musical groups in Dublin, the Trinity College Choral Society, the Palestrina Chorus of the Pro-Cathedral, the Hibernian Catch Club, and other groups that present concerts along with soloists, orchestras, and opera groups that come in to Dublin for special programs in winter. The symphony orchestra of Radio Eireann also presents concerts.



SPORTS. Racing. This occupies much of the normal Irishman's time and conversation, and you'll find opportunities for going to the races when you're in Dublin. There are three tracks in the outskirts of the city: Phoenix Park (3 miles) flat and hurdle racing especially on Saturdays in summer and in the evening during Horse Show Week, Leopardstown (6 miles) on Saturday as advertised, and

Baldoye (8 miles) flat and steeplechase.

Within easy reach of Dublin are several other tracks: The Curragh (30 miles), headquarters of Irish racing, Irish Derby run here. Punchestown (24 miles), very fashionable course for steeplechase races. Naas (20 miles), flat and steeplechase races. Fairyhouse (15 miles), where the steeplechase meeting is run on Easter Monday and Tuesday during the Grand National.

Greyhound Racing. From March to October there's Harold's Cross Park on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays; and Shelbourne Park on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays. Both places can be reached by bus or train.

In addition, there's a selection of other sports events always going on in Dublin: tennis matches, car races, bicycle races, polo, boxing matches, hurling, soccer, rugby, and basketball. In the summer you can see yachting regattas in nearby Dun Laoghaire.

Golf. If you want to go out for some sports yourself you can golf at any one of the 20 courses in the vicinity of Dublin. To mention a few: Royal Dublin (Dollymount), 18 holes, seaside. Pormarnock Club, 18 holes, seaside. Clontarf Club, 18 holes, inland. Milltown Club, 18 holes, inland.

Fishing. If fishing is your bent, you'll find Dublin offers you plenty of chance to try your skill and luck. The Liffey has trout, and salmon and brown trout are available in many other rivers in nearby places. In this district open seasons are as follows: Salmon and sea trout in River Liffey, its lakes and tributaries, from January 1 to September 30; rest of district February 1 to October 12. Brown trout in entire district from March 1 to September 30.

Hunting. In the immediate Dublin vicinity you find excellent hunting country. Hunts meet two or three times weekly during the season from October to March. The Ward Union Stag hounds meet Tuesdays and Saturdays, the Fingal Harriers meet Tuesdays and Fridays and the South County Dublin Harriers meet Wednesdays and Saturdays.



HOW TO GET ABOUT? It's very easy to get around Dublin by bus, and the buses start out from Nelson Pillar, from quays adjoining O'Connell Bridge, or from D'Olier Street, College Street, and North Earl Street.

C.I.E. and G.N.R. operate rail and bus tours in and around Dublin at reasonable prices. C.I.E. operating from Central Bus Station, Store Street, to (1) Liffey Valley and Blessington Lakes (all day). (2) Glendalough and Avoca (all day). (3) Glendalough (half-day). (4) Afternoon scenic drive around Dublin. (5) Sightseeing tour of city. For more particulars apply to C.I.E., 59 Upper O'Connell Street.

G.N.R. offers these tours during the summer: By rail and road (from Amiens Street Station). (1) Inishowen Peninsula. (2) Hills of Donegal. (3) Donegal Bay and Southwest Highlands. (4) Glens of Antrim. (5)

Mountains of Mourne (6) Armagh (ecclesiastical capital) (7) Carlingford Peninsula (8) Ards Peninsula

They also sponsor all-day and afternoon bus tours from Eden Quay to the Boyne Valley, the Royal Meath and Louth, the Hill of Tara, Howth Castle and Demesne, Dublin City and North Coast, and finally a Mystery Tour to no-one-knows-where. Collinstown, Dublin's impressive municipal airport, is 7 miles north of the city.

Taxi fares in Dublin average 1/9 a mile. To rent a car Ryans 18 Hawkins Street. Murray's, Baggot Street Bridge.



CHURCHES Roman Catholic Pro-Cathedral, Marlborough Street, St Andrew's, Westland Row, Catholic University Church, St Stephen's Green, Franciscan Church, Merchants Quay Church of Ireland (Protestant) services at most churches at 11.30 a.m. and 7 p.m. St Patrick's Cathedral, Christ Church Cathedral, Lord Edward Street, Dublin University Chapel Presbyterian Avvey Church, Parnell Square, Donore Church, South Circular Road, Church on Lower Abbey Street Methodist on Lower Abbey Street St Stephen's Green, and Rathmines Baptist at Grosvenor Road Rathmines Phibsborough Jewish Adelaide Road Christian Science Baggot Street Lr

History of Dublin

Dublin's history is a long and interesting one, dating back to the first century, when Ptolemy marked it down on an ancient map in the year A.D. 140 as Eblana. Its excellent harbor was known to mariners even in the century before Christ. Dublin derives its name from the Irish words *Dubh Linn* meaning "dark pool," so called because of the blackish color of the Liffey waters emptying into the sea. In ancient times it was also known as *Ath Cliath* or the "ford of the hurdles," because just above the harbor point there was a ford which spanned the Liffey and led to one of the five great roads of old Ireland coming from Tara, the seat of the ancient Irish kings. Today Father Matthew Bridge stretches across the Liffey on the site of the old ford.

Curiously enough, Dublin as a town was not established by the Irish at all, and did not become an Irish settlement until centuries later in history. Viking raiders in their Scandinavian galleys plundered the coast during the 8th and 9th centuries, and the Danes used Dublin—or Dyflin as they called it in those days—as a central naval base for their sea raids. The wooden settlement the Scandinavians founded on the site of present-day Dublin grew in importance when trade routes opened for the Norsemen in their maritime empire. The Danish power remained intact until the Battle of Clontarf on Good Friday, 1014, when the Irish led by Brian Boru swept the field.

According to ancient accounts of this historic turning-point in Irish history, Brian and his warriors fought from early morning

until sunset, and when the day was over, Brian himself felt—but the Danes were soundly beaten and lost thousands of Norsemen in the fray. The Vikings never recovered from their crushing defeat and not only lost Ireland, but their foothold on Europe. Even today, around Dublin, Norse swords and other relics of that battle are turned up frequently in the ground.

The Irish victory was short-lived, however, and no sooner had the Danes fled to their own lands in the north than the Anglo-Norman invasion took place in 1169. The Normans took Dublin by storm, making the city their headquarters for the conquest of Ireland. The rest of Dublin's long story reads like pages out of a history book, with battles, conquests, massacres, and turbulent and tragic turns of events crowding one upon the other. In 1172, Henry II held his court in Dublin, turning it into a colony of Bristol. The British hoped to make Dublin the clerical and governmental center of a country they tried to control for the seven hundred long years until the Irish finally won their independence in 1921.

During medieval English rule, the Irish rebelled from time to time, as on Easter Monday, 1209, when the Wicklow chieftans stormed the city and killed most of its inhabitants. In Elizabethan times, Dublin saw many of the adventurers pass through, like Lord Essex in his expeditions against the Irish leader, Tyrone. Later, the city threw its lot to the Royalists and opposed Cromwell, who took Dublin in the 17th century. Even today Dubliners remember all too bitterly that Cromwell stabled his horses in the magnificent St. Patrick's Cathedral. Later still, Dublin's population sided with James II against William of Orange. In Restoration times, the city took on a new importance, and many of Dublin's attractions such as St. Stephen's Green and Phoenix Park date back to this era.

The Golden Age

Dublin came to full flower in the 18th century, when it was considered one of the most glittering of all contemporary European cities. Many great buildings were erected during that time, including the House of Parliament in 1729. Nobility, leading intellectual lights, people of wealth and fashion, all flocked to Dublin. Prominent architects added to the light grace and charm of the place by building the Georgian mansions that today line St. Stephen's Green, Merrion Square, and other nearby streets of the town.

This was the age when Dublin's star was ascendant. People of

note from all parts of Europe came to hear English spoken the Irish way, with an airy grace and lilting lyrical tone still heard today. The 18th-century world crowded Dublin's theatres to hear and see such theatrical greats as Garrick and Mrs. Siddon in brilliant plays. The world premiere of Handel's *Messiah* with the composer himself conducting was held in 1724 at Dublin's old Musick Hall, Fishamble Street. And Dublin's great literary figure, Dean Jonathan Swift, heading the Deanery of St. Patrick's, secretly wrote his *Drapier Letters*, political dynamite for the English, which fanned the embers of a city smouldering with undercurrents of revolt. Then, in 1783, England recognized the Irish Parliament of Grattan, and during the brief period of conciliation that followed, some of Dublin's great monuments were erected—the Four Courts, the Customs House, and other landmarks dating from the end of the 18th century.

Hopes for a peaceful compromise came to a quick end in 1800 when the Irish Parliament was dissolved along with any prospects for independence. Just before this historic move, there had been the beginnings of revolt by such patriots as Wolfe Tone, Robert Emmet, and Lord Fitzgerald. There followed the rule of Dublin by Daniel O'Connell, whose name is perpetuated in the main street of Ireland's capital, who made himself Lord Mayor of Dublin in 1829 with his Catholic Emancipation Movement. This was the hard core of the Irish Liberation Movement that fought steadily on through the 19th century, until the bloody days of the Easter Uprising of 1916 and the Anglo-Irish War came to an end in the Treaty of 1922—when Ireland finally got the independence for which she had fought so bitterly for seven centuries.

A tragic civil war followed the Anglo-Irish Treaty, but when peace was restored, Dublin regained its prominence and today looks forward to a future full of promise. Yet the city's past history often brings back haunting memories of the great patriots, eloquent statesmen, brilliant scientists, and scholars, who once walked its ancient cobblestone streets in an age not easily forgotten by today's Dubliners.

Exploring Dublin

It's often been said that Dublin grows on you as you assimilate this great city gradually over a period of time. Just do as the Dubliners do, take it in stride—and don't hurry. There's plenty of time to absorb Dublin's main sights and still take it easy. Along O'Connell Street or busy Grafton

Street and the byways that branch off them are a number of tea rooms and bars, where you can stop for a snack or a beer, and have a chance to talk to people while you relax in the leisurely atmosphere that is so much a part of Ireland's capital.

Getting around Dublin isn't too difficult, for the River Liffey with its nine bridges cuts the city into several parts like an apple. The most important bridge, of course, is the O'Connell Street bridge, a wide thoroughfare at the end of the city's main avenue. Beyond the bridge, you pass onto Westmoreland Street and bustling Grafton Street, the main shopping district of the city. Branching off these few principal streets, you will easily find most of Dublin's more noteworthy places of interest.

One good way to get oriented in a hurry is to take a morning sightseeing tour covering most of Dublin, offered at the modest price of only 6/6 to give you a better idea of what landmarks you will want to visit later. But the very best way to see most of Dublin is either on foot, since everybody walks here, or by taking short hops on the big, lumbering two-decker green buses whose routes cover the city and suburbs completely. They take you wherever you want to go for only a few big copper pennies up to a shilling. The conductors are cordial and will point out your closest stop, often coming up and telling you where you should get off.

The Pivot

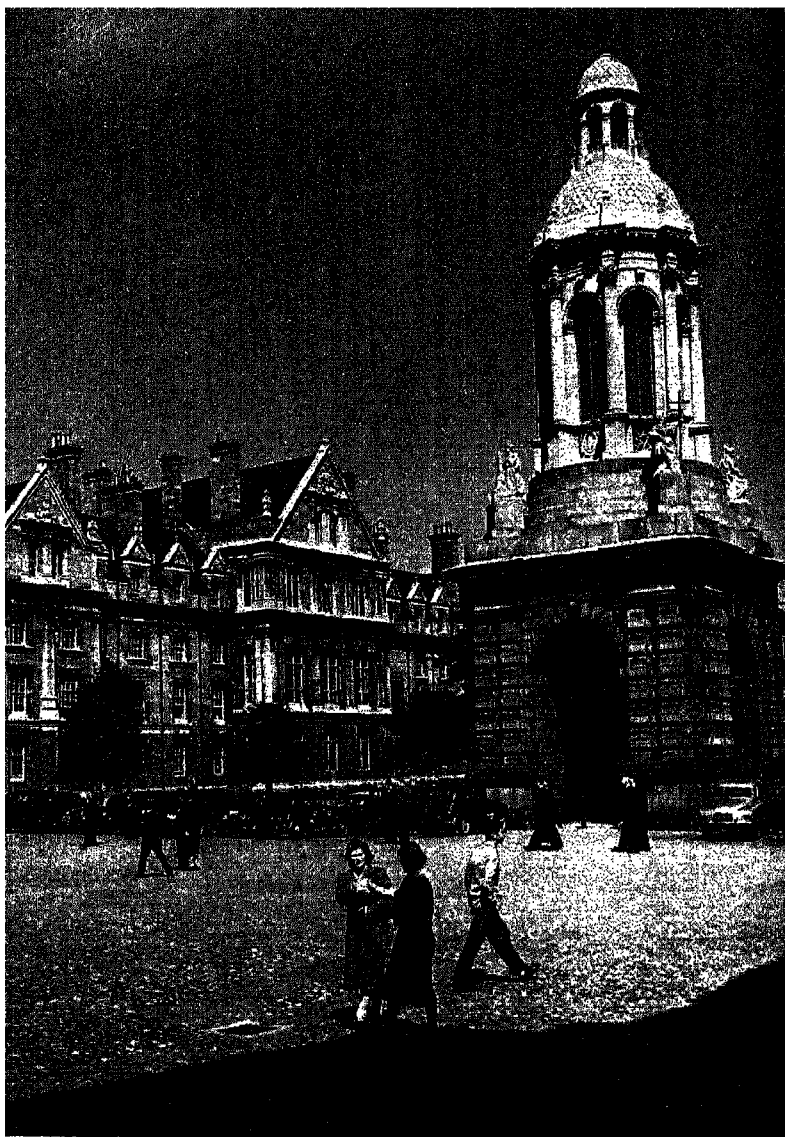
As any Dubliner will tell you, the best place to start out on your sightseeing tour is from Nelson's Pillar, the origin and terminus of most of Dublin's green buses. This 134-foot pillar with the statue of Lord Nelson looking out over the panorama of Dublin spread below is a perfect place for a bird's eye view of the city's landmarks. You can climb up to the top of it for a mere sixpence. Nelson's Pillar is located halfway down O'Connell Street and is an easy direction-finder, in case you find yourself lost in some unfamiliar part of town.

Down statue-filled O'Connell Street makes a good beginning for a walking tour around town. You will see along the way one statue after another, among the more outstanding are John Henry Foley's statue of Daniel O'Connell himself, Dublin's Lord Mayor in 1829, the statue of Father Matthew, and the famous Parnell Monument, the work of Augustus



Dublin is the heart as well as the capital of Eire, and stern "guards" like the one above direct traffic along broad, busy O'Connell Street, below





Éire's cultural roots go deep into the past to a time when all learning was committed to memory by bards and sages. At Trinity College, Dublin, this centuries-old tradition lives side by side with modern scholarship.

St. Gaudens. At 7 O'Connell Street, the poet Percy Shelley lived during his brief stay in Dublin, and it's been said that the youthful poet used to throw from his balcony window pamphlets addressing the people of Ireland on their political rights. The historic general post office building also stands on O'Connell Street. This was the scene of the Easter Monday Uprising of 1916 in the Irish struggle for independence, and there is a monument inside dedicated to the memory of the patriots who fell in the bitter street fighting of Dublin on that day.

If you continue from O'Connell Street Bridge down Westmoreland Street, you come into College Green with its imposing Bank of Ireland, one of Dublin's historic landmarks. Often referred to as "The Old House on College Green," it is considered a fine neo-classical building of 18th-century architecture, originally designed by Sir Edward Lovatt Pearce. Gandon added the unusual portico on the Westmoreland Street side. This was formerly Ireland's Parliament building in Grattan's day, before Britain voted the Irish Parliament out of existence with the Act of Union in 1800. Today it houses the Bank of Ireland, but its 18th-century interior has been kept intact, and an attendant in livery is on hand to take interested visitors through the place during regular office banking hours at no charge. The windowless façade is unique, and it ranks as one of Europe's largest public buildings with such a front.

Trinity College

As you might expect, Trinity College fronts on College Green. Dublin's ancient university, founded by England's great Queen Elizabeth I, has three of Foley's famous statues. On the Green is the statue of Henry Grattan, a figure high and proud with outstretched hand, just a few short steps from the Parliament Building which he so stoutly defended all his life and where he delivered his eloquent political speeches. The statue of Thomas Moore, Ireland's 19th-century composer of musical ballads, is on the Westmoreland Street side, and of brief passing interest. But the statues of two illustrious Trinity alumni, Edmund Burke and Oliver Goldsmith, are both fine. Goldsmith's statue, particularly, is considered an excellent study of humorous meditation—one of Foley's masterpieces.

Trinity College Library is almost a must on any tour of

Dublin. Erected in 1732, the building with its Corinthian decoration has been called a perfect example of 18th-century architecture. The library was founded more than a century and a quarter earlier, in 1601, and today it contains more than a half a million books and 2,000 manuscripts, among them enough rare books to make a collector happy for life. In addition to ancient Egyptian papyri and Greek and Roman hand-lettered manuscripts, the library boasts an early printed book of Caxton, a copy of the Gutenberg Bible, plus first editions of Petrarch, Dante's *Divine Comedy* and a work of Boccaccio's, to say nothing of four Shakespearean folios!

But the real showpiece of the library is the collection of ancient books of Ireland. These manuscripts include the Book of Darrow, the Book of Armagh (dated 807 A.D.), the Liber Hymnorum, a book of hymns of the 11th century written in Irish and Latin, and the vellum copy of the Yellow Book of Lecan dated 1390. Trinity College's prize item is the world-famous Book of Kells, judged by art experts as one of the most beautiful illuminated manuscripts. It is the work of unknown scribes who with loving care and rare artistry painstakingly executed all its 365 pages in poorly-lit monk's cells in the Monastery of Kells, back in the 8th century. A different page of the book is turned each day for visitors to see. The entire book contains a gospel for each of the 365 days of the year. All of its finely-wrought chapters are a work of art, but the page depicting Christ is considered the greatest of them all. In recent years, the Book of Kells has been successfully photographed in full color reproduction, and copies are now available to libraries all over the world at \$350 each. None of the color photographs can ever fully capture the full glory of the original manuscript, whose special inks were made by a unique ancient process now lost, so perfect that the book has lost little of its freshness in the 1200 years since it was made.

After a flurry of window-shopping in crowded Grafton Street, fronted with shop after shop showing men's and women's famous Irish tweeds at rock bottom prices, you may want to stop for a quiet tea and pastry on one of the side streets before continuing your sightseeing. Another welcome spot for pause is the green carpet of St. Stephen's Green, twenty acres of fine park, framed by old Georgian mansions. Along its tree-shaded walks, you'll find most Dubliners taking a breath of fresh air—businessmen with briefcases tucked under their arms, families out for a stroll with the

children, and aproned shopkeepers who have time for a little conversation with friends before heading back to the busy whirl of commercial Grafton Street. Here you'll see fine banks of flower terraces, placid ponds with graceful swans gliding by, and everywhere a touch of the green that is so much a part of all Ireland.

Other Landmarks

If the Book of Kells and the ancient Irish manuscripts in Trinity College Library only whetted your appetite for more of the same, you'll head for the Royal Irish Academy, which ranks as one of Europe's most notable learned societies. The Academy, located at 19 Dawson Street, happens to contain the world's biggest collection of Irish manuscripts, many of them 10th, 12th, and 14th-century masterpieces of early Irish history, tracing back Ireland's story to 2,000 B.C. On the same street as the Royal Academy is Mansion House, residence of Dublin's Lords Mayor since 1715, with its historic Round Room, where in 1919 the first Irish Dail (parliament) met to make its declaration of independence. Later, in this same room the treaty ending the War of 1921 was signed, giving Ireland its freedom.

For those interested in antiquities and the story of early mankind, the National Museum, located on Kildare and Merrion Streets, should not be overlooked. The Irish Antiquities Section was largely the work of a century's collection by the Royal Irish Society, and presented to the country in 1890. Early Irish carved stones help tell the ancient story of European man's development going back thousands of years before Christ. Here, too, are the Bronze Age ornaments of fine craftsmanship including the golden crescent collars. Among other treasures to be found in the National Museum are the Tara Brooch, the Ardagh Chalice, and the beautiful Cross of Cong. The Museum's Natural History Section contains a wonderful zoological collection with a number of ancient Irish animals including mammoth and Arctic fox, all now extinct. This part of the museum is situated on the Merrion Street side.

Dublin's National Library is close by the museum on Kildare Street. The library houses more than a half million volumes, but it also contains a great collection of Irish newspapers for reference. In fact, if you're seeking out some special information on Dublin, the Public Service Counter is a good place

to look. James Joyce, one of Dublin's great modern writers, did a lot of his research in the library, and readers of *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* will recall vividly scenes depicting the National Library.

Merrion Square boasts some of Dublin's finest 18th-century mansions, and most of them were lived in by famous personalities. Sir William and Lady Wilde lived at Number One. He was a well-known Dublin doctor and she a noted writer. They were the parents of poet and dramatist, Oscar Wilde, who spent his boyhood in this house. William Stokes, the eminent physicist, occupied No. 5; Daniel O'Connell, for whom O'Connell street is named, was at No. 58; and at No. 70 lived Dr. Robert Graves, famed for his work in clinical medicine. Just off the square, at Upper Merrion Street, the Duke of Wellington was born in 1769 in the building called Mornington House, now used by the Irish Land Commission. A number of writers, lawyers, and other distinguished figures once held possession of the mansions on Merrion Square or Upper Merrion Street, including the writer George Moore, who wrote his autobiography, *Hail and Farewell*, at 4 Upper Merrion Street.

The Castle

Go west along Dame Street from College Green to get to Dublin Castle, which dates from 1208, erected on the site of an ancient Danish fortress. This formidable and forbidding relic of old Dublin includes the magnificent State Apartments of the English viceroys, Ireland's rulers for so many centuries. As we are taken through it, the guide is careful to point out with a smile that the heraldic crests of English knights which line the Church of the Holy Trinity had all but used up their space in the church until there was room for no more emblems just at the time when Ireland won her independence. St. Patrick's Hall was designed by Lord Chesterfield, when he ruled Ireland as viceroy. In 1938, Dr. Douglas Hyde held his inauguration here as first President of Ireland. The former State Apartments are now used for state functions by the presidents of Ireland. The Birmingham Tower at one end of Dublin Castle was the prison from which Red Hugh O'Donnell made his daring escape on Christmas Eve, 1592. Located in Bedford Tower of the castle is the famous Heraldic Museum, the only of its kind in the world, where for a fee its trained staff will trace your family tree for noble ancestors. Most

of Ireland's early patriots and nationalist leaders were imprisoned in this grim, ancient castle, including Robert Emmet and Lord Edward Fitzgerald.

If you continue to the end of Dame Street, you start climbing Lord Edward Street (named for Lord Edward Fitzgerald, the rebel hero who died from wounds after his arrest in 1798) up Christchurch Hill to Christ Church, one of Dublin's famed ancient churches. Founded in 1038, this is a cathedral of Norse origin, erected by King Sitric the Dane. The fine stone interior is awe-inspiring, and the nave in particular is considered one of the finest examples of Gothic architecture in all Ireland. One of the show places of the old church is Strongbow's Tomb. Strongbow, who was Richard de Clare, Earl of Pembroke, had the church rebuilt in 1172. Above the crypt of the famous warrior is a stone statue of Strongbow himself with a child at his side. According to the story, Strongbow killed his own son for displaying fear and cowardly feelings in battle. It was in Christ Church also that the English king Richard II offered knighthood to the Irish chiefs. Other historic events took place in this ancient church. In 1486, Lambert Simnel, the pretender to the throne, was crowned here as Edward VI. A few centuries later, troops of the House of Stuart took the cathedral. For a long period of time, the cathedral was neglected, but in the last century it was restored at great expense by a wealthy Dublin distiller.

The narrow, twisting old streets leading from Christ Church bring you to James Street, an extension of Thomas Street, where the famous Guinness Brewery is located. Guinness ranks as the world's biggest brewery, and is a favorite stop-over point in any tour of Dublin. You can see most of the plant, riding on a midget-sized railroad, and look over the giant vats, the largest of which holds 88,000 gallons. Incidentally, the company provides a generous sample of Guinness stout at the end of the tour with its compliments.

The Cathedral

Once you see the towers of St. Patrick's Cathedral, you are walking in the footsteps of Dean Jonathan Swift, one of Dublin's greatest writers and perhaps one of the finest satirists in all English literature. Swift was born in a house since torn down on Werburgh Street. For thirty-two years he lived in the Deanery of St. Patrick's and wrote the Drapier's Letters ridiculing Britain's injustices in Ireland. Here, too, is the

pulpit where Dean Swift preached from 1713 to 1745. Finally, Swift's crypt is marked by a brass plate in the floor of the church. Next to him is his beloved Stella, marking one of the most tragic love stories of history. Near their graves is an epitaph Swift wrote for himself with deep bitterness: "He lies where furious indignation can no longer rend his heart no more. Go, traveler and imitate, if you can, one who did a man's part in the defence of liberty..." There are a number of other monuments, including the grandiose Boyle Monument, a memorial to John Philpot Curran, the noted Irish lawyer, and another to Turlough O'Carolan, the last of the old Irish bards. But the prevailing atmosphere and mood of St. Patrick's belongs to Dean Swift, its brooding, unhappy genius.

St. Patrick's, like Christ Church, is an ancient cathedral, founded in 1130 by John Comyn, and this church has had its share of turbulent historic events. When Cromwell took Dublin, his troops stabled their horses in St. Patrick's. A river flowed under its floor, and frequently the church was flooded, but all this has been remedied in recent years by extensive restoration work that has saved the beautiful old cathedral.

There are two landmarks of Dublin that should not be missed on any sightseeing tour. One of these is the noble Custom House, Dublin's finest public building, which you can reach along the quays of the River Liffey. The Custom House, designed by one of Ireland's greatest architects, James Gandon, in 1791, is a quadrangle building with Doric columns, its façade looking out toward the river. Destroyed in the 1920's in the fierce fighting for Irish independence, it has been now completely reconstructed by copying the original, classic design. The other famous sight of Dublin is the Four Courts, situated on the northern quays. This is another sample of Gandon's fine work, begun in 1786, and includes a magnificent building about 460 feet long. You can enjoy a good view of the Four Courts from St. Matthew's Bridge across the Liffey. Like the Customs House, the Courts building was gutted during the War of Independence, but it, too, has been carefully and completely restored.

Playgrounds and Parks

You won't want to miss Dublin's famed Phoenix Park, seven miles of green lawns, hurling fields, zoo, playing fields for cricket and football, and even a noted international racecourse.

The park goes back to the days when it was owned by the Knights Hospitalers. Later, Charles II used it as a place to keep his deer herds. It was given to the people of Dublin by Lord Chesterfield, when he ruled as Viceroy of Ireland. It was he who provided walks and gardens and placed the Phoenix Statue on the pillar—which gave the park its name. The People's Gardens are filled with flower banks and rock gardens. The Fifteen Acres (in reality more than 200 acres) today serve as playing fields for sports, but in 18th-century days were dueling grounds where gentlemen settled points of honor. Near to the park's principal entrance is Arus an Uachtarain, the residence of the President of Ireland, formerly the mansion of the viceroys. In one part of the park called Furry Glen, so called because furze and hawthorn grow in wild abundance there, you can see tame deer. Phoenix's Zoological Garden is famous for its breeding of lion cubs, and the lions' outdoor arena is always popular with visitors.

If you like flowers and trees, take a No. 19 bus and go to the Botanical Gardens, near Glasnevin Cemetery, where many of Ireland's great men and patriots are buried. The fifty acres of gardens offer a wide selection of flowers and plants to please all tastes. Yew Walk there is still known as "Addison's Walk," named for Joseph Addison, one of the 18th-century's leading literary lights, who used to frequent the place. Dean Swift also favored this spot and took walks with his "Stella." Other famous writers, such as Richard Steele, Thomas Parnell, the poet, and Richard Brinsley Sheridan whose plays *School for Scandal* and *The Rivals* are theatre classics, liked to stroll there.

Dublin's Literary Past

After you have seen the most important sights of Dublin, a good way to absorb the real atmosphere of this old, misty, and historic city, is to wander through its crooked, narrow streets, looking at the Georgian façade of a fine 18th-century mansion here, or discovering that a large number of history's great men lived in some of these old houses. For instance, you discover that Balfe Street is named for Michael Balfe, the composer of *The Bohemian Girl* and other operas, who lived at No. 10. Balfe was a child prodigy, producing musical works at the age of seven and making his debut in 1817 as a violinist when he was only nine.

At 6-7 Christchurch Place there flourished, for more than

one hundred years, one of Dublin's most famous coffee-houses, Dick's, run by Richard Pue, who published a paper called *Pue's Occurences* in the 18th century. One of his many famous patrons was Edmund Burke, who writes of Dick's Place back in 1747. Burke was born at 12 Arran Quay.

At 12 Dorset Street, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, one of the world's greatest playwrights, was born in 1751, the son of an equally well-known actor and writer of his day. In Synge Street, another noted playwright and author was born, George Bernard Shaw, who reminisces with typical Shavian wit, "I do not recall the actual event of my birth," but the celebrated man of letters did take note of the number—it was 33 Synge Street. Oscar Wilde's father, Sir William Wilde, a prominent Dublin eye specialist, is said to have treated George Bernard Shaw's father for a squint—and made it worse.

On College Green at Number 3 was Daly's Club, a well-known 18th-century club, whose elaborate interior decorations were considered the finest in all Europe. Here, the young "bloods" of the day gathered for gaming, serious drinking, and duels for honor's sake.

Wolfe Tone Street is named, of course, for Theobald Wolfe Tone, who lived at No. 44, where the Irish patriot's father had his business of coachmaking. There is scarcely a street or odd corner of old Dublin where some leader of the Irish independence movement did not live or work—or die—in the course of the fierce struggle for liberty. If you want to trace Irish history, on many old houses in different parts of Dublin you will see memorial plaques to Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Padraig Pearse, John Foster, Robert Emmet, and others like them.

In suburban Brighton Square in Rathgar, James Joyce was born (at No. 41) in 1882, and probably no other writer chronicled so much of Dublin and its character at the turn of the century as the sensitive and brilliant Joyce did in his *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, and later in *Ulysses* and *Finnegan's Wake*.

DUBLIN'S ENVIRONS

Dunes, Cairns And Beaches

Practically on Dublin's doorstep there's a vast playground of fine beaches, quiet country retreats, hunting and fishing centers, country club resorts, historic villages, towns steeped in antiquity, and some of Ireland's most interesting ruins. Framed by the soft, blue-green slopes of the Wicklow Hills, Dublin is fronted by a sea and enriched by a coastline with miles of secluded bays and sandy beaches. Trains for resorts to the south leave from Westland Row or Harcourt Street stations. For the north, Amiens Street station is used. Kingsbridge is the terminus for the west or southwest.

Practical Information for Dublin's Environs



included

WHERE TO STAY* There are a number of good holiday resorts, such as Howth, Dun Laoghaire (Dublin's best known and most popular seaside spot). Alternatively you may spend a whole holiday by the seaside or in a quiet unpretentious village. De luxe, first, second and third-class hotels are indicated by (L), (1), (2), and (3). Listed prices are average for single accommodations, breakfast

COUNTY DUBLIN

DALKEY *Cliff Castle* (2), 22/6
DUN LAOGHAIRE *Royal Marine* (L), well-appointed, 27/6 *Pierre* (1), 25/- *Ross's* (1), 26/ *Salthill* (1) 22/6 *Ardeen* (2), on Marine Parade, 18/6 *Avenue* (2), 17/6 *Carney Arms* (2), 19/- *Lismara* (2), 21/- *Abbey* (3), 15/- *Anglesey* (3), 14/6 *Avoca* (3), 15/6 *Belleview* (3), 16/6 *Guest houses Marine*, 15/- *Parknasilla*, 15/-

HOWTH *St Lawrence* (1), 25/- *Claremont* (1), 25/- *Royal* (2), 18/6 *Waverley* (2), 18/- *Cliff* (3), 18/6 *Guest house Brooklawn*, 15/-

LUCAN *National Spa and Hydro* (1), 21/-
MALAHIDE *Grand* (2), 25/- *Royal* (3), 16/6

SKERRIES *Rockabill* (3), 17/6 *Holiday camp Red Island*, £8 a week

COUNTY WICKLOW

BRAY *Bray Head* (1), 19/6 *Royal*

(1), 22/- *Isplanade* (2), 17/6 *International* (2), 22/6 *Dunlavin* (3), 15/- *Fitzwilliam* (3), 15/- *Guest houses Glenmalur*, 15/6 *Clonalon*, 14/6 *Eglinton*, 14/6 *Holiday hostel Killarney Wood*, Herbert Road

ENNISKERRY *Summerhill* (2), 15/- *Leicester Arms* (3) 13/6 *Powerscourt Arms* (3), 12/6 *Guest house Valchusa*, 15/- per full day

GLENDALOUGH *Royal* (2), country-type and comfortable, 21/- *Guest house The Lodge*, 14/-

GREYSTONES *Grand* (1), 30/-
WICKLOW *Grand* (2), 17/6

YOUTH HOSTELS

Ballyboys, Blessington, Co Wicklow. An old schoolhouse reconstructed by members.

Glenbride Lodge, Valleymont, Co Wicklow. A lovely hostel belonging to the Marquis of Waterford.
Balmclea, Donard, Co Wicklow.
Lacken House, Knockree, Enniskerry, Co Wicklow.

Stone House, Glencree, Enniskerry, Co. Wicklow.

Glendalough, Co. Wicklow. An old schoolhouse converted into hostel.

Robertstown, Co. Kildare.

Bridge of Boyne, Stackallen, Navan, Co. Meath.

Mellfont Abbey, Monasterboice, Co. Louth.



WHAT TO SEE? Hill of Howth with the island Ireland's Eye; Howth Abbey and Castle; Dun Laoghaire, Dublin's popular seaside resort; Lucan; Malahide; Skerries; and Glendalough, shrine of St. Kevin with interesting church ruins, Round Tower; wonderful scenery in the Dublin Hills and the Wicklow mountains. Dun Laoghaire's piers are wonderful for walks, the West Pier alone is 4,950 feet long, and the East Pier 3,500 feet. See also Marine Garden's and People's Park; the Marine Parade; Dalkey Island reached by boat; Torca Cottage where playwright G. B. Shaw lived; Killiney Hill, a public park, Bray, a fine resort, with Bray Head.

ENTERTAINMENT. Modern Continental and Irish drama at the *Globe Theatre*, George's Street. Occasional plays presented in *Town Hall*, Dun Laoghaire. Band performances given sometimes on *East Pier* and in *People's Park*. Dance halls include the *Town Hall*, the *Lido*, *Town Hall* (Blackrock), *White Cottage* (Killiney).

TOURS FROM DUN LAOGHAIRE. These include: (1) Moore's famed *Meeting of the Waters*. Via Bray, Greystones, Wicklow, Avoca. Return via Little Bray and Stillorgan (81 miles). (2) *Glendalough*. Via Foxrock, The Scalp, Enniskerry. Come back via Wicklow Gap, Blessington, Brittas, Rathfarnham, Dundrum, and Stillorgan (72 miles). (3) *Enniskerry*. Via Bray, Powerscourt, Desmond. Return via Scalp, Foxrock (40 miles). (4) *Drogheda*. Via Dublin, Howth, Malahide, Swords, Skerries, and Balbriggan. Return via Ashbourne and Dublin (100 miles).

C.I.E. operates the following bus trips from Dun Laoghaire railway station: (1) Sightseeing tour of Dublin (morning). (2) Glendalough and Vale of Avoca (all day). (3) Glendalough (afternoon). (4) Liffey Valley and Blessington Lakes (all day). (5) Scenic drives (evening).

CHURCHES. *Catholic:* St. Michael's. *Church of Ireland (Protestant):* Christchurch, Mariner's' Church. *Methodist:* Northumberland Avenue. *Presbyterian:* York Road.



SPORTS. *Yachting.* Dublin Bay ranks as one of Ireland's top sailing areas, and its best yachting center is Dun Laoghaire. Races held regularly May to September, with a regatta as top annual event. *Boating.* Boats for hire at Dun Laoghaire and Colliemore Harbor, Dalkey. *Bathing.* Good beaches at Seapoint, White Rock Strand, Killiney. Swimming places at Dun Laoghaire: Sandycove Baths (ladies and children). "Forty-foot" one of Ireland's outstandingly best swimming places (men only), Seapoint Baths (open sea). Also Municipal Baths for thermal and medicine baths (swimming, plunge, and medicinal) plus lounges and refreshment stands, located at end of Marine Drive.

Golf. Excellent, 18-hole golf course at Eglinton Park (in Dun Laoghaire), with moderate green fees, on daily, five-day, weekly, and monthly rates. Other nearby links: at Killiney (9 holes), Carrickmines (9 holes), Woodbrook (18 holes), Elm Park (18 holes).

Racing. Race meeting at Leopardstown Race course (three miles away).

Phoenix Park, and Baldoyle, near Dublin. Also popular meetings at Curragh, Naas, and Punchestown, County Kildare.

Fishing No fresh-water fishing, but good sea fishing available in Dun Laoghaire region for sea-bream, tench, pollock, gurnard, bass. Fishing can be done from East Pier or from other piers. Boats are available for hire.

Tennis There are several private clubs where visitors can play on introduction. Clubs are: Crosthwaite Park, De Vesci Gardens, Clarinda Park, Elton Park, Salthull Gardens. Many hotels also have tennis courts open to guests and visitors.

Exploring Dublin's Environs

On fine summer days, Dubliners and holiday-bound travelers head for the Hill of Howth, just nine miles away. This 560-foot-high slope affords a pleasant walk around to the so-called Lion's Head and Needles where you can peer out from the steep cliffs towards a sharp gray rock in the sea known as "Ireland's Eye." On the hill itself you'll find the 9th-century oratory of St. Fintan, and on the summit, an ancient burial ground. This is today the last remaining excursion that can be made by tram—all of the others have given way to the bus. Howth Castle, a 16th-century baronial mansion in a setting of flower gardens, is well worth a visit, especially when the azaleas and rhododendra are in bloom. In the castle are the old bells of Howth Abbey and the magnificent two-handed sword of Sir Almeric Tristram, one of the first lords of Howth. Defying an old tradition, the castle gates are shut at 6:30 p.m. Legend has it that the formidable Grace O'Malley of the West, seeking shelter and hospitality, found the gates closed and the family at dinner. Enraged, she kidnapped the heir to the estate and refused to release him until the family promised that the gates would thereafter always remain open. This one-time pirate, chieftain, and one-woman scourge of Elizabeth's navy, dared to flaunt her fiery personality at England's doughty queen—and got away with it.

Howth Harbor in summer is filled with a swarm of herring fishermen's boats. You can make a trip out to Ireland's Eye, a mile off shore, and go swimming in Carrigreen Bay.

All along the coast from Howth to Malahide, you'll find a veritable Sahara of sand dunes. Between the two towns there's a turnoff to Portmarnock and its "Velvet Strand," a beach of considerable note. If you're a golfer you may prefer to try out its 18-hole championship course. The town of Malahide, also popular as a seaside resort, has a castle whose name figured in newspaper headlines several years ago. Lord Talbot de Malahide was the great-great grandson of Boswell, and in 1950 an inval-

uable collection of Boswell manuscripts turned up in the castle that throws a whole new light on Dr. Johnson, Boswell, and the 18th-century literary scene.

Swords, inland from Malahide, boasts a 12th-century castle and round tower. Lusk, to the north, has another round tower and an old church. Farther north still, on the coast, Loughshinny, Skerries, and Balbriggan draw their own devoted following of bathers and vacationers.

Saga Country

Crossing the Meath and Louth borders, you quickly reach Drogheda. It's only thirty miles from Dublin, and a broad super-highway connects the two cities. Drogheda looks the industrial and port city that it is, but it's also very old, and one of the old gates from its walled fortifications still stands. In Abbey Lane there's a vestige of the old abbey and in Saint Peter's Church, the head of Blessed Oliver Plunkett, the martyr, attracts pilgrims by the thousands each year. If you think the name of Cromwell is detested in other parts of Ireland, try mentioning his name in Drogheda, where even women and children were massacred.

In the valleys of the Boyne and Blackwater to the west of Drogheda, Irish history goes back some five thousand years. It was here that the *Tuatha De Danann*, one-time residents of Ireland, went underground when defeated by the invading Milesians, and became, it is said, "the good people" or fairies of Irish legend. In pagan times this was the home of Ireland's high kings and the center of religious, cultural, and political life. In those days, all roads led to Tara. Today there is little more than a few grassy fields with a statue of Saint Patrick and a stone supposedly used in ancient coronation ceremonies. This stone reputedly called out in approval when a king was crowned. Old manuscripts say that a huge banquet hall also stood here. Excavations in progress today have pushed back the origins of Tara to at least 3,000 B.C.

Tara's decline was predicted one eventful Easter Eve in the 5th century. It was a night when, according to the Druid religion, no fires could be lit. Suddenly on a hillside some miles away, flames were spotted. "If that fire is not quenched now," said one of the Druids, "it will burn forever and will consume Tara." The fire that the court at Tara saw, was lit by Saint Patrick at Slane celebrating the Christian rites of the Pascal. Probably no force has ever come to Ireland that exerted more influence than Saint Patrick and his revolutionary faith.

Not far from Slane you'll find Brugh na Bóinne, the pre-Christian burying ground of Tara's kings. You don't have to be an archeologist to get excited over these pagan memorials near Dowth, Newgrange, and Knowth. In a way they excite the kind of wonder that the pyramids do—how did a primitive people move and manipulate such ponderous stones? The cairn at Dowth resembles a house of cards—upright boulders on which slabs of rock are mounted to make a roof. Here, as at Newgrange, there are hollowed-out stones—sometimes said to have been used as incinerators—and decorations in a primitive spiral design. The inner chambers at Newgrange are now lit with electricity—once you carried your own candles—and you enter by a long, low, narrow tunnel. Anyone of larger-than-average size just can't make it, and anyone with claustrophobia wouldn't want to. The upper tombs were sacked by the Norse, but it's believed that there are untouched ones below. Whether they'll ever be explored is the question.

Ireland's wealth is said to be in cattle, a fact that helps explain the gastronomical emphasis on steaks and chops. Meath has the richest pastureland in the island, pleasant country with large fields, and stone walls, and inviting clumps of trees. It was here that the famous Battle of the Boyne was fought between William III and James II, which William won, thereby establishing English power over Ireland. The entire region is a kind of open-air museum containing church, abbey, and castle ruins. The Book of Kells, that masterpiece of illuminated script now in Trinity College, Dublin, was written at Kells Abbey in the 8th century. Kells also takes pride in its perfect round tower, the unusual architectural features of St. Colmcille's House, and a collection of high crosses. Some of these are richly sculptured; one was formerly used as a gallows.

Monasterboice is only 6 miles from Drogheda and well worth the trip. Here are the remains of two churches and a round tower. Three beautifully sculptured high crosses also survive, two of them with scarcely an inch of undecorated surface. Panels of scriptural events, figures, symbols, and interlaced designs crowd one upon the other. The tallest is over 21 feet high.

In addition to its historical treasures, Meath is a sportsman's paradise. The salmon and trout of the Boyne set a fisherman dreaming of flies and lines. Navan is a center for fox hunting. There's plenty of good hunting available, not to mention golf, tennis, and horse racing.

Lucan is only a short bus ride west from Dublin. A fashion-

able spa resort in the 18th century where prominent people went to take the waters, Lucan is today a quiet, shaded town. Nearby Sarsfield Demesne is open to the public for a small fee and offers good bathing, fishing, and a choice of pleasant walks.

Kildare County

Kildare, the county to the west of Dublin, is within easy reach of the capital and has the reputation for being the flattest part of Ireland. Flat topographically, that is, for no Irishman would consider a region devoted to the breeding, training, and racing of horses as being flat in an uncomplimentary sense. Here is the heart of the Curragh, a great unfenced 5000-acre plain where the Derby and other great races are run. The grass of Kildare, as every Irishman will tell you, does something for a horse no matter where he came from originally, and the winning record of steeds nurtured on these pasturelands seems to support the claim.

Kildare Town is associated with Brigid, one of the greatest of Irish women saints. South of Kildare in Tully is the National Stud—property of the Irish government—and a Japanese garden built out of a swamp. In the small quiet town of Monasterevin in west Kildare some 40 miles from Dublin, the great Irish tenor John MacCormack lived for many years.

Only 20 miles from Dublin on the main Dublin-Cork road is Naas, where there's plenty of horse racing at the fashionable Punchestown Track. Maynooth has a seminary at which many of Ireland's priests are trained. Its library contains some fine old books and a museum of church history.

A seventh of Ireland's surface consists of bogs, and wherever you go you see large reddish-brown piles of peat. In fields all over the island men cut the neat blocks out of the earth, stack them for drying, and load them on trucks or carts. No one knows when peat was first used for fuel—the origin of this practice is lost in history—but Droichead Nua here in Kildare is a center of the scheme to develop the peat resources of the immense Bog of Allen, which covers the best part of Meath, Kildare, and Offaly counties.

Just four miles south of the capital, Rathfarnham is the gateway to the Dublin Mountains, a range of granite hills, heather-covered moors, and sudden wooded glens where Dubliners love to while away their Sundays. On the way out to this suburb, you pass through Rathgar where James Joyce was born at 41 Brighton Square. Outside of Rathfarnham in the Hermitage,

Padraic Pearse established his noted Irish language school. And on Mount Pelier just a few miles from the village, stands a stone house which was 18th-century headquarters of the Hellfire Club, a notorious company of young Dublin "bloods" who lived up to their name with wild parties and wilder exploits.

South of Dublin along the coast, there's another string of fine beaches. First comes the resort town of Dun Laoghaire, port for the steamers coming from Holyhead, England, with its promenade, fine Victorian trappings, an annual regatta in August, and summer-long yachting. Dalkey, also with beaches, is quieter, except during its annual festival when it selects a "king." George Bernard Shaw lived in Torca Cottage on Dalkey Hill for many years. Killiney, Bray, Graystones, and Wicklow are other favorite seaside centers.

Blessington is a popular inland resort town, a place with that beguiling Irish combination of soft hills, lakes, and woods. Nearby Pollaphuca Lake, part of a hydro-electric scheme, offers good fishing for brown trout. Pollaphuca Waterfall, Hollywood Glen, and the Glen of Imaal are noted local beauty spots. Powerscourt Demesne, whose 34,000 acres include wide plantations of trees, a deer park, a waterfall, and unusually beautiful formal gardens, was used for filming *Henry V*. The House of Powerscourt is an impressive building of granite. Visitors are allowed in the demesne for a small fee.

Glendalough, one of the great religious ruins of Ireland, can be reached from Dublin by a picturesque 30-mile drive south through Sally's Gap. This route is a little slower—the road is narrow and bumpy—but well worth the extra time. Glendalough has natural beauty and extensive ruins of religious interest. Saint Kevin founded the monastery here, which, during the Dark Ages, conducted a famous school that attracted students from England and the Continent. St. Kevin's Church or Kitchen is a small building with barrel-vaulting and a roof built with overlapping stones, a method of construction that can also be seen in primitive cairns. Except for the round tower, this tiny church is all that survives of what was once an extensive monastery settlement. A gateway with round-headed arches of granite leads you into an ancient cemetery. There are more ruins on the upper lake, most notably an ancient bee hive cell and the relics of a *caher* or stone fort built and used by the early people of Ireland during the Bronze or Iron Age.

SOUTHEAST VACATIONLAND

Wicklow, Wexford And Kilkenny

Driving out of Dublin to Wexford you have 83 miles of leisurely driving and sightseeing. More interesting than the coastal road, which doesn't follow the coast, is the highway that leads from Rathfarnham. This is the military road built by the British as a weapon against the guerrilla tactics of the Irish insurgents. Long after the 1798 rebellion had been crushed, a man named Michael O'Dwyer and his followers hid in the Wicklow Hills and harassed the British. In this area you can still hear ballads of O'Dwyer's prowess sung in the local taverns. It's a narrow road but you'll have it to yourself most of the time. Just 12 miles out of Dublin near Enniskerry you can stop for a visit to the Powerscourt demesne where Laurence Olivier's *Henry V* was filmed. Down below Laragh is the famous shrine of Saint Kevin, Glendalough, which is treated in another section of this book.

Practical Information for the Southeast

WHERE TO STAY? De luxe, first, second and third-class hotels are indicated by (L), (1), (2), and (3) respectively. Listed prices are generally the average for single accommodations, breakfast included.

WEXFORD. *Talbot* (1), recently modernized and featuring the last word in comfort and up-to-date convenience, warm hospitality, with a fine kitchen, excellent location overlooking the harbor, impeccable service, 21/-. *County* (2), 17/6. Guest house: *Faythe House*, 16/-.

ROSSLARE. Rosslare harbor is linked to Fishguard in Wales by passenger steamer service taking less than 4 hours. *Strand* (1), overlooking the beach, fine for a seaside holiday, features top service and quality, 19/6. *Golf* (1), noted for sports activities, 18/6. *Bay* (3), 14/6. *Pier* (2), in Rosslare Harbor, 12/6. Guest house: *The Cedars*, 14/6.

ENNISCORTHY. *Bennet's* (2), 18/-.

GOREY. *Redmond's* (3), 15/-.

NEW ROSS. *Royal* (2), 17/6.

COUNTY WICKLOW

ARKLOW. *Hoyne's* (2), 18/6. *Marine* (2), 15/6. Guest houses: *Beulah*, 12/6. *Bonne Bouche*, 12/6.

AVOCA. *Moore's Vale View* (2), 19/6. *Redmond's Avoca* (2), 14/6. *Fountain* (3), 16/6. Guest house: *Tinnahinch*, 14/-.

COUNTY WATERFORD

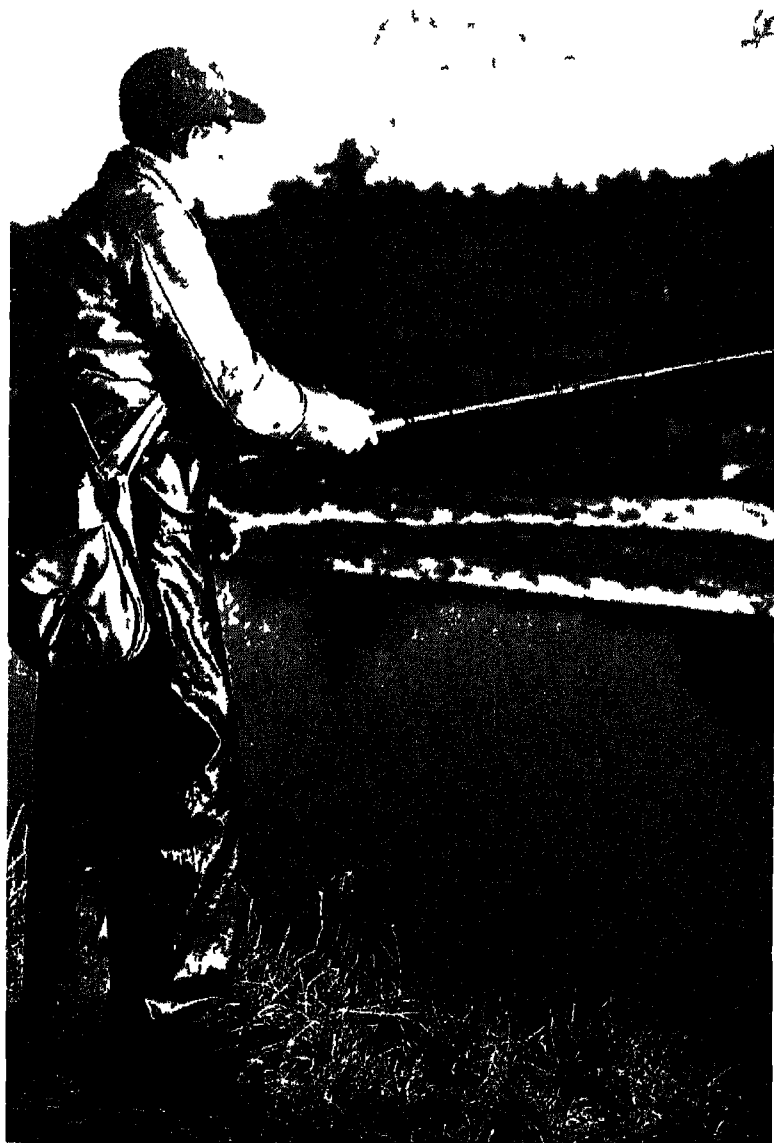
WATERFORD. *Bridge* (2), traditional place, overlooking the quay and busy harbor, 17/6. *Granville* (2), on the quay, 19/6. *Metropole* (2), 18/6. *Adelphi* (3), 18/-, *Dooley's* (3), 16/6. Guest house: *Portree*, 14/6.

TRAMORE. *Grand* (L), 23/-. *Majestic* (1), 21/-. *Atlantic* (2), 17/6. *Boola-*



Conviviality and horses are two dominant themes in the life of Ene Folk dances are the order of the day, above at Killybegs Donegal, while at Killarney, County Kerry, farmers get together on fair day, below





Fish abound in the clear streams and lakes of Eire. Here an angler baits for salmon on the banks of the Boyne in the fair country of Meath.

bawn (3), 17/6. *Hibernian* (3), 17/6.
Guest houses: *Ocean View* (1), 17/6
Terminus (3), 12/6.

YOUTH HOSTELS

Tigronay, Avoca, Co. Wicklow.

Aghavannagh House, Aughrim, Co. Wicklow.

Arthurstown, Co. Wexford—former coastguard station

Foulksrath Castle, Jenkinstown, Co. Kilkenny.

Wexford City



WHAT TO SEE? Westgate Tower, part of town's ancient fortifications; Selskar Abbey, 12th-century ruin; the Bull Ring, once used by Norman nobles to bait bulls; Johnstown Castle, 13th-century castle now used as an agricultural college. Tours include: (1) *Rosslare Harbor*. Via Killinick, covering Lady's Island with fine old ruins. Westward thence to Bridgetown, visiting picturesque fishing village of Kilmore Quay, jumping off point for the Saltee Islands, famed bird sanctuary. Return to Wexford via Bridgetown and Mourtown (50 miles). (2) *Hook Head*. Via Wellingtonbridge, passing within a few miles of Tintern Abbey. Return trip via Duncannon, Arthurstown, and New Ross. See Dunbrody Abbey en route, on the Arthurstown-New Ross Road (80 miles). (3) *Dunmore East and Waterford Harbor*. Via New Ross, then to Tramore. Return through Waterford (110 miles). (4) *Glendaloch*. Via Ferrycarrig, Enniscorthy, Aughrim, and Rathdrum. Come back via Vale of Avoca to see Moore's famous "Meeting of the Waters," via Arklow, Gorey, Enniscorthy (150 miles).

Wexford is 3¼ hours by rail from Dublin's Harcourt Street and Westland Row stations.

CHURCHES. *Catholic:* Church of the Assumption, Church of the Immaculate Conception, Franciscan Friary. *Church of Ireland (Protestant):* St. Iberious, Selskar Abbey. *Methodist:* Rowe Street. *Presbyterian:* Anne Street.



ENTERTAINMENT *Wexford Festival of Music and Arts*, Ireland's most unusual and biggest cultural festival, takes place in late October and early November each year, offering a varied and wonderful program of opera, concerts, exhibitions, films, drama, lectures, and organized tours. World-famous artists are grouped here to present the week-long schedule of cultural events. Information and bookings can be obtained well in advance from Wexford Festival Box Office, 108 North Main

Street, Wexford. Opera, drama, and comedy performances are frequently held at the Theatre Royal, Wexford. Dancing is available at Town Hall, Redmond Memorial Hall, and St. Iberious Club.



SPORTS. *Fishing.* Good fresh-water fishing for brown trout in River Sow. Fine sea fishing in River Slaney estuary and in Wexford Harbor for sea-trout, salmon-trout, mullet, and bass. Kilmore Quay, 13 miles from Wexford, noted for its sea angling. *Shooting.* Rough shooting for barnacle goose, wild duck, plover along coast. *Free Golf.* 18-hole championship course at Rosslare (10 miles from Wexford), 3/6 daily,

17/6 weekly. There are reduced green fees for ladies. *Tennis.* At Harbour Boat Club, Wexford Tennis Club, and Tate School. *Horseracing.* Meets are held in Wexford area thrice annually.

Waterford City



WHAT TO SEE? Reginald's Tower, heavy thick-walled fortress, erected in 1003; the City Hall dating from 1788 and containing many historical records; the Old City Walls, ruins still left dating from Danish invasion; Waterford glass industry, including fine cut-glass, an art started in the 18th century here and revived in recent years. The Municipal Art Museum has fine paintings and sculpture. Dublin is 4½ hours distant by rail.

CHURCHES. *Catholic:* Holy Trinity Cathedral, St. John's, St. Patrick's, Holy Trinity Without, Dominican Church, Franciscan Church.

Church of Ireland (Protestant): Christchurch, St. Olaf's, St. Patrick's. *Methodist:* Paul's Square. *Presbyterian:* Lady Lane. *Baptist:* Catherine Street.

SPORTS. *Golf.* Waterford Golf Club, 18-holes; Tramore, 18-holes (8 miles). *Hunting.* Waterford Fox Hounds and Gaultier Fox Hounds. *Boating and canoeing* on River Suir very popular. *Greyhound racing* at Waterford track twice a week. *Horseracing*, two meeting yearly at Tramore.

Exploring the Southeast

The road leads on through the Vale of Clara to Rathdrum and then to the famed, soft beauty of the Vale of Avoca and Tom Moore's country. Near the "Meeting of the Waters," which Moore made famous, is a tree where the poet spent many hours looking over his beloved countryside.

In the town of Avoca itself you can see the Avoca hand-woven tweeds being made and buy some of them on the spot at reasonable prices. Not far from Avoca gold was found in the late 18th century, precipitating an immediate gold rush. Prehistoric man knew of this gold, and some say it was used to make the ornaments you see today in the National Museum.

Next you swing out to the coast and Arklow with its picturesque area called the Fisheries. Here the Avoca River tumbles into the sea, and there are prosperous pottery-making plants you can visit. During the Irish rebellion against the British, Arklow was the site of a brilliant but futile attack led by a priest, Father Michael Murphy, in 1798. There's a monument to the priest in the town, erected on the spot where a cannon ball killed him. He and his followers, some thirty thousand men, had almost overpowered the British garrison; official Dublin was in a turmoil with the news. Then the priest-leader was killed, and with that the battle was lost.

On the road to Gorey, three miles before you reach the town, visit that marvel of patience and imagination called Titania's Palace. You'll find it in Ballynestragh House, a palace in miniature built for a fairy princess. It's a veritable wonderland of

miniature furnishings with droplet-sized Murano glass, tiny inlaid tables, hand-painted ceilings, tapestried chairs, and walls of gold mosaic—everything in perfect proportion for a 27-inch fairy mansion. Royalty and governments have contributed furniture to perfect this tiny replica of an elegant palace which is often sent on tours to collect funds for needy crippled children.

The small pleasant town of Ferns, which you might pass through in a matter of minutes, was once an important capital and the site of a noted abbey. Remains of the castle and abbey are all that's left of its former glory.

Enniscorthy is another town ringed with memories of the rebellion. In 1798, the insurgents set up their chief camp here and put up a valiant resistance to hold it. Their last stand was made on a hill outside of town appropriately called Vinegar Hill. The Enniscorthy Castle, which supposedly once belonged to Edmund Spenser the poet, has changed hands frequently through the centuries and is still intact.

Wexford City

The Slaney River has grown to wide, sweeping majesty by the time it spills into Wexford Harbor, where a fragment of a castle on a small butt of land lends a curious romantic note to the scene. Across a wide bridge, around a bend, and you're in Wexford City. Ptolemy called the town Menapia, but it got its present name of "the sea-washed town" from the Danes who settled here. This is a convenient stopping-off place for a night, or longer if you'd like to take in some of the beaches, go fishing, or play golf. The boats from Fishguard, England, come in to Rosslare only ten miles away, and both Rosslare and Wexford offer fine hotels for vacationing.

In Norman times, Wexford was a walled town, a fact attested to by its west gate tower. Nearby are the remains of the 12th-century abbey of St. Selskar—a sad ruin surrounded by tombs and overgrown with tall grass. The ancient abbey tower still stands, and you can climb its crumbling stairs if you're daring. Attached to the tower is a church in pale rose sandstone, a Protestant church no longer in use. If you want to go inside, tell one of the children in the neighborhood to run and get the caretaker. At the other end of town in the yard of St. Patrick's Church you'll find the ruins of another ancient church and some old grave stones.

Held by the Danes for two centuries, Wexford was one of the early strongholds of the Anglo-Norman conquerors, and in the

Abbey of St. Selskar the first Anglo-Irish treaty was signed. In later years Wexford stood within the British area. Because of these circumstances, the people of Wexford are a heterogeneous folk, and you will detect less Irish accent here than in most parts of the country.

It was, in fact, very close to Wexford that the first Norman landings were made in Ireland. Doubtless there were complex reasons for that invasion, but the one most often proposed involves two individuals who are almost infamous in Irish history, Dermot MacMurrough and Dervorgilla. Dermot, the King of Leinster, abducted Dervorgilla, the wife of O'Rourke. For this Dermot was driven from his kingdom, and he turned to Henry II, the Norman king of England, for aid. When Wexford was conquered by the invaders, MacMurrough was restored to his throne, and for the next 650 years Ireland suffered under foreign rule.

The Normans brought their favorite sport with them; the bull ring in the center of Wexford bears witness to their love of bull baiting. In the 17th century, Cromwell used the ring for his own purposes—it is alleged that he executed some 2,000 townspeople who knelt there praying for mercy. As you drive south through Wexford County, high walls and hedges running for miles along the road tip you off to the old Cromwellian estates, 11,000 acres of land confiscated and portioned out in huge grants to a few of Cromwell's followers.

In recent years, Wexford has won increasing renown for its musical and cultural festival. This prominent event brings together some of the world's greatest artists in a program of opera, recitals, films, and lectures of the highest calibre. Emphasizing works not often heard in these parts, the festival begins the end of October and lasts a week.

On the quays is a memorial to Commodore John Barry (1745-1803), "father of the American navy," by the U.S. Congress.

Just outside of Wexford is the beautiful Johnstown Castle, built by an Anglo-Norman family in the 13th century. Now an agricultural college and closed to the public, it's well worth passing by and observing from the road. Wexford offers mile after mile of natural sand beaches to swimmers and sunbathers. Curracloe beach, one of the best, is reached along a winding road edged with prim white-washed, thatched cottages. Behind its smooth crescent loom wild and desolate dunes. Only ten hours from Paddington Station, Rosslare is a favorite of Londoners. Off the coast from Kilmore lie the Saltee Islands and a large bird sanctuary.

New Ross, an inland city perched above the Barrow River, is linked to Dublin by river and canal. Located on the Wexford-Kilkenny border—its suburb of Rosbercon trespasses into the adjoining county—it sends highways north to Kilkenny City and southwest to Waterford.

Waterford County

When you cross the border into Waterford County, you enter the province of Munster, which good Queen Bess once tried to colonize. She set the pattern for Cromwell by confiscating Irish properties and giving them to English gentlemen. She took a quarter of a million acres in Munster for this purpose, but her scheme to gain money from the estates failed, and her first attempt at the plantation system became her last one.

Waterford County is mountainous in the north, edged by rugged headlands and cliffs in the south, and drained by the Blackwater and Suir rivers in the west and east. Its capital city, Waterford, possesses a natural port with the same name, an advantage the Norse, who first settled there, were quick to recognize. These Norsemen, who were most at home in boats, liked to establish themselves on the sea's edge, and if there were rivers which they could navigate for their inland raids, so much the better. The Suir River is joined by the Nore and the Barrow Rivers not far from Waterford. Along the quay there still stands a massive tower which the Danes built as part of the city's defences. It's called Reginald's Tower and if you approach it you can still see battle scars from the past 950 years.

Waterford was one of the first Irish cities to fall under the Anglo-Norman control, and it remained faithful to the British throne for many succeeding centuries. When most of Ireland proclaimed Lambert Simnel the king of Ireland, Waterford won its title *Intacta manet Waterfordia* from Henry VII for its loyalty. In spite of this, one of Waterford's most distinguished sons was Francis Meagher, "Meagher of the Sword," whose impassioned appeal for Irish liberty won him all Ireland's esteem and a death sentence from the British. His sentence was later commuted, and Meagher escaped from prison, went to the United States, and fought in the American Civil War as a brigadier general. He later became the governor of Montana. In the guild room of the City Hall you can see Meagher's sword and the flags his Irish Brigade carried in the Battle of Fredericksburg.

But the name of Waterford brings to mind the dazzling cut

glass that has carried the city's name to the banquet halls of the world. During the 18th and 19th century, the city prospered with its glass industry. A British excise tax in the early 19th century choked off the business but, in recent years, it's been revived and Waterford glass is again available. There are several old churches of interest in Waterford, particularly Saint Olaf's near the City Hall, originally a Danish structure but since rebuilt.

Tramore, 8 miles from Waterford, is one of the most popular beach resorts in all of Ireland with swimming and yachting, fishing and golf. Horse racing is a high point of interest in Tramore life, especially in mid-August when the big meetings take place.

Dungarvan, only 22 miles down the coast at the mouth of the Colligan River, is a prosperous marketing center and a resort town as well. The big industry is leather processing, but its sunny beaches, fish-packed river, and golf course attract many visitors to this spot ridged in by the Comeragh mountains. In little towns outside of Dungarvan, in An Ring and Ballynagaul, you'll find that Irish is the only language spoken. Ardmore is another seaside resort. Cappoquin and Lismore in the Blackwater Valley have many attractions which are treated in the chapter, *The Magnificent South*, as part of the Blackwater Valley.

Kilkenny County

If you ask the Irish themselves, they will say, "Don't miss Kilkenny." The county is cut in two by the Nore River, whose natural beauty is enhanced immeasurably by groves of trees that were carefully planted on its border and by the many bridges that arch over it—silvery spans of aged limestone. If you have the good fortune to drive from New Ross to Kilkenny, you'll follow the Nore Valley and have a chance to pass through pleasant Inistioge. Not far from Thomastown you can turn off to visit Jerpoint Abbey, one of the finest monastic ruins in all Ireland.

From an architectural point of view, Kilkenny City is among the most pleasing towns in Ireland. The country gentry who made their headquarters here in the 18th century, built themselves fine town houses in Georgian style, endowing the community with an old-world atmosphere that still persists.

Many centuries ago the Anglo-Normans who settled here and elsewhere in the country came to feel that Ireland, not England, was home. In many cases they intermarried with the Irish

nobility until, as one Norman said, "Though English to the Irish, we are Irish to the English." To put a stop to this, during the reign of Edward III, the Kilkenny statute was passed which made it treason for an Anglo-Norman to marry an Irish woman. To talk, behave, or dress like the Irish was also forbidden, nor could Irish live within the city walls. The Anglo-Normans were even denied the pleasure of Irish bards, pipers, and story tellers; even so the Irish had a way of absorbing their conquerers, even in Kilkenny.

The massive tower and stepped battlements of St. Canice's Cathedral are an ancient landmark in the city. It was built in the 13th century on what is thought to be the site of the original church started by St. Canice in the 6th century. Inside the cathedral are many monuments and effigies dating from the early years of Norman conquest. Beside the cathedral you'll see an ancient roundtower, certainly a relic of the earlier church that stood on this spot. Cromwell added his customary insult by stabling his horses inside the cathedral; he even tried to wreck it, but it was later restored and contains some good stained glass windows. In a building near the cathedral is St. Canice's library, with a fine collection of 16th and 17th-century volumes.

Kilkenny Castle, vortex of Kilkenny life for many centuries, is a magnificent treasure from the middle ages. In its heavy quadrangular lines and massive corner towers, it seems the epitome of a medieval fortress. This was the stronghold of the Earls of Ormondes. Its one-time collection of Italian art masterpieces, however, has been dispersed, and its documents from the English kings transferred to Dublin's National Library.

Kilkenny will show you proudly its flamboyant Black Abbey and the Grammar School where Congreve, Swift, Berkeley, and Farquhar studied. Then there's *Kyteler's Inn*, the oldest house in the city where, 600 years ago, there lived Dame Alice Kyteler, married four times and then, unhappy woman, accused of witchcraft and husband-poisoning. The house has been an inn since 1639, something of a record in itself.

THE MAGNIFICENT SOUTH

Cork, County Of Glens, Coast And Castles

Cork sits prettily on the waters of the River Lee in Ireland's largest county. It gets its name from *corcaigh*, which means in Gaelic "a marshy place." In fact, the most ancient part of town is still called "the Marsh."

Cork's history dates back to the close of the 6th century when St. Finbarr founded a church and school on the southern bank of the River Lee, near the present site of University College. For more than 200 years, the school attracted scholars from many parts of Europe, and Cork became a famed center for learning. Around this early university, the city grew in size with the centuries.

However, since Cork was a coastal town, it was bound to have a stormy history. In the year 820 A.D., Norsemen sailed into the harbor and sacked the city, pillaging the countryside around it. A few years later, the Danes came back to Cork, this time to settle and build fortifications, and for a few centuries there was a period of peace. In 1172 came the Anglo-Norman invasion and the Danish power was broken. It was Henry II who established an English settlement and granted the city its first charter. In 1492, the people of Cork flaunted royal authority by backing the pretender to the throne. Cork's mayor and some of the city's leading citizens were executed, and the city charter was revoked for a time. Cork surrendered to Cromwell in 1649, and in 1690 William III's army led by Marlborough besieged Cork and forced it to surrender. The walls and main parts of the city were destroyed at that time, but after a long period of reconstruction, Cork was again rebuilt.

Cork rebelled again in the 19th century when the city spearheaded the Fenian Movement. "Rebel Cork" supplied a number of patriots for Irish independence, including its two successive Lord Mayors who died for the cause. One was Thomas MacCurtain, after whom Cork's MacCurtain Street is named, and the other was famed Terence MacSwiney, who starved himself to death in jail after a hunger strike of 74 days, the longest fast in medical annals. Much of the city was leveled by burning and high explosive during the troubled times of 1919-1921.

Today Cork is a prosperous place, situated mainly on a long island between the Lee and the Irish Channel. Edmund Spenser, the Elizabethan poet who married in Cork's Christ's Church and lived on lands granted him near the city, described Cork in this fashion:

"The spreading Lee, that like an island fayre
Encloseth Corke with his divided flood..."

Modern Cork, with a population of 75,000, ranks as Ireland's third largest city. Its nearby seaport of Cobh (pronounced "Cove") with its impressive cathedral is the gateway to Ireland for many visitors, who debark from the number of transatlantic passenger liners that call regularly at Cobh.

Cork Practical Information



WHERE TO STAY? Cork is a convenient spot from which to explore the southwest corner of Ireland. Although there is no great selection of hotels in all categories, the places that are available are comfortable and well-appointed, including some of the guest houses, which are usually lower priced than the hotels. De luxe, first, second and third-class hotels are indicated by (L), (1), (2), and (3) respectively. Listed prices are generally the average for single accommodations, breakfast included.

CORK. *Metropole* (L), MacCurtain Street, 114 rooms (12 with bath). Recently modernized, this hotel offers excellent service and cuisine, with friendly hospitality. Fully licensed, it has an ultra-smart cocktail lounge and bar, plus roof garden. 27/6. *Imperial* (L), South Mall, 82 rooms (21 with bath). Modern, international-style place, popular with Americans. Noted for fine service and comfort. 27/-. *Victoria* (1), 35 Patrick Street, 66 rooms (9 with bath). Well-located on Cork's main street, known for courteous service and good kitchen, 28/-. *Corrigan's* (2), 56 MacCurtain Street, 17/6. *Windsor* (2), 55c MacCurtain Street, 18/6. *Central* (3), 2-3 Prince's Street, 15/-. *Killarney* (3), Lower Glanmire Road, 13/-. *Moore's* (3), Morrison's Island, 15/-. *Munster* (3), Coburg Street, 15/-. *Glanmire* (3), 82 Lower Glanmire Road, 12/6. Guest houses *Carrigpetter*, St. Patrick's Hill. *Abbey*, North Mall. *Aldworth*, 4 Donovan's Road, 14/6.

BALLYCOTTON. *Bay View* (2), 17/6. *Fawcett's* (2), 16/6.

BALLYLICKY (near Bantry). *Ardnagashel House* (1), comfortable, friendly place run by well-known Tibetan explorer and his wife, 26/- *Ballylickey House* (1), free salmon and trout fishing and shooting privileges, 27/-.

BANTRY. *Vickery's* (1), 19/6. *Canty's* (3), 15/-. *Bantry Bay* (3), 14/6.

BLARNEY. *Blarney Castle* (3), simple accommodation, 15/6. *Muskerry Arms* (3), cheery pub and bar, 15/-.

COBH. *Commodore* (L), 43 rooms (10 with bath), 27/6. *Westbourne* (2), 21/-. *European* (3), 17/6. Guest houses: *Bellavista*, 16/6. *Springfield*, 17/6.

CROSSHAVEN. *Bunnyconnellan* (1), cosy and well-run, harbor view, 18/6. *Grand* (2), comfortable, 18/6. Guest houses: *Ardnalee House*, 15/- *Maryland* 18/6.

GLENGARRIFF. *Casey's* (1), 21/6. *Glengarriff Castle* (2), 19/-. *Golf Links* (2), 20/-. *The Eccles* (2), nice

view of the water, visited by George Bernard Shaw, 21/-. *Harvey's Poulgorm* (2), good, 20/-. Guest house: *Gleann Muire*, 12/6. *The Hollies*, 12/6.

KINSALE. Acton's (1), quality and character, beautiful gardens, 17/6. *Murphy's* (2), 14/-.

MITCHELSTOWN. *Royal* (2), solid

and comfortable, 15/6. *Fitzgerald's* (2), 15/-.

YOUGHAL *Devonshire Arms* (2), good location, 15/6. *The Atlantic* (2), 17/6. *The Adelphi* (3), 15/-. *Esplanade* (3), 17/6. *Green Park* (3), 17/6. *Harbour View* (3), 18/6. Guest houses: *Sunmount*, 15/-; *Bellevue*, 15/-.

YOUTH HOSTELS. Situated on *Roche's Point*, Whitegate, at entrance to Cork Harbor, with wonderful view of harbor and coast. *Carrig Lodge*, Ballingeary, located in Irish-speaking district, close to Gougane Barra with lake and Sanctuary of St. Finbarr, Cork's patron saint.



RESTAURANTS IN CORK. The top hotels of Cork feature fine food, but there are also a few good restaurants you might want to try in the city. *The Oyster Tavern*, Market Lane (off Patrick Street) on a picturesque, curved lane in the heart of town, with excellent cuisine. Much favored by international crowd, noted for oysters in season. *The Old Bridge Restaurant*, Patrick Street, a pleasant, spotless restaurant with good meals, luscious pastry (home-cooked cakes and bakery attached), and in the second-floor dining room a fine view of the River Lee. See the Clock Room, decorated with the owner's unusual collection of antique clocks—a good spot for tea. *The Green Door*, 92 Patrick Street. Stop here for lunch or afternoon tea. Has home-baked cakes and pastries.



CORK SHOPPING. There are several fine department stores in Cork where you will find shopping a pleasure. *Cash's* and *The Munster Arcade*, both on Patrick Street, have a good line of general department store merchandise. *Dowden's* on Patrick Street has an excellent selection of Irish linens. Other reliable shoppers' haunts are *Roche's Store* on Patrick Street and the *Queen's Old Castle* on the Grand Parade. For all kinds of Irish souvenirs, the *Blackthorn House*, 46 Patrick Street, has an almost unlimited selection.

MUSEUMS. *Cork Public Museum*, historical objects of local region. Open weekdays from 11 a.m. to 1 p.m. and from 2:15 p.m. to 5 p.m. Saturday and Sunday from 11 a.m. to 1 p.m. Free admission. *Cork Municipal School of Art*, galleries open weekdays from 10 a.m. to 5:30 p.m. Free admission.



WHAT TO SEE? In *Cork City*: St. Anne's of Shandon Church with its famous bells; modern Christ the King Church designed by an American architect; the University College with its Hiberno-Romanesque Honan Chapel; French Gothic style St. Finbarr's Cathedral; Tivoli, villa where Sir Walter Raleigh lived. In *Cork County*: Blarney Castle (five miles from Cork City), most noted tourist must in Ireland with its famed Blarney Stone, reputed to give the gift of eloquence to all who kiss it; Youghal, popular seaside resort; Ballycotton, noted sea angling spot on Ballycotton Bay; Bantry and Bantry Bay for wonderful scenery and seaside activities; Glengarriff, beautiful harbor surrounded by great mountains overlooking a bay dotted with islands.

GARDENS AND PARKS In Cork City visit Fitzgerald's Park, public park with flower beds Near the park is Mardyke, a riverside tree-lined walk and promenade The Cork Show Grounds are where agricultural exhibitions and horse jumping competitions are staged yearly The grounds of the Gaelic Athletic Association are nearby

TOURS FROM CORK CIE the Irish Transport Company schedules the following day bus tours during the summer season leaving from Parnell Place Cork (1) Killarney, Glengarriff and Gougane Barra (2) Tallea and Killarney (3) Clonmel, Mount Melleray, Cashel, Youghal (4) Glen of Aherlow, Limerick, Shanron Airport (5) Glandore (6) Mount Melleray and Youghal (7) Glen of Aherlow

Three times weekly a direct steamer, the *Innisfallen*, leaves Cork's Penrose Quay for Fishguard and the connecting train to Paddington

By car or bicycle you can visit (1) *Blarney Castle* (five miles away) Continue onward to Banteer, turn right and follow the Blackwater Valley to Mallow and return to Cork (65 miles) (2) *Fermoy* Passing the Blackwater Valley, on to Lismore and Cappoquin, to see Mount Melleray Abbey where the Trappist Order is located A side trip can be made to see the Mitchelstown Caves, unusual limestone caverns the biggest and most remarkable in Ireland (103 miles) (3) *Dungarvan* Via Midleton to Youghal, popular seaside resort (98 miles) (4) *Kinsale* Via Rochestown, Passage West, Crosshaven Return via Imshannon and Ballinhassig (54 miles)



SPORTS *Fishing* River Lee is the early salmon river (best season February-June) Trout fishing is excellent between Inniscarra and the link with the Dripsey River (best time June-September) Other good rivers for trout in area Bandon, Glanmire, Carrigaline Rivers Cork Harbor fine for sea fishing for pollock, bass Ballycotton (25 miles from Cork) ranks as best sea angling resort in Europe, noted for its big game fish which are plentiful in Ballycotton Bay

Hunting The following hunting clubs offer good sport in region United Hunt Club (Midleton), South Union (Carrigaline), Muskerry (Blarney), Duhallow (Mallow), Shaun Peel Harrier, (Bandon), Cork Otter Hounds (Cork City), hunt locally from May to September Visitors are usually welcome and the fees are moderate

Golf Four main courses in Cork City—Littile Island (6 miles away), 18 holes, Douglas (3 miles), 18 holes, Muskerry (6 miles), 18 holes, Monks-town (9 miles), 9 holes Green fees range from 3/6 to 7/6 daily.

Tennis About 20 tennis clubs in Cork vicinity, main ones are Sundays Well (Mardyke), Church of Ireland (Glasheen), and Rushbrooke (at Rushbrooke near Cobh, 13 miles from Cork)

Greyhound Racing Popular greyhound track at Western Road Racing held Mondays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays, March-October

Rugby and Soccer Played at University Grounds, Mardyke, Musgrave Park, Turner's Cross Hurling games at G A A Grounds and University Grounds

Yachting Cork Harbor is famed for fine sailing Royal Yacht Club at Cobh ranks as the world's oldest yacht club, established 1720. Crosshaven also popular for boating Row boats can be hired along the harbor The Shamrock Cruising Co., Crosshaven, rents a 28-foot launch for charter.

ENTERTAINMENT Theatre at the Cork Opera House, Lavitt's Quay Dance halls include the Arcadia (Lower Road), Gresham Rooms (Maylor Street), Clarence Hall in Imperial Hotel, and Metropole Ballroom, Metropole Hotel

CHURCHES IN CORK. *Catholic:* St. Mary's Cathedral, S.S. Peter and Paul's, Holy Trinity, St. Augustine's, Church of the Annunciation, Franciscan Friary, Christ the King, St. Finbarr's South, St. Mary's, St. Patrick's.

Church of Ireland (Protestant): St. Finbarr's Cathedral, St. Anne's of Shandon, St. Nicholas', St. Paul's, St. Luke's. *Presbyterian:* Trinity Church (Summerhill). *Methodist:* 100 Patrick Street. *Baptist:* MacCurtain Street. *Society of Friends:* Quaker Road. *Jewish:* South Terrace Synagogue.

USEFUL ADDRESSES. *Irish Tourist Bureau,* 109 Patrick Street, Tel. 20059. *American Consular Offices,* 32 South Mall. *Thomas Cook & Son Ltd,* 92 Patrick Street. *Automobile Association,* 5 South Mall. *British Railways,* 98 Patrick Street. *General Post Office,* Oliver Plunkett Street (off Patrick Street), always open for telegrams.

Exploring Cork City

Cork's main island is linked up with other parts of town by connecting bridges that span the River Lee, and you can see much of the city by strolling along the riverfront streets and the quays that hum with bustling activity. The city has an old-world quality to it with its winding streets, lined with old-fashioned shop windows displaying a wide assortment of merchandise—china, glassware, and bits of Victorian locket and bric-a-brac. Its cobblestone streets lead to a maze of old houses and venerable buildings. Over the roar of auto traffic, you can still hear the rumble of wagons and the beat of horses' hooves and watch the waves of bicycles.

Perhaps the best place to start around Cork is from the center of the city, which everyone calls "The Statue." The statue is the Father Matthew Statue, done by Foley, Ireland's famous sculptor, of the Apostle of Temperance, the Superior of the Capuchin Order in Cork who led the temperance movement. From the statue most of the buses start and end. You are now on Patrick Street, Cork's main avenue with the big stores in town located on both sides of the wide thoroughfare.

At the end of Patrick Street is the Grand Parade with its grandiose National Monument, dedicated to the Irish patriots who fell in Ireland's various struggles for independence from 1798 to 1867. The monument has statues of Wolfe Tone, Thomas Davis, Michael Dwyer, and O'Neill Crowley.

While it's possible to cover most of Cork on foot by wandering around the quaint streets, you can always hop a big, green double-decker bus from the statue of Father Matthew or, if you prefer a fine old-fashioned way of doing your sightseeing, take a jaunty car, one of those pony-drawn carts so popular in Killarney and other parts of Ireland—it's a perfect way to get the real oldtime atmosphere of Cork.

Cork has its share of interesting churches, including the St. Finbarr's Cathedral, built on the site of the saint's 6th-century church. St. Finbarr's was greatly damaged during the English siege in 1690, then redone again in 1735. The present-day church was completed in 1880. The architecture is in tasteful modern French-Gothic style and is massive in size, with a 130-foot steeple. The interior is richly decorated with intricate carvings, beautiful stained-glass windows, elaborate mosaics, and many fine decorations in native Irish marble. St. Finbarr's bells are 18th-century, and a curious historical souvenir remains in one wall of the church—a cannon ball that struck the side during the battle of 1690. St. Finbarr's is a Church of Ireland cathedral, administered by the Protestant Bishop of Cork. St. Mary's Cathedral, perched high on a hill on the north side of the city, also dates from the 19th century, having been erected in 1808. This is Cork's Catholic cathedral and boasts a fine set of bells.

Bells of St. Anne's

There are a number of other churches in Cork, but the two most unusual are St. Anne's with its world-famous "Bells of Shandon" and the new modern-style Christ the King Church. St. Anne's of Shandon "pepper-box" steeple has two sides of grey limestone and two of red, and is tier-shaped with a gold ball supporting a fish-shaped weathervane. Built in 1722 to replace a church destroyed in the 1690 siege, Shandon has become perhaps one of Ireland's most noted churches; its magnificent, fine-toned bells ring out with amazing clarity and are heard all over the city. They were immortalized in the verse of "Father Prout," in real life Father Francis O'Mahony, who now lies in St. Anne's sleepy churchyard.

The bells, cast in Gloucester in 1750, were remembered by Father O'Mahony as, "Thy bells of Shandon that sound so grand on the pleasant waters of the River Lee..." They have a wonderful, sharp tone, and it is worthwhile to climb the 120-foot tower for a view of all Cork spread out below—and a chance to try the bells yourself. The bell-ringer who plays them with rope chords so effortlessly will show you how to play a simple melody by pulling the numbered ropes, and you can hear your own song booming over Cork's rooftops.

Take a bus from the statue out to see Cork's other famous church, Christ the King Church, located at Turner's Cross in the neat, suburban, tree-shaded part of the city. This striking,

20th-century example of modern architecture ranks as one of the world's most unusual new churches, designed by Chicago architect Barry Byrne and Boyd-Barrett of Cork. It is built entirely of concrete, and its interior is simple—and to some, startling—in design. It features no windows at all, but a bluish light filters in to illuminate the inside from narrow slit-like openings in the wall and rooftop. The church is vast enough to hold 1,200 people. Dividing the two main doors is a modern, sculptured stone figure of Christ, designed by John Storrs, a well-known American sculptor.

University College stands on the site of St. Finbarr's 6th-century school, and the impressive group of Tudor-Gothic buildings that form the schools of the college maintain the same standards for great learning voiced in its motto, "Where Finbarr taught, let Munster learn." On the university grounds is the Honan Collegiate Chapel, a fine Hiberno-Romanesque example of 12th-century architectural work with stained glass windows. The chapel was modelled after Comac's famed chapel on the Rock of Cashel.

Returning from the university, you can stop at the Court House, another of Cork's places of interest. With its broad Corinthian portico on one side and Tudor façade on the other, the English writer Macaulay called it "worthy of Palladio." It was built in 1835 in the design by George Richard Pain, whose work can be found in a number of the city's buildings.

For the real flavor of Cork, you should stroll along the quays. Along the riverside, turn into Coal Quay which leads into Cornmarket Street. Here in the mornings an open-air market is held where a wide assortment of things are sold, everything from fresh fruit to hand-me-down clothes, old books and prints, and all kinds of odd lots that suggest a rummage sale. The best part of the Coal Quay Market is to watch the old ladies with beautifully-lined old faces and clad in their cowl-like black shawls drive a hard bargain with the rising inflection of the delightful sounding Cork accent. Workmen lean against the stalls, smoking and chatting with their friends, looking for a good buy. Most people come more for the conversation and a chance to spend a pleasant half-hour of the day than for the shopping itself. It's a wonderful vignette of everyday Cork life that you will long remember.

Go along Albert's Quay to the Marina, a lovely tree-banked promenade that meanders for a mile and a half along the south bank of the River Lee. Near it are the Ford Motor Works. It was from Cork that Henry Ford's father emigrated

to America more than a century ago. A little farther on the Lee expands and you can see the gardens and vistas of Tivoli, where Sir Walter Raleigh once lived in Tivoli House. Nearby lived Sarah Curran, the ill-fated love of Robert Emmet's tragic romance which Tom Moore's poem immortalized in *She Is Far From the Land*, and of whom Washington Irving wrote in *Broken Heart*.

But Cork's most famous landmark is located just five miles from the city down a winding, country road. Blarney Castle with its famous Blarney Stone draws visitors from all over the globe. The castle is set in a field of the green, wooded Muskerry Hills, and if you climb to the top of the 83-foot tower by a narrow, winding stone staircase you are rewarded with an extensive view of the countryside. On the top of the castle is the famed Blarney Stone, said to confer the gift of eloquence on all who kiss it. To reach the stone you have to lean over backwards, clutch a railing, and be held fast by a guide, while you kiss the stone, hanging head-downward. The legend of the Blarney Stone—the word Blarney has now been added to the dictionary—traces back to the lord of Blarney who kept putting off England's Queen Elizabeth with excuses of "fair words and soft speech" until the queen was reported to have said: "This is all Blarney; what he says he never means." On the castle grounds is a little wooded dell called the Rock Close. Here, you can see old stone piles of ancient origin, caves, and dwelling places in a natural setting of trees and rocky hills. It's possible to reach the sleepy, little village of Blarney with its famous castle nearby in a matter of a half hour or less by taking a regular city bus from the Father Matthew Statue in downtown Cork.

Exploring Cork County

Best-known of the towns near Cork is the seaport of Cobh (pronounced "Cove"), only 14 miles to the south, whose terraced houses lead from the water's edge up to the towering bulk of St. Colman's Cathedral, one of the first European landmarks of many transatlantic passengers. The deep harbor often accommodates as many as five ocean liners at once.

The whole wide sweep of the Cork coastline is indented with deep blue bays and dotted by a long string of holiday resorts, all of them within easy commuting distance by bus, train, or car from Cork City. Perched high on a rugged cliff overlooking Ballycotton Bay, the tiny village of Ballycotton, only 26 miles

southeast of Cork, is noted for some of Europe's best deep-sea fishing. In fact, Ballycotton's few hundred people live off the sea, while sportsmen seek out this place, particularly in the summer and fall, for a good catch in bass, cod haddock, and even some shark.

Still farther east, Youghal (pronounced "Yawl") gets its name from yew wood, and ranks as Cork's finest seaside resort. Spanning the Blackwater River mouth where the river empties into the sea, it boasts a wonderful harbor, and is proud of its five-mile-long beach front, popular with vacationists in summertime. Youghal's ideal climate, blessed by the touch of the Gulf Stream here, makes it possible for myrtles, figs, and other sub-tropical plants to bloom, giving the place all the exotic quality of a South Sea isle. A mere 30 miles from Cork City, with convenient train and bus connections and good roads, this resort has a bevy of waterfront hotels, most of them extending along its mile-long main street.

Youghal was in ancient times a walled city, and some of the landmarks of past history can still be seen. Look for North Abbey, founded in 1268, the recently-restored Church of St. Mary dating from the reign of King John, an interesting water gate (sometimes called Cromwell's Arch because Cromwell passed under it on his landing in Ireland in 1649), and fine 400-year-old Tynte's Castle. Sir Walter Raleigh was once mayor of the town. In Myrtle Grove, his great Elizabethan mansion, he often entertained the author of the *Faerie Queene*, poet Edmund Spenser. It was said that Raleigh used to sit under the yew tree here on his vast, tree-lined estate and puff away on the tobacco he had himself imported from faraway Virginia in the New World. Another local legend gives Raleigh credit for planting Ireland's first potatoes in Youghal. The civic-spirited Sir Walter was also mayor of the town in Elizabethan times.

From the holiday center of Youghal, it's easy to take in the whole stretch of the Blackwater Valley, which offers some of the loveliest river scenery in all Ireland. Flanked by rolling green hills, the most appealing part of the river is the 30-mile leg between Fermoy on to Ballyduff, Lismore and Cappoquin back to Youghal. The Blackwater can be explored by taking the good road that follows its banks. For sportsmen, it should be noted, the Blackwater is considered one of Ireland's great salmon rivers, and a good batch not only of prize salmon but sea trout, brown trout, pike, and other types run plentifully as far up the river as Lismore.

Near Cappoquin, you will find the famous Trappist monastery

perched high up the Knockmealdown Mountains at Mount Mellerey, a few miles outside town. The Trappists settled in Ireland after they were expelled from France in 1830. In more than a century and a quarter, the monks have turned these barren hills and wilderness into a blooming garden. Visitors can go through the monastery and get a glimpse of the simple, quiet life the silent but hard-working monks live in seclusion from the world. The Trappists always keep the door open to strangers, giving food and lodging to anyone who requests it, whether or not their guests choose to leave an offering when they depart.

Lismore, where the sparkling Blackwater teems with salmon, is a paradise for anglers. The Duke of Devonshire, who owns the fishing rights to the weir and the fishing grounds, allows sportsmen to try their luck. Lismore is a dreamy sort of a place, wonderful to see when the light filters through the trees along the river and throws shadows along the mountain peaks. Its impressive castle, built by King John in 1185 and still remarkably well preserved, sits dramatically on a high cliff overlooking the Blackwater. The English writer Thackeray called the castle every bit as noble and picturesque as England's Warwick. Below, the scene is completed by a beautiful 18th-century bridge spanning the river.

Crossing back into Cork County, you pass by Fermoy, a charming little village spread along both banks of the Blackwater. Nearby Mallow, famous a century ago as a spa, today offers hunting and fishing, plus a popular racetrack.

Along the Southern Coast

On the western coastline of Cork Harbor, only 13 miles from Cork City, is the pleasant little village of Crosshaven, famed for bays and inlets that are ideal for swimming and boating. In fact, the Royal Cork Yacht Club, at nearby Cobh, was founded in 1720 and claims to be the oldest in the world.

Kinsale on the south Cork coast was an important naval base for the British fleet a hundred years ago. Nowadays this peaceful, quiet town has a fine 18th-century quality as its Georgian-style houses scale Compass Hill, overlooking Bandon River. Fishing boats now crowd the quays where formerly British frigates docked. Sir William Penn, founder of Pennsylvania, used to live and work in Kinsale. There is some wonderful cliffside scenery stretching for several miles along the coastline of Old Kinsale Head. It was off this point that the *Lusitania* was sunk by a German submarine in 1915.

Bantry sits on magnificent Bantry Bay, one of Ireland's most beautiful, where two French fleets entered for invasions of Ireland in 1689 and 1796. This wide bay, 21 miles long, four miles across, and many, many fathoms deep, can amply take care of even the biggest ships. The wonderful scenery around the bay is fit subject for a painting and should be seen on a fine summer's day, when puffy white clouds drift across the high mountain peaks looking out to the deep, blue sea.

One of the jewels of Bantry Bay is Glengarriff, the "rugged glen." This is a picturesque beauty spot where, thanks to the Gulf Stream, palm trees and bamboo, arbutus and holly, and dozens of other sub-tropical flowers and plants bloom in wild profusion among the rocks and peaks. This has been called one of Ireland's loveliest villages—its normal population of not much over 300 people swells to thousands in the summer and fall. It's almost impossible to describe Glengarriff's deep valley with its towering Caha mountain peaks, spilling down to a harbor sprinkled with a hundred or more tiny islands.

The most famous of Glengarriff's islands is Garinish, or Inacullin, more often called, "The Island of the Hollies," which you can visit by boat easily hired on the quay. (There is a small landing fee.) This is a manmade garden built at fabulous cost, something of a wonderland of dwarfed Japanese trees, Grecian temples, lily ponds, and rock gardens. Then there are delightful walks around Glengarriff where you can drink in the magnificent views. Walk up to Lord Bantry's Lodge, a museum filled with antiques, and stroll through the beautiful gardens. Branch off to see Cromwell's Bridge, a bower of trees draping over the river bank. Climb up to Lady Bantry's Lookout through 919-foot Shrone Hill for a wonderful view of the surrounding area.

The more energetic may also pursue swimming, fishing, and golf, though you can enjoy the place equally well just by walking around taking in the natural beauty of this mountain glen. George Bernard Shaw wrote most of his play *Saint Joan* in Glengarriff's setting of awe-inspiring scenery.

From Glengarriff or the neighboring towns along the coast, you can easily drive around to see most of Bantry Bay, an absolute must on any tour of Ireland. Later, you can go over Healy Pass for its impressive mountain views of the Caha Range.

SOUTHWEST TIP

Ring Of Kerry And Lakes Of Killarney

The Kingdom of Kerry with its wild, fantastically beautiful combinations of deep indented peninsulas swept by a restless sea, towering, majestic mountain peaks whose boulders slope down to rugged glens and gaps, and the heavenly lakes that frame the whole setting, all make a picture so unforgettable that it becomes a unique travel experience. It's no wonder that travelers flock from all over the world to see this magnificent southwestern tip of Ireland, which contains some of the country's most spectacular scenery. It's been said that if you have only a short time to spend in Ireland, come to Kerry in the summer and stay awhile to appreciate the best Ireland has to offer. You will want to make the famous Ring of Kerry, the complete circuit around the peninsula between the Kenmare River and Dingle Bay, seeing en route the great windswept, rockstrewn coastline gaily spotted with patches of red and blue wild flowers. Then there are the famed Lakes of Killarney dropping down from the high mountain tops. It's possible to explore the Lake District and most of Kerry in a few days, but you will enjoy it far more if you take a Kerryman's advice and see Killarney in all its changing lights and moods over a longer period of time, absorbing the breathtaking sights in easy stages. Since you can't do the Lakes in a car anyway, you might as well relax and drink in the wonderful scenery from the slow-moving pace of a horse-drawn jaunting car, practically Killarney's trademark.

Besides the magnificent scenery, Kerry's Kingdom is a place to remember for its ruins of ancient abbeys as well as the stone markings of Celtic tribes who lived at the dawn of the Christian Era. But above all, you will be impressed by the enjoyment of life, the lilting strains of English spoken in the Irish way, and the easygoing way the Kerryman takes his simple life, boasting rightly that Kerry has the best climate to be found in Ireland.

Killarney, called "Heaven's Reflex," is not only one of Ireland's finest beauty spots. Indeed, for centuries poets and artists have attempted to describe its loveliness. Sir Walter Scott acclaimed it, "The grandest sight I have ever seen." Wordsworth, Tennyson, and Thackeray are only a few of the other famous writers who have been impressed with Killarney's Lakes. In

fact, Tennyson wrote the now familiar lines about "Splendor falls on castle walls..." while under the spell of Muckcross Abbey.

But to really appreciate Killarney, you must study it for yourself from a number of vantage points. From Lady's Point in the changing, hazy light, you will see the soft magic of round mountains and three lakes that merge into one long silvery sheet of water. Look back from your horse or pony trap to the Gap of Dunloe across the high mountains of McGillicuddy's Reeks, Ireland's highest range. Look down from Aghadoe Hill for an exceptional view of the whole surrounding area.

Practical Information for the Ring of Kerry and Killarney



WHERE TO STAY? The best way to see Killarney's lakes and the magnificent scenery scattered over Kerry's windswept coastline is to establish central headquarters in Killarney, Kenmare, or Waterville and make side trips around the area. To see the Dingle Peninsula, there are few hotels or towns to offer a night's lodging, so most visitors find it convenient to pick Killarney or another of Kelly's towns and move on from there. De luxe, first, second and third-class hotels are indicated by (L), (1), (2), and (3) respectively. Listed prices are generally the average for single accommodations, breakfast included.

KILLARNEY. Population 5,700. 195 miles from Dublin. *Great Southern* (L), 84 rooms (31 with baths), 30/- *Lake* (1), 64 rooms (10 with baths), 25/- *International* (1), 70 rooms (16 with baths), 25/6. *Muckcross* (1), 42 rooms (none with bath), 22/6 *Arbutus* (2), 19/- *Cahernane* (2), 22/6. *Scott's* (2), 18/6. *Imperial* (3), 17/6 *Criterion* (3), 14/- *Ross* (3), 15/6. *Cherry Lodge* guesthouse, 12/6 to 15/6 *Woodlawn* guesthouse (Woodlawn), 12/6.

The *Muckcross* and *Lake* are outside town in scenic surroundings. Most of the hotels cooperate in providing jaunting car excursions to the lakes and gap of Dunloe.

KENMARE. *Great Southern* (1), in the excellent C.I.E. chain, 28/- *Landsdowne Arms* (3), 15/- *Central* (4), 12/6. Guest houses. *Diomquinna*, 17/6. *The Wander Inn*, 12/6.

GIENCAR. *The Hotel* (2), popular with the hunting, fishing set, 16/-.

PARKNASILLA. *Great Southern* (L), ranks as one of Ireland's top hotels, under C.I.E. management, in a trop-

ical garden setting overlooking a beautiful bay. There is no town or village except the hotel in Parknasilla, 76 rooms (12 with baths), 32/-

TAHILLA, near Parknasilla. *Tahilla Cove*, a luxury guesthouse, 38/- a day all inclusive.

TRALEE. *Benner's* (1), 40 rooms (2 with bath), 21/6.

VALENTIA. Europe's most westerly township. *Royal* (1), 26 rooms (3 with baths), 21/-.

WATERVILLE. *Butler Arms* (L), country-club atmosphere with fine hunting and fishing in the region, high standards maintained by the Huggard Family, excellent kitchen and warm hospitality characteristic of all the Huggard hotels, convivial dances, picnic lunches packed for side trips, 21/- *Southern Lake* (1), on the shorefront, 21/- *Bay View* (1), 18/6.

YOUTH HOSTELS

Releagh Bonane, Co. Kerry.
Aldergrove Cottage, Black Valley,

Beaufort, Co. Kerry.
 Toomies, Killarney, Co. Kerry.
 Valentia Island Hostel, Knights-
 town, Valentia, Co. Kerry.

Prior House, Ballinskelligs, Co.
 Kerry.

Glen Loch, Sneem, Co. Kerry

CHURCHES. Catholic: St. Mary's Cathedral, Franciscan Church. Church of Ireland (Protestant): Parish Church of St. Mary's, Aghadoe Church.



WHAT TO SEE? The National Park, which includes the Muckross Estate of 10,000 acres; Muckross Abbey; Torc Waterfall; Gap of Dunloe trip which includes Upper Lake, Long Range, Middle and Lower Lakes, Ross Castle. Tours from Killarney: (1) *Ring of Kerry*. Along the coastline of the Iveragh Peninsula via Killorglin (where the colorful, ancient Puck Fair is held in August), Glenbeigh, Waterville, Sneem, Parknasilla, Kenmare, and return to Killarney (109 miles). (2) *Glencar and Ballaghbeama Gap*. To Glencar via Beaufort and Lough Acoose, then via Bealalaw Bridge and Ballaghbeama Gap to Gearha Cross. Return trip to Killarney via Moll's Gap and Muckross (54 miles). (3) *Glengarriff and Bantry Bay*. Through Kenmare, Healy Pass, including beautiful Gengarriff, Ballylickey, and Bantry. Back via Glengarriff, the Tunnel Road, Kenmare, and Kilgarven (121 miles). (4) *The Dingle Peninsula*. Via Castelmaine, Tralee, Dingle, Ventry, Sleah Head to Ballyferrier. Return through Ventry, Dingle, Connor Pass, Tralee, and Farranfore (132 miles). C.I.E. operates the following bus tours from Killarney railway station during summer: Dingle Peninsula, Blarney and Cork, Ring of Cork.

ENTERTAINMENT. *The Dublin Theatre* presents a bill of stage plays from the Abbey and London successes at the *Town Hall*, Killarney, nightly during summer, prices from 2/- to 3/-. Also occasional traveling companies and concerts are given at *Casino Cinema*, Killarney. There is dancing at the *Town Hall* and *Globe Pavilion*, Killarney. Hotel ballrooms stage dances for guests. Killarney Gaelic League holds a *Ceili* (Irish folk dance) at *Town Hall*, Friday evenings, during summer season.



SPORTS. *Golf.* Killarney Championship, an 18-hole golf course, one of Ireland's finest with unusual lake and mountain scenery as a backdrop. Visitors welcome, moderate green fees. *Racing.* Killarney Races held July each year. *Shooting* in area for woodcock, pheasant, grouse, wild duck, arrangements made through hotels. *Boats* may be hired for trips to: Ross Castle and Innisfallen (5/- per person); Ross Castle to Innisfallen and, in addition, O'Sullivan's Cascade (7/6 per person); Ross Castle, Innisfallen Island, O'Sullivan's Cascade and Dinis Island (10/- per person).

Fresh-water fishing season opens January 17 and runs to October 12. On all of Killarney's three lakes there are free fishing privileges. February to July for salmon. Trout season begins February 15 but best months are April-July. Lakes contain 500,000 salmon annually from hatcheries. Contact Lough Leane Angler's Association, Killarney, for free information and advice on fishing prospects.

Tennis. Grass courts at Golf Club House, also Mahony's Point and at Great Southern Hotel (guests), and hard court at Lake Hotel (guests). *Deer stalking* is available in National Park, which abounds in Irish red deer and Japanese deer. Query Secretary, Office of Public Works, 51 St. Stephen's Green, Dublin. *Gillies* are available at Killarney. Season runs from mid-

August to end of November. *Hurling* and *Gaelic* football. Sunday afternoon matches are held, and some on weekday nights, at Fitzgerald Stadium.

Exploring Kerry and Killarney

Killarney Town, located near the shore of the lower lake called Lough Leane, is as good a place as any to set up headquarters, not only for exploring the lakes but for taking in the whole Ring of Kerry as well.

The day-long Gap of Dunloe tour shouldn't be missed. Arrangements can usually be made through your hotel, which will also prepare a box lunch for you to eat along the way. Starting out after breakfast, you hop aboard a jogging jaunting car and leisurely ride through Killarney town, past its cathedral and through the green sweep of the Western Demesne, recently bought by an American.

At Ferry Bridge you drive cross the rapid Laune, teeming with salmon, and enjoy the wonderful view from Dunloe Castle. Nearby at Dunloe Cave are the Ogham Stones, a valuable antiquarian find discovered by some workmen in 1838. Soon you leave the green curtain of tropical vegetation, heavy with holly and red fuchsia and come to the rocky threshold of the Gap of Dunloe. Here you stop at neat, whitewashed Kate Kearney's cottage, where a famous local beauty named Kate once lived in fact as well as legend. The cottage has been made over into an attractive shop where souvenirs and postcards are sold and drinks are served from an ample bar. Ponymen and jarveys (drivers) gather outside, for you leave your jaunting car here and continue your journey by pony or pony-trap, later crossing the lakes by boat. No cars are permitted beyond Kate Kearney's cottage, and when you see the trails, you'll understand why.

For five miles you ride up towards the Gap, picking your way around huge boulders that are strewn the length of the valley floor, while mountain streams gush down from the jagged crags of Purple Mountain and high towering McGillicuddy's Reeks. Along the stark, massive glacial rock formations of the Gap, a profusion of ferns, moss, and purple heather add a touch of color. Listen for the echo when the old man at the turnpike blows his bugle. Soon you pass by Serpent Lake, so named because St. Patrick is said to have drowned Ireland's last snake there. Whether or not you are inclined to accept the legend, the fact remains that not only are there no snakes, but no fish either. At the head of the Gap, you glance down at the upper of Killarney's three lakes, which many people consider the most

charming of them all. You can stop at Lord Brandon's cottage for lunch, or if you brought your own, the boatmen will be on hand at the upper lake to point out a place under shady trees, a welcome break on the long trip. At this point you exchange the pony or pony-trap for a boat. With swift, sure strokes the boatmen take you gliding along the lake portion of your trip.

After passing under the sheer Eagle's Nest cliff, at whose foot roam tame deer, you are dazzled with new sights—beautiful arbutus trees of a type found only in Killarney, tiny islands rich in folklore legend, and the marvelous echoes of which Tennyson wrote, "Echoes dying, dying, dying..." Then you shoot the rapids, guided once again by the dexterous boatmen, as the torrent rushes you under the Old Weir Bridge on the way to "the meeting of the waters," where the streams branch off in two directions. The glib, talkative boatmen ply you with a fund of information about the various islands and coves, all tied in with legends frequently revolving around O'Donoghue, the famous old chieftain of the lakes.

You pass from the upper lake on to Lough Leane and slide under the Gothic arch of Brickeen Bridge, where it's said if you wash your hands in these waters you'll never again suffer from toothaches. Dentists are understandably skeptical about the tradition.

There are many things to see in the changing lights that play on Killarney's lakes and mountain crags, but the high point of the boat trip for most people is the hauntingly beautiful, almost unreal Isle of Innisfallen, so celebrated in the songs of Tom Moore. On this wooded green island are the ghostly ruins of a church established here about 600 A.D. by St. Finian Cam. Innisfallen was one of the great centers of learning in medieval times, a meeting place of Europe's kings, nobles, and famous scholars. *The Annals of Innisfallen*, a famed work from this period, is now in the Bodleian Library at Oxford University.

Ross Castle and Muckross Abbey

As a fitting climax to the long day's trip, you come at last to the ivy-covered fortress of Ross Castle, set against a backdrop of rounded mountains. This stronghold on Ross Island dates from the 14th century and was once a headquarters of the old chieftain O'Donoghue, whose name is so closely allied with the storied past of Killarney. Ross Castle was the last in Ireland to surrender to Cromwell's forces in 1652.

Another, shorter trip—it takes only a few hours of a morning

or afternoon—is the 14-mile Muckross Abbey Tour, including Dinis Island and Torc Waterfall. You can make this delightful excursion either by jaunting car or, if you prefer, on foot or bicycle—again no cars are allowed. The ruins of the ancient abbey, founded in 1448 by Donal MacCarthy, are interesting for their cloisters with 22 arches and a 500-year-old yew tree dating from the abbey's earliest days. Here in an idyllic setting you'll find the tombs of three Kerry poets together with the graves of Killarney's ancient chieftains, including that of MacCarthy Mor. Muckross Abbey and the 10,000 green acres belonging to Muckross Estate were donated to the Irish Government by its American owners. Since then the entire area covering much of Killarney has been transformed into a beautiful National Park.

Dinis Island and Aghadoe

On your return from Muckross Abbey, you pass along the tree-shaded shoreline towards Dinis Island. The path is heavy with greenery and flowers like the Rose of Sharon, London Pride, exotic wild orchids, and, of course, the gleaming Killarney arbutus. You go past Brickeen Bridge again to quaint old Dinis Cottage on Dinis Island where you can stop for tea. There is a good view of Old Weir Bridge and the famed "meeting of the waters" from the garden behind the cottage, which itself is surrounded by the lush tropical foliage of palm trees, bamboo shoots, and giant Osmunda ferns. Nearby is the famous whirlpool called O'Sullivan's Punchbowl. Following the shoreline back, you next ascend Torc Mountain for a look at the shimmering torrent that plunges into the air, drops and bounces off rocky crags 60 feet down the mountain. Torc ranks high among Ireland's most beautiful waterfalls.

Aghadoe is one of the few places in Killarney that can be visited by car. Go to the top of 400-foot-high Aghadoe Hill just before sunset when you will be rewarded with a view of Killarney's lakes. Also interesting are the ruins of the old round tower, the church and castle, and the crumbling ancient grave markers on the hill. Among the charms of the old church is a fine Hiberno-Romanesque portal.

If you have more time to spend in Killarney—and what more heavenly spot could you possibly select for a holiday—there are any number of additional tours you can take; in the lake district you never run out of scenery, memorable sights, and things to do.

If mountain climbing interests you, there are the cliffs and

craggs of the Purple Mountains and the high peak of Carrantuo-hill, stretching up to 3,414 feet. Nearby Skregmore provides the best ridge walk in all Ireland. For golf, there is the great championship Killarney Golf Course, set against the lower lake, whose scenic views are enough to distract even the most dedicated player. Green fees are moderate, and there are tennis courts available at the club house. Killarney even offers you deer-stalking, permits to hunt the Japanese deer and red stags that abound in the area can be obtained from the Secretary, Office of Public Works, 51 St. Stephen's Green, Dublin.

Ring of Kerry

From Killarney lakes and mountains it's possible to make the Ring of Kerry in several directions. The Ring easily ranks as one of the most scenic drives to be found in all Europe. You pass through high mountain gorges on the Iveragh Peninsula that look down on a jagged coastline whose windswept inlets have a rare, wild beauty. Leaving Killarney, you come to Killorglin, famed for its great salmon fishing and for its ancient Puck's Fair in mid-August, a jolly event that combines the color of a county fair with the excitement of a midway carnival. Carragh Lake has a comfortable hotel where guests can enjoy excellent fishing in the district. Rosbeigh boasts a small but attractive beach for swimming, and a little further on you can see the blue wonder of Dingle Bay. Waterville is a famed angler's paradise, where it's said the very best free lake fishing can be had in all Ireland.

Parknasilla, on Kerry's Ring, looks for all the world like a tropical garden that has been transplanted from the exotic South Seas to the Atlantic coastline of Ireland. You find yourself almost completely under the spell of the wild, blooming profusion of palm trees and sub-tropical plants, and everywhere there is sparkling water dotted with green islands.

There is no village or town at Parknasilla, but a few miles away in Sneem, a neat, quiet little settlement so typical of Ireland's country communities, there is a wonderful, spotless little tea room called the *Green Door* whose motto is: "the house is small, but the welcome is big." In the charming atmosphere of a villager's living room, you help yourself to delicious home-made bread and fresh-from-the-oven pastries accompanied by a pot of steaming tea. Sneem's Italian-like church steeple lends a distinctive note to the place.

Kenmare stretches along the head of Kenmare Bay where the

Roughy River empties into the sea. It is a fine gateway to Killarney or various sidetrips to Kerry's magnificent sights. Also, there are two items of interest to shoppers here—famed Point Lace made right at Clare's Convent and homespun woolens turned out by Kenmare's skilled weavers, both of which can be purchased very reasonably.

Towns of Kerry

Tralee is County Kerry's main town with a population of 11,000—big for Ireland, at any rate. It is also the jumping off place for the Dingle Peninsula, a remote but beautiful stretch of land where hotels are few but the seascapes spectacular. This lonely region is sparsely populated, but in the few villages and whitewashed huts you do come across, the people are smiling, friendly, and courteous. Here Gaelic is spoken almost everywhere, and children and farmers wave cheerfully as you ride by. At Fior-Ghaeltract, the Irish-speaking region at the western end of Dingle, you can find folklore, handicrafts, and customs typical as the face of Ireland itself.

Tralee is probably best known for the famed song of *Rose of Tralee*, one of the most popular Irish ballads ever sung. It was composed, of course, by William Mulchinock, who lived in Tralee from 1820 to 1864. His house still stands at Ballymullen. Only a few miles outside Tralee in Scota Glen you come to the grave of Queen Scota. According to historians, she was the daughter of a pharaoh of Egypt, and married Milesius, whose family landed in Ireland in the year 3,500 B.C. After a fierce battle with the Tuatha de Danaan, Milesius won the day, but Scota was killed. A giant stone marks the tomb said to be hers.

The town of Dingle itself is rather charming for its old-world atmosphere, and quite picturesque for its pastel-colored cottages. It was Kerry's main port centuries ago in the days of the Spanish trade, when wine merchants thronged its streets; in Elizabethan times it was a walled, fortified town. Today Dingle is a sleepy little village, ideal for day-long excursions around the peninsula and the coast. If the people here look at you blankly when you stop to ask directions, remember that this is part of the Gaelic district, and not everybody speaks English. For the antiquarian, Dingle is an archeological goldmine—its museum is full of ancient relics, including some old Ogham Stones, uncovered in the region nearby.

AROUND THE SHANNON ESTUARY

Limerick And Clare

The fabled River Shannon, immortalized in Irish ballads, flows out to sea in a mighty torrent through two of Ireland's counties, Limerick and Clare. With its jagged cliffs and wonderful bays, Clare fronts on the Atlantic coast on its western side, and has the river for its eastern boundary. The sheer 700-foot-high cliffs of Moher drop suddenly into the sea—one of Ireland's greatest scenic wonders. Near the Shannon estuary, 15 miles from Limerick City, sprawls Shannon Airport, often called the air crossroads of the world because so many international flights stop there. Clare boasts some remarkable scenery, too, together with a bevy of fine seaside resorts for holiday-bound travelers.

Practical Information for the Shannon Estuary



WHERE TO STAY? Limerick City is the gateway to Ireland for many international air travelers, making plane connections at Shannon's big international airport only an hour's bus ride away. Usually filled with people from all lands, Limerick's hotels have that cosmopolitan air of world travelers bound for distant corners of the globe. De luxe, first, second and third-class hotels are indicated by (L), (1), (2), and (3) respectively. Listed prices are generally the average for single accommodations, breakfast included.

LIMERICK. *Ardu House* (L), Ennis Road, country-club type of place in a quiet, suburban area, 22/6. *Cruise's Royal* (1), O'Connell Street, swank, international spot favored by foreign visitors, located on the main street, 25/-. *Glentworth* (1), Glentworth Street, comfortable, well-appointed place, 20/-. *Royal George* (1), O'Connell Street, central location, 25/-. *National* (2), Baker Place, cosy, family-type place near the railroad station, 17/-. *Desmond* (3), 41 Catherine Street, 14/6. *Finn's* (3), 62 William Street, 12/-. *Geary's* (3), 49-50 Thomas Street, 13/6. Guest houses: *Iona*, 7 Glentworth Street, 14/-. *Avondale*, Upper Mallow, 14/6.

COUNTY CLARE

SUNRATTY. *Castle* (1), Shannon

Airport, for air passengers, 22/6.

ENNIS. *Old Ground* (1), 25/-. *Car-mody's* (2), 16/6. *Queen's* (2), 17/6.

KILKEE. Popular seaside resort with fine beaches, golf. *Hydro* (2), 25/-. *Victoria* (2), 21/-.

LAHINCH. *Aberdeen Arms* (1), 18/6. *Claremont* (2), 17/6. *Realt-na-mara* (2), 17/6.

LISDOONVARNA. *Hydro* (1), 20/-. *Imperial* (1), 22/6. *Royal Spa* (1), 20/-. *Keane's* (2), 17/6. *Lynch's* (2), 15/-. *Spa View* (2), 18/6. *Bellevue* (3), 18/6. *Garrahies* (3), 15/-.

YOUTH HOSTELS

Killacolla, Glin, Co. Limerick.

Kilbegg, Broadford, Co. Clare.



WHAT TO SEE? The Treaty Stone, Limerick's trademark and great historical monument; King John's Castle beside Thomond Bridge; Shannon Airport on the Clare side of the Shannon (15 miles from Limerick); Lough Gur excavations showing relics of neolithic period to medieval times, great collection of ancient ruins including stone circles, dolmens, megalithic tombs. See the wonderful coastal scenery along the Clare coast, including the magnificent Cliffs of Moher, one of Ireland's top sightseeing attractions, the spa of Lisdoonvarna with its healthful medicinal baths.

Tours from Limerick. The following tours can be made from Limerick: (1) *Shannon Estuary, North Kerry Coast.* To Tralee via Foynes, Glin, Ballybunion, Ballyduff, Spa, and Fenit. Return trip via Fenit, Tralee, Castleisland, Abbeyfeale, and Adare (160 miles). (2) *Loop Head.* Via Ennis, Kilrush, Kilkee, and Carrigrohilly. Come back via Kilkee, Doonbeg, Quilty, Lahinch, and Ennis (166 miles). You can also include the famous Cliffs of Moher from Lahinch. (3) *Lough Derg.* To Portumna via Killaloe and Mountshannon. Return via Balinderry, Coolbaun, Nenagh, and Birdhill (102 miles). (4) *Blackwater Valley.* Through Rathluric and Buttevat, thence to Mallow along the valley to Fermoy. Return trip through Kildorrery, Kilmallock, and Bruff (106 miles). (5) *Rock of Cashel.* Via Oola and Tipperary. Come back through Thurles, Rossmore, and Rear Cross (95 miles).

C.I.E. operates the following bus tours departing from Limerick Railway Station during summer season: (1) The Ring of Kerry (all day). (2) Tralee and Dingle Peninsula (all day). (3) Lahinch, Spanish Point, and Kilkee (all day). (4) Galway, Maam Valley, and Spiddal (all day). (5) Lahinch and Cliffs of Moher (half-day).

CHURCHES. *Catholic:* St. John's Cathedral, St. Michael's, St. Joseph's, St. Munchin's, St. Mary's, St. Patrick's, Church of the Holy Rosary, Queen of Peace Church. *Church of Ireland (Protestant):* St. Mary's Cathedral, St. Michael's, St. John's, Holy Trinity. *Presbyterian:* Upper Henry Street. *Methodist:* O'Connell Street. *Baptist:* O'Connell Avenue. *Society of Friends:* Upper Cecil Street. *Gospel Hall:* Upper Mallow Street.

ENTERTAINMENT. Theatres: *Savoy, Playhouse, Ritz.* Dance Halls: *Stella Ballroom, Hotel Ballroom, St. John's Pavilion.*



SPORTS. *Fishing.* Good freshwater fishing in the Shannon estuary for salmon. Trout fishing also good in the Shannon and its tributaries between Limerick and Killaloe. Also fine fishing grounds in following places: Deel River, Maigue River, Feale River, Loobagh River, and Morning Star River, all recommended for trout and, in certain sections, excellent salmon. Licenses available from Secretary, Limerick Fisheries Board, 84 O'Connell Street, Limerick. Contact Limerick Angler's Association, St. Anthony's, Farranishone, Limerick, for advice on fishing.

Hunting. Limerick County Foxhounds (Mon., Wed., Fri.) in Adare, Limerick; Scarteen Black and Tan Foxhounds (Monday and Thursday); Croom Harriers (Tuesday); Limerick Harriers (Thursday).

Golfing. Limerick, 18 holes at Ballyclough (2½ miles); Castleroy, 18 holes, (2½ miles), all greens fees moderate. *Tennis.* Country Club, Ennis Road, Catholic Institute, Shelbourne Club, Rathbane, for both hard and grass courts. *Greyhound Racing.* Thursday, Friday, Saturday nights at Markets Field. *Horse racing.* Meetings held at Greenpark Racecourse, outside Limerick.

Exploring the Shannon Estuary

Limerick City with its population of 50,000, ranks among Ireland's biggest centers. As you walk around O'Connell Street, the main artery, and look in the old-fashioned store windows, you absorb something of its old-world atmosphere. Being a coastal town, Limerick has had a turbulent history, dating back to the early Danish invasion and the Norman Conquest. The main sights include the 13th-century castle, a relic of the ancient walled fortifications of the town, the interesting renovated Church of St. Munchin; and, across the Thomond Bridge, the Treaty Stone, placed on a huge limestone slab. The stone got its name from the Treaty of 1691, which was signed here. When the English kings later violated the pact, Limerick received its nickname, "the city of the broken treaty." Another unusual relic you might want to see is the nail, now in the city's museum, on which merchants used to hang their debts, a custom that became known as "paying on the nail."

Up the Shannon Valley from Limerick, you can view the great Shannon Scheme, a vast hydroelectric system built for the Irish Government by a German firm in 1925. The swift-flowing Shannon had to be diverted from a waterfall and rerouted via a 300-foot-wide canal. Today you can see the gushing waters passing at a rate of 90 tons per second at Ardnacrusha, generating enough power to turn the mighty turbines and provide electric power for rural Ireland.

Adare, only 10 miles from Limerick, is a charming story-book village of thatched-roofs and low-slung, whitewashed cottages, where you can wander around for hours taking pictures. Ivyed medieval churches and old ruins abound here. The Maigue River is a promising place to try for brown trout and occasional salmon, and there's good hunting nearby, plus a nine-hole golf course. Dunraven Lemesne offers interesting and picturesque ruins, including a 15th-century Franciscan Abbey, and the fairy-tale 13th-century Desmond Castle with its moat, thick-walled keep, and vast courtyard going back to the days when knight-hood flourished.

County Clare's wild but beautiful coast has been battered by the raging Atlantic since the beginning of time—the whole sweep of coastline is well worth seeing. The famed Cliffs of Moher with their smooth 700-foot drop to the foaming sea are considered foremost among the highlights of Ireland.

Kilkee, one of Clare's best seaside resorts, has an excellent, sheltered beach, where the Atlantic surf comes sweeping in

after breaking its mighty force on a reef, the Duggerna Rocks. Besides a sandy strand, it offers vacationists tennis, golf, pleasant walks, and good hotels.

Lahinch is another fine bathing spot, featuring a well-known 18-hole championship golf course. Spanish Point, a bit further on, also has a beach and good recreational facilities. It gets its name from the time the once mighty Spanish Armada was wrecked here. Lahinch is the turning off point for the Cliffs of Moher. Also from Lahinch, you can get to Lisdoonvarna, Ireland's famed spa, where the sulphur springs and mineral-rich waters are prescribed for the treatment of many illnesses. For all its reputation as a health resort, Lisdoonvarna is better known among the Irish as the place where marriages are frequently arranged by interested families. If you talk to the people here about this marriage business, you're bound to hear some pretty hilarious tales, true and otherwise.

Ennis, only 23 miles away from Limerick, is Clare's busy county capital, with fine old winding streets, lined by old-style houses. Its landmarks include Ennis Abbey, the ruins of an ancient church and friary built in 1241, and, 6 miles outside town, Quin Abbey, a 15th-century religious relic. In fact, the whole area is dotted with the remains of old castles.

From Ennis, situated on the principal Limerick-Galway road, you can easily explore all the interesting country in and around both Clare and Limerick. By bus you can even go out to the slender tip of Clare to see Lopphead, whence you have a wonderful panoramic view, across to where the Shannon runs into the sea. From here, you command the whole wide sweep from the Cliffs of Moher to the isolated and bleak Aran Islands in Galway Bay. Far in the distance tower the peaks of McGillicuddy's Reeks, Ireland's highest mountains, which frame the lakes of Killarney. On the way back, you may want to stop for awhile in Carrigaholt, a picturesque village perched on the Shannon's banks, where most of the people use Gaelic. There is an Irish college here, and if you listen carefully you will hear the haunting strains of Gaelic as it is spoken in the country districts. At the small fishing village of Quilty you can hire a *currach*, one of those unusual long boats used in the Aran Islands, to take a trip over the bounding surf to Mutton Island. A grizzled mariner with a hearty laugh and a twinkle in his eye, ferries you across the two-mile stretch of Atlantic, telling you stories en route of how 1,000 men perished the day the ships of the Spanish Armada went down off Spanish Point.

TIPPERARY

The Fertile Vale

"It's a long, long way to Tipperary . . ." so run the words of that famous song sung all over the world. Actually, Tipperary is *not* so far to go, since it's within easy striking distance of Cork and Waterford—even Dublin is no more than 112 miles away.

Tipperary, Ireland's biggest inland county, lacks a breath-taking coastline, but it does boast some pretty river valleys, fringed in the south by the Galtee Mountains, highest in the interior of Ireland, and the Knockmealdown Range with its 2,000-foot peaks. Through County Tipperary flows the River Suir. This is fine hunting and fishing country, wonderful for mountain climbers and, then, there is the Rock of Cashel, the greatest group of ecclesiastical ruins in all Ireland. Tipperary Town overlooks a portion of Ireland's renowned Golden Vale.

Practical Information for Tipperary



WHERE TO STAY? There are several good central points you might set up to excellent advantage for exploring the whole area, which abounds in good hunting and fishing along the pretty Suir River. You can choose from Tipperary, Clonmel, Thurles, Cahir, or even Cashel to examine the great ruins, although hotels are not plentiful in Cashel. De luxe, first, second and third-class hotels are indicated by (L), (1), (2), and (3) respectively. Listed prices are generally the average for single accommodations, breakfast included.

CAHIR. *Kilcoran Lodge* (1), comfortable place, popular with anglers, 22/6. *Cahir House* (1), on the Dublin-Cork Road, ideal for motorists, very cosy with warm hospitality, 22/-.

CASHEL. *Central* (4), 12/6.

CLONMEL. *Ormonde* (2), 23/6.

HEARN'S (2), 23/6. *County* (3), 15/-.

THURLES. *Hayes'* (2), 19/. *Munster* (3), 16/6.

TIPPERARY. *Royal* (2), 21/-. *Dobbyn's* (2), 18/6.

YOUTH HOSTELS

Ballydavid Wood House, Bansha, Co. Tipperary. Part of a beautiful shooting lodge in the Glen of Aherlow.

Mountain Lodge, Burncourt, Cahir, Co. Tipperary. Striking lodge in the Galtee Mountains.



WHAT TO SEE? Rock of Cashel, which contains perhaps the greatest group of church ruins in all Ireland, a medieval landmark and one of the top tourist attractions in the country. See the Round Tower, Cormac's beautiful chapel, the Cathedral, the Hall of Vicars Choral and St. Patrick's Cross.

Tours from Cashel include (1) *Clogheen*. Via Cahir and Ardfinnian, by the Gap to Lismore to see the castle. Return trip via Cappoquin to

Mount Melleray Monastery and Clonmel (70 miles). (2) *Cahir*. Then to Mitchelstown Caves. Return via Knockmealdown Mountains through Ballyporeen, Clogheen and Cahir (68 miles). (3) *Tipperary*. Then by mountain road to the Glen of Aherlow. Return trip via Tankardtown and Cahir (40 miles). (4) *Limerick*. Via Tipperary, Oola and Pallasgrea. Come back via Newport, Rear Cross and Thurles (103 miles).

A number of interesting walks can be made in Cashel area, including the Camus Road which wanders past Hore Abbey, famous Gallow's Hill walk, so ancient it dates to the days of King Brian Boru, as well as the Clonmel and Cahir roads which offer striking long-distance views of the magnificent Rock of Cashel outlined against a windswept sky.

ENTERTAINMENT. Drama and variety shows occasionally at *City Hall*, Cashel. Dancing at *City Hall*.

SPORT. Very good *fishing* for salmon and trout on River Suir, suitable flies available in local regions. For *shooting*, partridge and wild duck abound, good pheasant shooting, usually free. *Hunting*, Tipperary Foxhounds, contact Secretary A. G. Smith, Esq., Duniske, Cahir, and Golden Vale Harriers, contact Secretary T. J. Kennedy, Main Street, Cashel. *Tennis*, Cashel Tennis Club and C.Y.M.S. Club for grass courts. Moderate fees for visitors.

CHURCHES IN CASHEL. *Catholic*: St. John the Baptist Church. *Church of Ireland (Protestant)*: The Cathedral.

Exploring Tipperary

Clonmel, whose name means "meadow of honey," is Tipperary's capital and a very attractive town, located in the charming surroundings of the Suir Valley with the Comeragh Mountains providing a backdrop. At this point the Suir widens into a mighty stream with several islands, and it's a pleasant walk along the riverside on a lazy, warm afternoon. If fishing's your bent, this is a good spot to cast a line and try for salmon or trout. Clonmel has had a stormy history dating back to before the Danish and Norman invasions, but today the town is known chiefly as a great sporting center, with racing at Powerstown Court and greyhound coursing. Clonmel really comes alive in July for the Breeder's Stakes, when greyhound followers from the world over come to see the prize hounds. Then there are the famed Tipperary Foxhounds and the Clonmel Harriers for good hunting.

Further along a pleasant stretch of the river is the town of Carrick-on-Suir, with its interesting Carrick Castle, an Elizabethan fortress with the square tower of 15th-century Butler Castle behind it. This was the seat of the Butlers, the Dukes of Ormonde who were prominent in Britain's rule of Ireland for more than four hundred years. The Elizabethan mansion is said

to have been erected by "Black Tom," the 10th Earl of Ormonde, in anticipation of a visit by Queen Elizabeth. Unfortunately for the Earl, England's great Queen never came.

If you are interested in underground caverns, the Mitchelstown Caves, 10 miles from Mitchelstown, are well worth a visit. Here, you will see a mile and a half of subterranean passages, lined with weird stalactites and stalagmites growing out of the limestone rock. Some of the caverns take such fanciful names as House of Commons, House of Lords, Four Courts, the Cathedral, and Kingston Gallery. A guide will take you through the new cave, discovered in 1833. In the old cave, called Desmond Cave, the Earl of Desmond hid for a while in 1601 before he was detected and taken as a prisoner to the grim Tower of London. If you are looking for a hotel to stay at, or a place to stop for lunch after working up a healthy appetite in the Mitchelstown Caves, try *Kilcoran Lodge*, only 4 miles from Cahir. Here there is good fishing as well as good eating.

Cahir is a neat, busy little town spread along both banks of the River Suir, near the junction of the Dublin-Cork and Waterford-Limerick roads. Cahir Castle, a fine 15th-century relic in an excellent state of preservation, can be visited by first obtaining permission from the Cahir Estate Office, Cahir. A comfortable place to stay is the *Cahir House Hotel*, on the Dublin-Cork road.

From here it's easy to take a look at the secluded Glen of Aherlow, which extends grandly between the peaks of the Galtee Mountains and the Ridge of Shevenamuck. In years past, this romantic and beautiful spot was a bloody battleground because of its strategic location between Tipperary and Limerick. Everyone in Aherlow recalls the almost legendary story of Father Geoffrey Keating, Ireland's great 16th-century historian, who spent many years hiding in the glen. When his fiery sermons angered the Governor of Munster into placing a price on his head, Keating took refuge in the Aherlow region where, supported by farmers and townspeople for a long period of time, he traveled about the countryside collecting material for his monumental history of Ireland, a great work of scholarship.

Religious Relics

Cashel of the Kings, Tipperary's great landmark, rises almost magically out of an outcropping of limestone rock, built like a natural stage 200 feet above the flat plain. The rock looks as though it had fallen out of the heavens. According to popular

legend, the Devil is supposed to have bitten a mouthful out of the surrounding hills—called to this day "The Devil's Bite"—but, finding the chunk too heavy on his flight back to England, he dropped it, thus making the Rock of Cashel.

The thousand-year-old buildings that jut up from the Rock today form perhaps the greatest group of religious relics to be found in all Ireland. This was the seat of the Kings of Munster from the year 370 until 1101, when King Murtagh O'Brien turned Cashel over to the Church. St. Patrick, Ireland's most venerated saint, reputedly came to the Rock in 450 A.D. to baptize King Aengus. According to legend, the king displayed great courage during the ceremony by not crying out when St. Patrick accidentally pierced the monarch's foot with his sharp crook at the beginning of the long ritual. The King is said to have replied later that he thought this was part of the baptism.

At the entrance gates to Cashel is the unusual and interesting St. Patrick's Cross, so called because it shows finely-cut relief figures of Christ crucified on one side and, on the reverse, another figure believed to be that of St. Patrick. This wonderful cross, lacking the typical Celtic ring, was probably carved from one big block of stone more than seven feet high. Its design is thought to be 11th century, and scholars say it was the coronation stone of the Kings of Munster. The cross standing there, eternal and powerful against a windswept sky, seems to symbolize the gloried past of the Rock of Cashel.

Near the cross is the vast cathedral, a massive structure with the thick walls of an ancient fortress which it once was in former times. Old tombs line the walls, and two chapels are located in the transept. At one end of the giant cathedral is the Bishop's Castle, where Cashel's Archbishop lived. The round tower next to the north transept reaches a height of 90 feet and dates back to the 10th century. It is considered one of Ireland's best remaining round towers. The climb up the 127 winding stairs in the central tower is well rewarded; from the church roof you have a magnificent view of the whole Vale of Tipperary, with the Galtee Mountains in the background.

But the real showpiece of Cashel is Cormac's Chapel, a century older than the cathedral itself. Built around 1124 by Cormac MacCarthy, King of Desmond and Bishop of Cashel, this rare jewel in gleaming red sandstone is the finest example of Hiberno-Romanesque architecture to be found anywhere in Ireland. The chapel has a square tower on each side, features blind arcades inside and out, and boasts a carved stone tympanum showing a centaur. The altar section decorated with twisted columns of

beautiful workmanship and the high-pitched stone roof with its barrel vaulting, are all rare stylistic marks that make the chapel worth a special trip to Cashel. There is also the 15th-century Hall of the Vicars Choral, together with the crumbling ruins of a fortified Cistercian Abbey among the many ancient buildings that still remain on this venerable rock.

Only four miles outside of Thurles are the ruins of the 12th-century Holy Cross Abbey, which once contained a fragment of the True Cross given by Pope Pascal II to Murtagh O'Brien, King of Munster in 1110. After passing through many hands, the cross has finally been placed by the Bishop of Cork in the Ursuline Convent in Blackrock, County Cork. You will be fascinated by the windows of the ancient Abbey and the Celtic features of the choir carvings, all in a fine state of preservation.

Tipperary Town, a modern place, is centrally situated right in the Golden Vale of Tipperary County. The heart of a farming district and near the Glen of Aherlow, Tipperary is ideal for excursions and sidetrips around the countryside.



THE GOLDEN WEST

Mountains, Moors And Lakeland

The Golden West is really all of Connacht—Sligo, Leitrim, Mayo, Galway and Roscommon—the area that lies across that great chain of waters called the Shannon. But no geographical divisions lend themselves completely to a book, and here Sligo and Leitrim are abandoned to another section while we cross a few borders to include points of interest best reached while visiting the west.

Geography separated this region and history reinforced the division. "To hell or to Connacht," was the ultimatum of Cromwell to both old English and the Irish when he wanted to clear the east and get property to pay off his parliamentary debts. The Eskir Road, which derives its name from the gravelly mounds called *eskirs* that cross the Bog of Allen and have marked a safe route to Connacht for centuries, was busy with the traffic of refugees.

But this section is always called the most Irish part of Ireland. Here, especially along the west coast and in the western mountains, are people whose blood is less mixed than any people in Europe. There are families that claim direct ancestral links with the Fírbolgs who swept across Europe and Ireland three to five thousand years ago. In this region you'll find the most Gaelic spoken, a purer line of the old customs and traditions, and a simple life of the earth, the hearth, and God. The people are friendly and hospitable, with a dignity that comes more from inner balance than external supports, a people who have very little and yet seem to have much. Park your car along one of Connacht's roads, and in a matter of minutes, people arrive from nowhere to ask if you're in trouble and if they can help you.

In this part of Ireland you'll see the women wearing those tremendous, sometimes beautifully patterned black shawls. Here, too, the women wear red petticoats, though this custom is beginning to disappear now. In all of Ireland, the houses seem to crouch on the ground; in Connacht, they crouch even lower. There are a good many of these low, white plaster and thatch homes and in Connemara and East Galway, the hills are laced with thin white walls, one stone piled carefully on another without mortar to hold them together.

Practical Information for the Golden West



WHERE TO STAY? Galway, western Ireland's main city, is an open entryway to the scenic beauty of the west, including Connemara. In addition to a fine harbor, Galway also has Salthill, its neighboring seaside resort just a few miles from the center of town, where a number of good holiday hotels are located. De luxe, first, second and third-class hotels are indicated by (L), (1), (2), and (3) respectively. Listed prices are generally the average for single accommodations, breakfast included.

GALWAY *Great Southern* (L), right on Eyre Square in the heart of town, is another of the excellent CIE hotels, 81 rooms (18 with bath) 28/- *Sancta Maria* (1), equally inviting on St Mary's Road, 22/6 *Imperial* (2), on central Eyre Square, 21/- *American* (2), Eyre Square location, 17/6 *Atlanta* (2), 17/6 *Enda* (2), 16/6 *Bailey's* (3), 17/6 *Citibank's* (3) on Eyre Square, 17/6 *Skeffington Arms* (3), Eyre Square, 17/6 *Guesthouses Central*, 12/6, *Kelehan's*, 17/6

SALTHILL (1½ miles from Galway) *Banba* (1), 22/6 *Eglington* (1), 22/6 *Golf Links* (1), 21/- *Rio* (1), 21/- *Warwick* (1), right on the sea front, recently renovated, seaside holiday spot, 20/- *Grand* (2), 22/6 *Rockland* (2), 21/- *Galway Bay* (3), 22/- *Oslo* (3), 17/6 *Guesthouses Foy's*, 15/- *Grattan House*, 17/6

ACHILL ISLAND (County Mayo) *Achill Head* (2), 21/-, and *Amethyst* (3), 20/6, at Keel McDowell's (3), 16/6, and *Wave Crest* (3), 17/-, at Dooagh *Sweeney's* (4), 13/6, at Achill Sound

CLIFDEN. *Clifden Bay* (2), 21/- *Ivy* (2), 17/- *Lavelle's* (3), 16/- *Central* (4), 14/- *Guesthouse Clifden House*, 15/-

BALLYNAHINCH *Ballynahinch Castle*, luxury-styled country-club type of place, famed for great fishing, beautiful surroundings. A former

castle turned into a hotel and run by Noel Huggard, 22 rooms (5 with bath) 30/-

CONG (County Mayo) *Ashford Castle*, a top luxury hotel, one of Ireland's finest, a former castle in the Ashford Demesne of hundreds of acres of green lawns, lakes teeming with fish. Only 30 rooms (23 with bath) all luxuriously furnished, 30/-

WESTPORT *Royal* (2), 17/6. *Grand Central* (2), 20/-

ARAN ISLANDS (30 miles off Galway) There are no hotels here on the lonely isles, although you may choose from two guesthouses, *Connely's* and *Kilmurvey House*, 19/6

GORT *Glynn's* (1), 21/-, on the Galway-Limerick Road, noted for fine fishing and the best snipe shooting in the west. The owner's family has lived in this region for over a hundred years.

GALWAY CITY RESTAURANTS In addition to the top hotel dining rooms, restaurants in town worth mentioning are *Lydon's*, 5 Shop Street cheery atmosphere, good food, varied menu, quite popular and often crowded, *Odeon Cafe*, nice spotless place with home-baked pastries and good food generally.

YOUTH HOSTEL

Drumcong, Moycullen, Co Galway



WHAT TO SEE? O'Connell Memorial statue of the famous Gaelic writer in Eyre Square Park, the Browne Doorway, also in Eyre Square, a reminder of Spanish architectural influence, Church of St Nicholas, founded 1320, where Christopher Columbus is said to have visited before sailing for New World; Spanish Arch and Spanish Parade, once frequented by the Spanish traders and grantees in Galway's old days, the Lynch Memorial plaque with a reminder of a judge's unrelenting justice when a father executed his own

son. Also see the Corrib salmon by the thousands as they pass under the Salmon Weir Bridge.

Tours From Galway City. (1) *Cong.* Via Headford, returning via Maamcross and Oughterard to Galway, for a good look at Connemara's wonderful scenery. In Cong stop and see Ashford Castle in the great Ashford Demesne. Now a hotel, it can be entered by non-guests for a small fee. (2) *Leenane and Kylemore.* Via Oughterard. Return trip via Lough Inagh, Recess, and Maamcross. (3) *Maamcross.* Via Spiddal, Costelloe, and Screebe, return via Oughterard. (4) *Aran Islands.* Via regular scheduled steamer. Can be booked from C.I.E. Office, Galway, round trip 20/-, schedule varies.

C.I.E. schedules the following bus tours from Galway railway station: (1) Tour of Connemara (all day). (2) Cliffs of Moher and Atlantic Coast (all day). (3) Leenane and Achill Island (all day). (4) Maam Valley and Cong (afternoon).

Walks Around Galway. (1) Rockbarton for wooded grounds, near Salthill resort. (2) Seashore promenade to Gentian Hill, where blue gentian plant grows. (3) From direction of Salthill, follow road in vicinity of golf links.

USEFUL ADDRESSES. *Irish Tourist Bureau* (open May-September), 8 Shop Street, Tel. 329 (runs hotel accommodation service, open till 10 p.m. as help for tourists seeking rooms).

Post Office, Eglinton Street, also Salthill.

CHURCHES. *Catholic:* St. Nicholas, St. Joseph's, Augustinian, Dominican and Jesuit. *Church of Ireland (Protestant):* St. Nicholas. **SALTHILL.** *Catholic:* Church of Christ the King.

ENTERTAINMENT. Theatre: *Taibhdhearc na Gaillimhe*, (plays in Gaelic). Amusement Park located at east end of promenade in Galway. Dance Halls: Salthill Pavilion, Amusement Park, Seapoint Ballroom.



SPORTS. Salmon *fishing* on River Corrib is among the best to be found anywhere in Ireland. River Corrib extends all the way to Lough Corrib, 5½ miles away. The owner of the famed weir is Lt.-Col. E. G. K. Cross, Weir House, Galway, to whom applications for fishing should be addressed. However trout fishing in River Corrib is free. For salmon fishing in Spiddal River (11 miles away), contact Mr. M. Dillon, Water Bailiff, Spiddal. You will find good brown trout in following rivers: Kilcolgan, Raford, Dunsandal and Loughrea. Fair sea fishing in Galway Bay for mackerel, bass, pollock, bream. Boats and bait available.

Golf. Galway 18-hole course is considered one of Ireland's best links, located at Upper Salthill, open for Sunday play, green fees, 5/- daily, 20/- weekly.

Tennis. Galway Tennis Club, Threadneedle Road, Salthill, open to visitors from 2 p.m. onward, fees 2/- daily, 20/- monthly.

Racing. Galway Races end of July, beginning of August, is a high point of Irish racing season, and for Race Week Galway welcomes visitors from all the racing world, and traditionally celebrates this event in a big way.

Bathing and Boating. Good bathing at Salthill Strand, also swimming pool available here (ladies and children only), men's pool at other end of promenade. Galas held in season. Row boats for hire on River Corrib. Contact: Mr. P. Burke, 13 Corrib Terrace, Galway. Motorboat trips on Lough Corrib, apply Mr. M. Kavanagh, c/o The Club, Galway. Visitors can become members of boat clubs in Galway.

Exploring the Golden West

Connacht has high mountains in the west and a shattered coast pinned down with hundreds of small headlands and promontories. Then the land stretches out and becomes the vast limestone plain of Ireland's interior. Topographically Connacht boasts a few strange phenomena. There are the *turloughs*, those lakes that come and go of their own accord, fed by underground springs and streams and subject to their whim. Two large lakes, Corrib and Mask, are connected by underground water passages that remain a great curiosity. Streams will suddenly disappear into the earth in this country, and if you stand above one of these you'll hear what's called the fairy mill—the swish of water over a tiny fairyland waterwheel.

Connacht is also a sportsman's country. There are all kinds of fishing, the best covers for shooting, mountains to be climbed, plus the hospitality and beauty of the west.

Galway

Galway is an ideal center for visiting the west. There's much to know of this place that now has a population of some 20,000, but there's little to see. At the same time, Galway is the door to the unique Aran Islands, to Connemara, the Joyce country, East Galway, and the picturesque shores of Corrib and Mask.

Ptolemy called this place *Magnata* but little is known of the city, until Richard de Burgo (a name later anglicized to Burke) settled here with a group of Anglo-Normans, establishing a busy, prosperous community, putting down roots, making the country their own. So devoted were these people to the land, that they gloried in Cromwell's insult that they were the "tribes of Galway." At the same time over the centuries they practised a definite policy of exclusion towards the real tribes of Galway. "Neither 'O' nor 'Mac' shall strutte ne swagger thro' the streets of Galway," was an edict of 1518. The Irish tribes resented and resisted this community. On one of the old gates of the city, a sign read, "From the fury of the O'Flahertys, good Lord deliver us." The Irish had to live outside the walls of the city, and they gathered together along the shore in a place still called the "Claddagh." There they had their own king and their own laws and celebrated their own feasts and holidays. Even yet the women of the

Claddagh wear the typical red petticoats and black shawls. That curious ring of two hands holding a heart which was connected with seafaring in the old days, is still used. Not long ago the Claddagh was a picturesque center of thatched, white-washed cottages, but they've been cleared away now, and all that remains is a tidy and colorless public housing project.

Today there's little of old Galway left. You see hints of it around town, an old arch near the fish market, the great stone warehouses, an arcade, a doorway—remnants that somehow escaped fire, rebellion, and burnings during the "Troubles." Suddenly in the middle of Shop Street you come upon a great stone building with mullioned windows, crests, and medallions—a building that would look at home in Spain or Italy. It's the former Lynch Castle, now a bank and office building.

Any Spanish influence you detect comes to Galway naturally, for once this city and the cities of France and Spain were linked together by trade. Spanish merchants walked the length of the promenade on the waterfront, talking business and making deals, and the exchange between Spain and Ireland extended far beyond wine, grains, and woollens. It's said that Columbus stopped in Galway on his way to America and that he heard mass in the Church of Saint Nicholas. There is proof from a record of Columbus' crew that there was an Irishman aboard the *Santa Maria* on his historic trip.

Eyre Square, a large park with an iron fence around it and a backdrop of low, blackened buildings, is the center of Galway. Off one corner of the park is Shop Street, a busy, tumultuous thoroughfare alive with bicycles, buses, and Irish brogue. You have only to take one quick walk down this main street to be assured of the Irish weakness for sweets. Store windows on all sides are crammed with every kind of cake, candy, sweet biscuit, jam, and pastry, and everyone seems to be having an ice cream cone. (Ice cream vies with heavy whipped cream as the nation's favorite indulgence.) Faced with this mouth-watering display, it's hard to ignore your own sweet tooth.

A block from Shop Street is an eerie Galway landmark, a memorial to a singular and sinister act of justice that happened hundreds of years ago but has never been forgotten. You'll see a wall with a window, a stone engraved with a brief account of the incident, a skull, and cross bones. This is the Lynch stone and, some people say, the source of our word

"lynch," though Webster's dictionary seems to disagree. James Lynch Fitzstephan was a mayor of Galway and one of its leading merchants. In 1493, he visited Spain and, returning to Ireland, brought along the son of a Spanish friend. It happened that the mayor had a son, a popular young man who was engaged to a Galway girl. The son had a jealous disposition and, finding his fiancée and the visitor together in a garden one day, killed the Spaniard. As mayor of the city it was the elder Fitzstephan's duty to judge his own son. As if this were not enough, when no one else would execute young Fitzstephan, the heartbroken father also had to carry out the sentence himself, hanging his son from a window of their home. It's said that the father never left his house again.

Many of Galway's streets end at the river that cuts through Galway, enrichening it with pleasant vistas and the most fabulous salmon fishing grounds in the world. This narrow river provides the salmon with their only means of access to some 1,200 miles of inland lakes, and when the spawning season comes, you can stand at the Weir Bridge and see them teeming in the clear water, breaking the surface in frantic leaps. The salmon catch is big business on this short stretch of river, but Galway's fishermen put out to sea for herring. Each year when the season opens, the herring fleet is solemnly blessed in an impressive ceremony.

Galway was a prosperous town until the resettlement plan and ruinous taxes of the 17th century. In 1800 the city had twice the population it has today. No area in all of Ireland suffered from the famine of the 1840's as did Connacht. But now Galway is coming back to better days; it's using all its natural resources of scenery and sportsman's lures, brains and business acumen.

You can in Eyre Square see the lifelike statue of one of the most beloved men of the city. Padraic O'Connor spent most of his life in London working as a British civil servant, but when he retired he hurried back to Galway. He was a great teller and writer of Irish stories, and his whimsical, amused, and amusing personality has been captured in his statue.

The Aran Islands

Inishmore, Inishmaana, and Inisheer—*islands whose very names have the ring of poetry—have inspired at least two renowned works of art, O'Flaherty's film documentary on the life of the isles, and J. M. Synge's Riders to the Sea,*

When you come to this section of Ireland you should visit the Aran Islands even if a single day is all you can spare. They are only 30 miles out to sea from Galway, but on them you'll find a mode of life that epitomizes in most primitive terms man's struggle against Nature.

The islands are three rocks jutting from a belligerent ocean. Trees are rare, and the only soil is made by the inhabitants from sand and seaweed. Using frail boats made of wickerwork covered with tarred canvas, the men of Aran venture out into that unfriendly ocean not only to fish but to carry the most unlikely cargo to the mainland or from one island to another. They sometimes transport a cow or bull in one of these frail boats, and you wonder not only how the craft sustains the weight but how it's kept from capsizing. A story is told about the balancing of these *curraghs*, as the boats are called. A visitor was taken out in one by an islander. During the trip the islander turned around, looked at this passenger, and remarked, "I'm afraid you'll tip the boat—I just noticed you have your hair parted on the side."

The men of Aran dress in a picturesque way sporting knitted tams, great, woolen sweaters with the most fanciful patterns, and heelless, rawhide slippers called *pampootie* designed for clambering over the slippery rocks of the island. Around their middles they loop colorful woolen *crios*, belting together white coats called *bawneen*.

There are some wonderful ruins on the islands, monastery remains, ancient stone dwellings, and old stone forts like Dun Aengus on Inishmore, perched on a steep cliff. But most important are the people, their way of life, their customs, and their survival despite the rugged, unrelenting demands of the islands. During the summer, boats leave Galway for the islands at least three times a week. It's possible to visit the main island for several hours and then pick up the boat on its return trip if your time is limited. Check the C.I.E. office in Galway for sailing schedules and times.

Excursions from Galway

There are dozens of trips that can be taken out of Galway City to the far reaches of Connemara, around the Lough Corrib, by boat through Galway Bay, up the River Corrib, and out to the Arans. It's only fifty miles or so to Athlone where you can explore the Shannon River; the religious shrines of Knock and Clonmacnois are not far away and all the facilities

for tennis, swimming, golf, fishing, and shooting are at hand.

Joining Galway at its outskirts is Salthill, a typical, lively beach resort with a promenade, hotels and guest houses, an amusement park, fine views of the bay, and an 18-hole golf course. Continuing along the flat shoreline where the sea cuts into the land, you come to Spiddal, Inveran, and Costeloe, where the coastline is jagged, and small islands dot the sea.

The main road around Connemara forms a figure eight whose loops join at Maam Cross, and if you're going to make the circuit in one trip starting from Galway, you should take the route recommended by their tourist office. Instead of the shore road, follow the lake route, and at Maam Cross, instead of turning right, continue straight ahead to Recess. This way you get the best view of the Twelve Bens dominating the scenery of western Connemara.

Oughterard on the first link of the trip is a headquarters for fishing in Lough Corrib. From here on the road twists across a desolate but colorful bog set against a backdrop of distant mountains. Sudden, tranquil lakes dot the countryside to Clifden, and as you continue you seem always to be approaching the domed majesty of the treeless Twelve Bens. This was the country of the Ferocious O'Flahertys, and Ballynahinch was their headquarters. Another noted figure of Ballynahinch was "Humanity Dick" Martin, the duellist-politician who started a campaign to protect animals from abuse. When someone taunted him, a duellist, for worrying about cruelty to animals, he snapped back, "An ox cannot hold a pistol, Sir." Ballynahinch, today a favorite among sportsmen of the smart international set, was made into an angler's paradise by an Indian prince, Ranjitsinhji, one of Britain's great cricketers. If you turn south at Recess and head for the coast, you'll find lakes and moors vying for space. Clifden, last fair-sized town at the end of the peninsula and capital of Connemara, is a pleasant, hilltop community, a favorite summer resort within a mile of the sea where the annual pony show in late August or early September stirs up a really Irish fets of gaiety and color. Especially interesting are the native arts and crafts on sale.

On the way back, going now on the northerly loop of the figure eight, you pass through Letterfrack and Kylemore. Kylemore Abbey with its castellated lines, is an impressive 19th-century mansion now owned by Benedictine nuns who maintain a girls' school in winter and a guest house and restaurant in summer.

Probably the most colorful personality—and there were many—to come out of this section of the country was Grace O'Malley, the woman pirate, freebooter, and premier feminist. When offered a title by Queen Elizabeth, she replied, "You can keep your damn old title, my name is good enough without." Then, thinking of the child she'd just borne, she added, "but you can make my son a lord if you like." Elizabeth did. Grace, or Grainne as she's called in Irish, lived on Clare Island but often used the narrow fjord of Killary Harbor for her ships. The scenery about the harbor is particularly impressive with Mwelrea, the Bald King, rising steeply from its edge.

If, instead of returning to Galway, you're going north, the turn-off into Mayo is at the end of Killary Harbor. Otherwise the road leads on to Leenane, a sportsmen's meeting ground, and thence to the so-called Joyce country, where so many families of that name have lived since the 13th century. From here you swing along the southern loop of the figure eight, via Castelloe and Tully, and along the shore back to Galway.

Lough Mask and Lough Corrib

About a century ago it was decided to build a canal connecting lakes Mask and Corrib. It was calculated that this would benefit everyone concerned—not only could boats go from one lake to the other but so could the precious salmon. The canal was built, but as fast as the water poured out of the lakes, it was swallowed up by the canal bed, under which ran ancient and forgotten underground rivers.

Twenty-seven miles long, 68 square miles in area, spattered with some 365 romantic islands, teeming with brown trout, and surrounded by pleasant variable land, Corrib, the lake to the south, is best seen by boat. There is a motorboat service to the lake which you can check on at the Irish Tourist Association in Galway.

Cong, in County Mayo, is an interesting town with a few antiquities and a long history. It was here that the film *The Quiet Man* was made, exploiting the scenic beauty of this neck of land between the two lakes in full technicolor effectiveness. The last king of Ireland, Roderick O'Connor, died here in a monastery at the end of the 12th century. There are numerous cairns and tumuli, burial places of Ireland's other, prehistoric kings. Legend has carried on the story of these early people, and in a mound not far from Cong is the grave of Ceasair, a woman supposed to have led the first invasion

of Ireland, forty days before the Flood. In the popular mind the region—like so many of the ancient burial grounds—became a holy place reigned over by the fairies, and on this mound the King of the Fairies keeps his court. The bridge of land between the two lakes comes down in legend as being Moytura, the place where the Firbolgs were overcome by the invading Tuatha de Danaan. The last king of the Firbolgs is said to rest in a cairn about a mile from Cong. Sir William Wilde, father of the famous Oscar, was captivated with these legends, spent many years investigating them, and called his home on the lake, Moytura House. The famed Cross of Cong, a reliquary that held a piece of the cross of the crucifixion, a masterpiece of copper-plated oak decorated with gold filagree and dating from the early 12th century, was removed from Cong over a century ago. Sir William Wilde persuaded the parish curate to relinquish it to the Royal Irish Academy. Today, the reliquary is a prized exhibit in the National Museum at Dublin.

On Inchaguill, an island near Cong, are ruined churches and some pillar stones, one supposedly marking the grave of St. Patrick's sister and nephew. For exploring this country, trying your luck with the giant-sized trout of both Corrib and Mask, and going out for the pheasant and woodcock that have made the covers of Cong famous, medieval Ashford Castle, built in the last century by the Guinness family and authentic down to its fortified bridge, offers the luxury and seclusion of an elegant country club.

Lough Mask to the north is somewhat smaller, but because its trout are just as big and just as game, it also receives its share of avid anglers. Beyond it is Lough Carra, which has a strange green color. The famous Irish writer George Moore was raised in this country, and after his death his ashes were scattered over a cairn on one of the islands in the lake.

East Galway

The country east of Lough Corrib, East Galway, is the limestone country of Ireland's central plains. Here you find a wild profusion of flowers, the *turloughs* or lakes that come and go, streams that suddenly dive into the earth's surface, and the domain of the good people or fairies. The fairies live in the raths and cahirs, mounds of earth or stone, and no one dares to plow in these places or to break the thorn trees that grow around them. Within these old forts you'll often find

ancient underground dwelling places built of stones without mortar and covered with a rock slab. Drive along on a Sunday morning and you'll find the roads filled with bicycles, tally-hoes, and pedestrians. The men, stiff and formal in black suits, stay together; the women and children, brushed and turned out in their best, walk or ride by themselves to church.

This whole area of pleasantly rolling countryside has many ancient church and abbey ruins, particularly in Tuam and Athenry. Near Gort is Coole Parke, the onetime residence of Lady Gregory, the dramatist of Abbey Theatre and world fame. Cross to the border of Connacht and you can visit Athlone in Westmeath, capital of the Irish midlands and a rail and shipping center. Not only does it bridge the Shannon but it's an important crossroads for Irish inland waterways. In the Williamite War in the 17th century the Irish put up a valiant defense here. Twenty-two soldiers went out in the face of enemy fire to destroy the bridge crossing the Shannon, and only two returned from their hopeless mission. The Irish retreated to Ballinasloe where they were defeated in a bitter battle for independence. Athlone is the birthplace of the great Irish tenor, John MacCormack. From here are beamed the programs of Radio Eireann in English and Gaelic.

In nearby Clonmacnois St. Kieran started his school and monastery. Here was transcribed the Irish epic that tells so much of the country's early culture, *The Book of the Dun Cow*; here were built twelve churches of which the ruins of eight can be seen. When Clonmacnois was at its height Europe was under the reign of Charlemagne, and there's a letter from an educator in Charlemagne's court to a reader at the monastery, written in the most respectful terms.

Out of Athlone to the north toward Longford is the Goldsmith country which the famous artist often had in mind when he wrote his famous books. Lough Ree marks the border between many of the counties that come together here, and it's possible to take boat trips up this lovely, island-scattered lake from Athlone. Of the island of Inishclothran there's the legend that Maeve, Queen of Connacht, was bathing here when a stone from a sling shot killed her.

The story is told that the difference between a man from Sligo and one from Mayo is quickly detected. Ask the former where he's from and he'll answer, "Sligo, thank God," but ask the latter and he'll say, "Mayo, God help me."

If you come into Mayo from Connemara you'll pass under the famed pinnacle of Croagh Patrick, a place of religious pil-

grimace and penance. If you inquire locally about Croagh Patrick, you may hear it referred to as "the penitentiary," a perfectly correct, if unfamiliar, use of the word. It's said that pilgrims have climbed the arduous heights of Croagh Patrick for 1,500 years, emulating the example of St. Patrick who went into fast and prayer on the summits of this mountain. You can make the ascent from Murrisk, but in order to reach the top in one day, you've got to set out at four a.m.. On the mountain is a crater into which it's said St. Patrick drove the snakes and scorpions of the country.

Westport at the head of Clew Bay is a pretty town with a tree-shaded mall running along the river, an attractive base for exploring the rest of Mayo. One of the places you must see in this area is Achill Island, the largest of all Ireland's many offshore isles. Mountainous and majestic, it faces the Atlantic. Its scenic cliffs, sea views, mountain vistas, and many sports attractions make the island a tourist center. To reach it you pass through Mallarny, screened by a range of mountains and alive with colorful flowers and plant life. The women wear bright orange shawls and red homespun dresses, spin their own wool, and make their own tweeds. On Achill is a society that somehow got lost a few centuries ago and still pursues a kind of life the modern world can scarcely believe.

Many busy and tense people, especially from London and New York, come to Achill for their holidays. The magic of this wild, lonely, lovely countryside, the quiet good humor of the people of Mayo, and the ever-changing colors of the ocean combine to restore their nerves and health.

Back to the south in the softer country of the lakes, there are the quiet country towns of Castlebar, Claremorris, and Ballinrobe, towns with old church and abbey ruins and with lakes, rivers, and outdoor sports. Not far from Claremorris is a town called Knock which has come into a harvest of visitors in recent years because of visions seen in the church and cures attributed to its shrine. The place is still under church investigation, but the devout of Ireland visit Knock in great numbers without waiting for official sanction.

Castlerea in Roscommon County was the birthplace and home of the celebrated Wildes family. Roscommon, capital of the county, is a sports center and has its share of church, castle, and abbey ruins,

SLIGO AND THE HIGHLANDS

Yeats Country, Rugged North

Sligo and the highlands of the Ox Mountains, spotted with deep blue lakes and lovely isles, are the heart of the country, whose many landmarks were immortalized by William Butler Yeats, Ireland's greatest modern poet. Around Sligo there are a number of fine seaside resorts such as Enniscrone, Strandhill, Rosses Point (where there is a good hotel and a championship golf course), and other holiday spots.

Tucked up in the northwestern corner of Erin lies mountain-ringed Donegal, often termed the Ultima Thule—the "world's end." For many years, Donegal was as remote and lonely as the faraway Hebrides Islands. Today it has become less of a far northern outpost, and modern highways span the highlands, pushing through quilt-like patches of glen and windswept moor where hidden blue lakes cluster in mountain valleys, and green sage and wild flowers brighten the slopes. This is the Donegal world famous for its Donegal tweeds, the handloomed gems of village weavers. Her lakes, like those of Killarney, huddle beneath ragged mountain cliffs and have a haunting quality about them.

Leitrim County is a pleasant land of wonderful lake and mountain scenery. Its waters abound with fish, and attract anglers from miles around. Carrick-on-Shannon in Leitrim perches on the banks of the flowing Shannon, and boat trips up and down the river depart from this point.

Practical Information for Sligo and the Highlands



WHERE TO STAY? Sligo Town with its string of fine seaside coastal resorts is the most important center in northwestern Ireland. From this convenient gateway you can easily explore all of Donegal with its mountains and blue lakes, a sportsman's paradise. There are many hotels where you might stay in Sligo itself or in Bundoran, popular coastal resort, or any number of surrounding towns. De luxe, first, second and third-class hotels are indicated by (L), (1), (2), and (3) respectively. Listed prices are generally the average for single accommodations, breakfast included.

SLIGO. *Great Southern* (1), modernized, with all comforts, another of the fine C.I.E. hotels, 40 rooms (8 with bath), 26/-. *Clarence* (2),

17/6. *Grand* (2), 19/6. *Imperial* (2), 16/6. *Frizelle's* (3), 16/-. *Phibbs* (3), 16/6. *Rowlette's* (3), 15/-. *Guest-house: Lake Isle*, 12/6.

ROSSES' POINT. Yeats Country (1), comfortable, cosy place, fine for holiday, popular with families, 22/6

STRANDHILL Baymount (3), 16/6 Kincora (3), 16/6

ENNISCRONE. Alpine (2), 16/6 Atlantic (2), 12/6 Guesthouse Ceol-na-mara, 15/-.

COUNTY DONEGAL

BALLYSHANNON Royal Millstone (2), 16/6 Imperial (3), 15/6

BUNDORAN. Great Northern (L), 22/- Central (1), 21/-, Hamilton (1), 22/6 Shene House (1), 24/6 Atlantic (2), 17/- Bayview (2), 15/- Imperial (2), 18/6 Holyrood (3), 13/6 Marine (3), 15/6 Guesthouses The Bungalow, 14/6 Rossmore House, 17/-

DONEGAL TOWN Central (2), 16/6 National (2), 16/6 Abbey (3), 13/6

LETTERKENNY. Central (2), 15/6 Gallagher's (2), 15/-, McCarry's (3), 15/6

MALIN HEAD. O'Doherty's Crossroads (2), 17/6

MOVILLE McKinney's (2), 14/6 **ROSAPENNA.** Rosapenna (L), country-club type of place near the famous golf links, 84 rooms (14 with bath), 30/6

SLIGO AND DONEGAL Youth Hostel, Tra na Rosann Downings, Co Donegal Bannaton, Glencar, Co Donegal Ball Hill, Donegal Town, Donegal

COUNTY LEITRIM

CARRICK-ON-SHANNON. Bush (1), 19/6 County (2), 16/6

MANORHAMILTON. Central (3), 15/6

COUNTY LONGFORD

LONGFORD TOWN Annally (2), 18/- Longford Arms (2), 18/-

COUNTY LOUTH

DUNDALK Ballymascannon (1), 24/- Imperial (2), 16/6 Lorne (3), 12/6.

Sligo Town



WHAT TO SEE? Sligo Abbey, founded 1252; St. John's Church dating from 1635, Lough Gill, beautiful lake which rivals Killarney, with the isle of Innisfree, immortalized by Yeats' poem; Glencar Lough, a two-mile beautiful lake with fine waterfalls, Yeats' grave at Drumcliff Churchyard, note ancient Celtic Cross by roadside beside church, wonderful seaside resorts of Enniscrone, Strandhill, Rosses Point, Bundoran, and others, all within vicinity of Sligo

ENTERTAINMENT. Drama Plays presented at *Gillooly Hall* regularly. Indoor amusements at *Pavilion*, Enniscrone resort Dance Halls *Ritz Ballroom*, Town Hall, *Marne Ballroom* and *Town Hall* (Enniscrone), *Elsinore Ballroom* (Rosses Point), *Plaza Ballroom* (Strandhill)



SPORTS Fishing Good salmon, trout and coarse fish in Lough Gill (season starts in February). Trout and salmon also in Glencar River and Lake. Sea trout, brown trout, salmon in Drumcliff River. Contact Mr. J. A. McLoughry, Town Hall, Sligo. Excellent sea fishing in Sligo Bay for tope, gurnard, coalfish, bream, and mackerel Boats and bait available at Enniscrone

Golf There is a championship 18-hole golf course at Rosses Point (5 miles away), meals served at licensed club house, reasonable green fees. Nine-hole courses at Enniscrone and Strandhill also.

Hunting The South County Harriers (contact Lt. Commander Cooper, Markree, Collooney, Co. Sligo), and County Sligo Harriers (contact Mr. P. Anderson, Colgra, Calry, Co. Sligo).

Tennis. Merville Lawn Tennis Club, Sligo, and Sligo Y.M.C.A. Tennis Club.

TOURS FROM SLIGO. These include: (1) *Lough Gill.* Take the north road around the lake to Dromahair, return via south road. (2) *Lough Erne.* Via Rosses Point, Grange, Bundoran, Ballyshannon, on southern shore of lake. Return via Manorhamilton and Glencar Lake. (3) *Lough Conn.* Via Ballisodare, Skreen, Enniscrone. Return via Boyle.

C.I.E. runs a bus trip from the Sligo railway station to Collooney, Swinford, and Enniscrone (half-day, July 2-August 27). G.N.R. operates the following bus tours from Quay Street: (1) To Rosapenna and North Donegal Highlands (all day, Wednesdays, June-August). (2), To West Donegal (all day, Tuesdays, June-August). (3) To Lough Gill (evenings, Thursdays, June-August). (4) Mystery Tours (afternoons, Wednesdays, May-September; Fridays, June-August).

S.L.N.C.R. operates bus tours from Gray's Inn to Lough Gill (Tuesdays and Fridays) and Glencar Lake (Thursdays and Saturdays).

In County Donegal a network of diesel-operated narrow-gauge trains serves many scenic areas.

USEFUL ADDRESSES. *Sligo Tourist Development Association*, Information Bureau, Quay Street, Sligo, Tel. Sligo 436. *Post Office*, main office, Wine Street, Sligo.

CHURCHES IN SLIGO. *Catholic:* Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, Holy Cross, Dominican Church. *Church of Ireland (Protestant):* St. John's, Calry Church. *Methodist;* Wine Street. *Presbyterian:* Charles Street.

Exploring Sligo and the Highlands

Sligo, whose name means "Shelly River," with its 15,000 population is perhaps the most important town in northwest Ireland. It has good road and rail connections to Dublin and points west and south. It also happens to be a convenient center for exploring Donegal and the surrounding area. Sligo sits in a delightful spot between Lough Gill, one of Ireland's prettiest lakes, and the sea, and is fringed by mountains all around. In the shops along O'Connell Street you can buy some of the best quality handmade tweeds and other well-known Irish products such as fine linens and Galway home-woven fabrics.

Just outside Sligo Town you pass into the Yeats country, and if you bring along a copy of the famous poet's verses, you will spot most of the places Yeats knew and wrote about from his boyhood days in Sligo. Take a boat around romantic Lough Gill, the 5-mile-long lake that many say outshines Killarney. Here you will find among the green-clad islands in its blue midst, the famed Isle of Innisfree, about which Yeats penned those wonderful lines, now a part of modern literature: "I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree . . ." On the southern point

of the lake near Cottage Island is Dooney Rock, from whose top you have a fine view of the whole region. Dooney, too, can be found in Yeats' work, in his poem *The Fiddler of Dooney*. You may recall such verses as: "When I play on my fiddle in Dooney, Folk dance like a wave of the sea..."

West of Sligo, you will want to ascend the hill of Knocknarea, more than 1,000 feet high, whence you command most of the surrounding countryside. At Carrowmore there is perhaps the greatest group of megalithic relics to be found in all Ireland, including dolmens (circles of huge stones) and cairns used in ancient times for burial chambers. Nearby at Cloverhill is another burial ground with old stones whose inscriptions have been traced by archeologists back to the Bronze Age of man. At the topmost summit of Knocknarea is the cairn of Maev, Queen of the Kingdom of Connacht back sometime during the 1st century A.D.

This is the celebrated Queen Mab, the legendary figure of the tales of the bards, whose name has come down in poetry through the ages. After her death in a Mayo lake, a cairn 80 feet high and 630 feet around was built on the summit of the mountain that looks out towards Donegal and Benbulbin, so that she could still dominate her territories.

At Knocknarea's base is Strandhill, only 5 miles from Sligo. Stretching along two wide sandy beaches, it has good fishing and hunting as well as a 9-hole golf course. But Sligo's best-known resort is Rosses Point, a short bus or car ride from Sligo. Here is located one of Ireland's top golf links, the County Sligo Golf Club, where regional championships are held, plus a fine 3-mile-long beach and the *Yeats Country Hotel*. New Yorkers may be interested to find Coney Island here. An Irish sea captain, so the story goes, nostalgic for Rosses Point, gave the name of this remote corner of his home country to New York's famed amusement park.

Donegal County

The road from Sligo to Bundoran skirts the coast and passes by tiny Drumcliff, on the banks of the stream that connects Glencar Lough with the sea. Drumcliff occupies the site of a monastery founded by St. Columba in 574, and you can still see the fine, sculptured Celtic cross by the roadside, ranking high among Ireland's many antiquities. Drumcliff Church is sacred to the memory of W.B. Yeats, who lies buried in its quiet churchyard. Yeats died in France in 1939, but left instructions

to be buried here, "Under bare Ben Bulbin's Head... In Drumcliff Churchyard Yeats is laid..." In the church where one of Yeats' ancestors was once the rector, the poet wrote his own epitaph: "Cast a cold eye... On life, on death... Horseman, pass by!" An Irish warship brought Yeats' body back to Sligo after the war's end in 1948, and today he rests in the countryside made so famous by his poems.

Enniscrone, delightfully situated on the shore of Killala Bay, is a popular resort in this area. In addition to a fine bathing beach, it is also noted as a spa, where salt-water, sulphur, and other mineral baths are available. Good fishing and a 9-hole golf course enhance its other attractions.

Donegal, Ireland's most northern county, covers the northwest tip of land. It is an area far famed for its magnificent wild mountains and jagged seacoast. The island retreat of Lough Derg, noted for its religious pilgrimages, is considered one of Ireland's great holy places.

Bundoran on Donegal Bay ranks among the country's foremost seaside resorts. Doctors recommend its healthful climate, and the long sweep of bathing beach is particularly popular. Bundoran also prides itself on an 18-hole golf course laid out along the sea. Only a few miles away you have the Bunduff River, teeming with salmon, and, close by, Lough Melvin, where the national angling championships are held. You should also see the Fairy Bridges, rock arches through which the ocean gushes, and the Wishing Chair, cut from solid rock. From Bundoran you can take a sidetrip by bus or car to Beleek, origin of the lusterware and crockery for which Ireland is famous.

From Bundoran also, you can take an excursion to Lough Derg, a lonely but beautiful lake, fringed by moors and hills purple with heather. This spot, known as St. Patrick's Purgatory, is the goal of one of Ireland's most important pilgrimages. According to an ancient legend, St. Patrick spent 40 days and nights praying in a cavern located on one of the lake's islands, and through his piety cast out the evil spirits that haunted the place. His reputation grew to such proportions over the course of the years that in the Middle Ages crowned heads from all of Europe flocked to this holy shrine. Today pilgrims come here from everywhere to participate in a three-day religious rite, which requires them to go barefoot and eat only a single meal daily, consisting of dry bread and tea. From June 1 through August 15th, the season for the devotions, pilgrims alone are permitted to visit this sacred island on Lough Derg.

Donegal Town, a bustling market center that fronts on Donegal

Bay, is the keypoint for roadways from Londonderry, Sligo, and West Donegal. It is also a center for the narrow-gauge railway that operates modern railcars to Killybegs and Letterkenny. You should see the wonderful ruins of Donegal Castle, a 15th-century relic. In Donegal's shops you can buy the famous tweeds right at their source.

Killybegs is a quiet fishing town whose fine, handwoven Donegal carpets can be found in London's St. James's Palace and in the South African Parliament House. Near Killybegs, you pass by the small cottages where the villagers are busy spinning and weaving.

A few miles from Killybegs is Carrick, a convenient starting point for exploring the magnificent cliff and mountain scenery along the coast, where thousand-foot high peaks plunge precipitously into the sea. You can climb to the top of Slieve League, a towering 1,972-foot mountain, for a breathtaking view of Donegal spread out far below. Mountain streams in this region are brimming with salmon and trout for good angling.

Letterkenny, Donegal's chief town, is the best base for excursions into the wild, fantastic highlands of Donegal, a region abounding in natural wonders, yawning chasms, great rock formations, and sheer cliffs. For mountain climbers there is Errigal, a 2,466-foot-high peak. If adventuring suits your fancy, you might want to go to Tory Island, 9 miles off the coast of Falcarragh, where a community of two hundred souls follows a way of life that has continued unchanged for many centuries. However, if the sea acts up, your boat may not be able to land or make it back to shore until the waters calm. The island is rich in ancient relics, among them the ruins of a 6th-century monastery and an ancient Tau cross. The people of the island are friendly and hospitable, though their local customs and traditions have kept them apart from the rest of the world. They even boast their own king, and trace his family tree back to earliest antiquity.

Between Carrigart and Downings, a pleasant little resort in Donegal County, are the golf links at Rosapenna, ranking as one of Ireland's best championship 18-hole courses. There are also some good hotels in this vicinity. McNutt's, in Downings, features handwoven tweeds in a wide selection of pattern.

Malin Head, where Donegal finally ends, is the northernmost extremity of Ireland. Here you can see some wonderful views of the seacoast where, "Northward roars the Atlantic to the Pole." Around Malin Head, you find many historic relics associated with St. Finian who, according to legend, is buried here

in the region where many centuries ago he founded a great seat of learning.

Leitrim, Longford and Louth Counties

Less spectacular in scenery than its neighbor Donegal, Leitrim is a small, pleasant county, extending to the mighty waters of the fabled Shannon River in the north. Its vest-pocket size makes it ideal for cycling and hiking, and its numerous lakes and streams provide good fishing.

Dromahair, a tranquil village not far from Lough Gill, is noted for the ruins of Breffni Castle, which the Irish will long remember because of a Helen of Troy incident that set the stage for more than seven centuries of English rule. According to the old story, Dervorgilla, wife of Tiernan O'Rourke, eloped with Dermot MacMurrough, King of Leinster. Dermot tried to win Henry II of England to his side, thus providing a pretext for the Anglo-Norman invasion of Ireland in 1169. There is a hill near the village called O'Rourke's Table, made famous in Tom Moore's poem *The Valley Lay Smiling Before Me*.

Manorhamilton lies at the point where four mountain valleys come together. From this picturesque town you can explore the surrounding area, a region fringed by high hills and cut by narrow ravines, and see the green valleys of Leitrim. A short distance away is Glencar Lough, set against a natural backdrop of fine mountain scenery. Nearby Lough Melvin is noted for its top salmon and trout fishing. On one of Lough Melvin's islands stands ruined Rossclougher Castle. Here De Cuellar, a captain of the famed Spanish Armada, sought refuge after his ship was wrecked on Sligo's stony coast.

Carrick-on-Shannon is Leitrim's county seat. Its location on the Shannon River makes it convenient for taking the delightful and reasonably priced Shannon River excursions organized by Ireland's C.I.E. transport company. Trim boats leave Carrick-on-Shannon to cruise along the Boyle River, through the Leitrim Canal, and on past the locks of the Carnadoe Waters. Others go directly from Carrick-on-Shannon to Athlone. Fares range from 6 to 21 shillings per person, and most trips last two hours, except for the longer ones, which take five. Refreshments are served on board. Tickets may be bought in Carrick-on-Shannon, Athlone, or directly from the C.I.E. booking office, 33 Bachelor's Walk, Dublin.

After you pass through County Longford, an inland region of green rolling farmland and patches of brown bog, you come to

the country made famous by Oliver Goldsmith's books and plays. In Edgeworthstown, English writers Sir Walter Scott and William Wordsworth once visited. And in the small village of Ardagh, you can see the house where Goldsmith situated his well-known play, *She Stoops to Conquer*.

County Louth bears the distinction of being Ireland's smallest county, a land of coastline punctuated by beautiful bays, with mountain ranges providing a scenic background for stirring epic tales. Dundalk, fronting on the wide expanse of Dundalk Bay, is the main town, and it has many historical associations with Cuchulainn, a legendary hero of the Red Branch Knights, who flourished in early Christian times. The Cooley Peninsula, framed by the mystic mountains of Mourne, is considered one of the outstanding scenic sights on the east coast. This region provided the setting for *The Cattle Raid of Cooley*, a heroic tale from ancient times.

Carlingford, with 2,000-foot-high Slieve Foyle towering above Carlingford Lough, is another place of great historic interest, for St. Patrick landed here on his return from Rome. The ruins of King John's Castle are also worth seeing. Here amid these memories of bygone glory you can capture and carry away with you something of the calm and beauty that are so typical of this enchanting and haunting country.